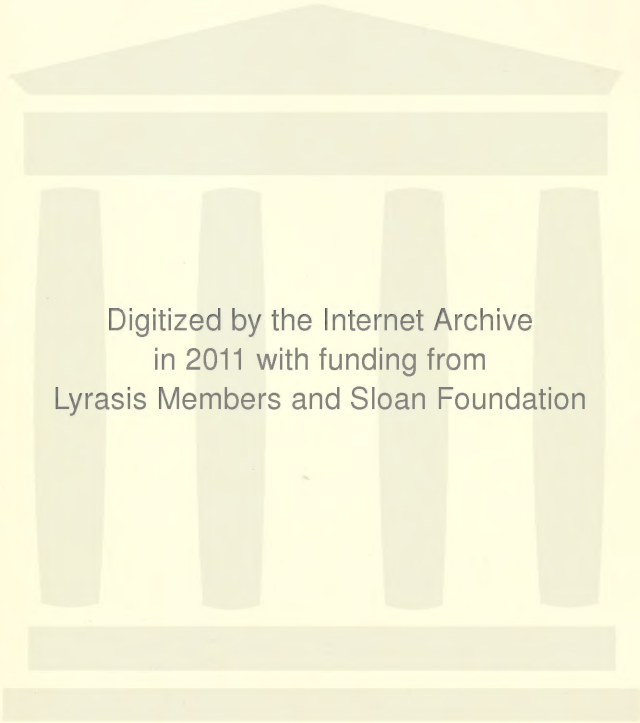
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The Student's Sowing Time.

Brisk is the air, and the ploughman's whistle
Flutes through the waves of the morning's breath;
Wantoning Spring, in clover, in thistle,
Verdures the brownness of Winter's death.
Glistens the colter, deep slicing the stubble—
Roots of the old must be food for the new:
Husbandman, spare not thy provident trouble;
Harvest can make to-day's promises true.

Brighter than spring-time, O Student, the season
Trustingly lent to thy volatile youth;
Grasp thee, unstayed, all its purposeful reason—
Spendthrifting now, thou would'st garner but ruth.
Fairer than wheatfield the uplands of science;
Richer than wine the pure vintage of books;
Knowledge of truth begets soulful reliance,
Learning sees substance wherever it looks.

Push, then, the ploughshare, and weight well the harrow;
Delve to a loam that can feed the best grain;
Leave not thy mind's acre crustily narrow,
Broaden the bearings of heart and brain.
Wise will the work seem in manhood's free morning,
Bounteous the guerdon of school days' glad toil;
Think of the trophies fair station adorning!
Brief is the battle but lasting the spoil.

G. L.

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The Function and Scope of Philosophy in the Catholic College Course.*

PLATO defines philosophy as *Pistis Epistemes.* By this definition he seems to suggest that philosophy has for object the ideal, and is identical with wisdom. Aristotle sometimes employs philosophy in a general sense, so as to include all science, but generally he speaks of it as the science of being, as opposed to the subject matter of the special sciences. Philosophy is a study, an inquiry, a pursuit of knowledge, rather than knowledge itself. It is a study that takes all knowledge for its province, but, as in this study the human mind cannot deal with all the facts, it takes the most important, so that the aim of philosophy may be said to be to unify, or systematize, all the sciences, and thus conduct the sciences themselves in their common effort towards the attainment of truth. Nor does philosophy deal with the whole matter of any science, but with the fundamental principles, its special method, and its chief conclusions. It is the great means by which knowledge, as such, is organized into a coherent whole, and consists in pointing out the first principles of each branch of knowledge, and the showing the dependence of those of one branch upon others. As philosophy thus compares and co-ordinates the fundamental principles, the methods and conclusions of the various sciences, it may be termed, in a certain sense, the Scientia Scientiarum. Its great function, then, is to put principles and methods into a systematic whole, so as to present conclusions in a harmonious and consistent manner, and attain truth with the greatest possible certainty.

From a study of the catalogues of our Catholic colleges in this country, we can see that philosophy is

*Paper read at the recent Catholic College Conference by Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President.

studied in most of them, and for a period of one or two years. It is studied for two years in by far the greater number, and the study of philosophy is a part of the programme required for the conferring of the B. A. degree. The few colleges in which philosophy is not taught are chiefly those which are intended as petits seminaries — or feeders for diocesan seminaries. In several of the European countries, I speak chiefly of France, Germany, England and Ireland, the study of philosophy is not demanded for the B. A. degree. I must, however, make an exception in favor of France. In that country students from Catholic colleges and lycees are obliged to present philosophy, at least logic, metaphysics and ethics, as a part of the programme for the baccalaureate. In Germany the college or gymnasium course does not include philosophy, though that course covers a period of some nine years.

In the Royal University of Ireland the B. A. degree may be secured without any knowledge of philosophy. In the London University it is well known that the various degrees do not call for knowledge as great or as comprehensive as the same degrees do in Ireland; hence no philosophy is required for the B. A. degree in London. In both, however, students may graduate in mental science.

There are in the United States about 500 non-Catholic colleges, most of them chartered by their respective States and conferring the degree of B. A. at the end of a four years' course, and M. A. three years after graduation. The instruction given in philosophy was during the last generation meager and rudimentary, but for the Master's degree were required a knowledge of logic and a defense of some theses. At present, however, an examination of the catalogues of the various non-Catholic colleges and universities causes some surprise by the revelation of the extent to which the philosophical department has advanced.

The eastern non-Catholic colleges and universities, about fifteen years ago, had usually only one or two instructors in philosophy with a few courses. Now their instructors may be numbered by the dozen, and some of them boast of many courses in philosophy. Similar statements may be made concerning the western universities, as, for example, Michigan and Chicago, which can boast of philosophical departments, either from small beginnings or created on a comprehensive plan that well may rival those of their older eastern sisters. We see, especially during the past twenty years, both east and west, the establishment of special foundations for philosophical study and inquiry in nearly all the non-Catholic colleges and universities.

The causes leading to this progress in philosophical study, both in Catholic and non-Catholic colleges, are numerous. The general advance of higher education during the past generation would, no doubt, account for the impetus given to philosophical studies. It is only reasonable that they should enter into a generous emulation with the other higher studies. The enlargement and deepening of reflective thought, both within and without colleges and universities, had an influence to develop among educated men the desire for increased philosophical knowledge. One of the great reasons for the study of philosophy is to keep pace with the enlargement in other departments, especially in the department of special sciences. It may be said that the growth of special sciences and the great demand for specialization in recent years make the study of philosophy not only a desideratum, but even a necessity.

That philosophy ought to form a part of the curriculum of a Catholic college programme, few will deny. The primary end of education is, after all, to give a wider openness of mind to the student and a more flexible mode of thinking, and for this philosophy is the most important of all college studies. Philosophic study is

synonymous with reflection; if colleges are to turn out thoughtful men, they must not neglect or overlook the teaching of philosophy. The doctrines students take from their teachers are only of secondary importance, but to possess a living philosophic attitude of mind, to be able to take a personal look at things, to understand these and harmonize them, are of more vital importance. The highest end of education, it has been said, is to prepare youth for self-education; and, for this, some training in philosophy is necessary. "The intellect which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay, because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another" (Idea of a University).

The necessity and advantages of philosophy in a general and even in an ordinary college course are nowhere better shown than in Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Scholastic Philosophy. Speaking of the looseness of opinion of many men at the present day, he says: "Whoso turns his attention to the bitter strifes of these days and seeks a reason for the troubles that vex public and private life, must come to the conclusion that a fruitful cause of the evils which now afflict, as well as of those which threaten us, lies in this that false conclusions concerning divine and human things, which originated in the schools of philosophy, have been accepted by the common consent of the masses, and have crept into all the orders of the State. For since it is in the very nature of man to follow the guide of reason in his actions, if his intellect sins at all, his will soon follows; and thus it

happens that looseness of intellectual opinion influences human actions and perverts them. Whereas, on the other hand, if men be sound of mind and take their stand on true and solid principles, there will result a vast amount of benefits for the public and the private good.

"Philosophy, if rightly made use of by the wise, in a certain way tends to smooth and fortify the road to true faith, and to prepare the souls of its disciples for the fit reception of revelation."

Explaining the advantages which all studies derive from philosophy, he says: "In short, all studies ought to find hope of advancement and promise of assistance in this restoration of philosophic discipline which we have proposed. The arts are wont to draw from philosophy, as from a wise mistress, sound judgment and right method, and from it also their first spirit as from the common fount of life. When philosophy stood stainless in honor and wise in judgment, then, as facts and constant experience showed, the liberal arts flourished as never before or since; but neglected and almost blotted out, they lay prone, since philosophy began to lean to error and join hands with folly. Nor will the physical sciences, which are now in such great repute, and by the renown of so many inventions draw such universal admiration to ourselves, suffer detriment, but find very great assistance in the re-establishment of the ancient philosophy. For the investigation of facts and the contemplation of nature is not alone sufficient for their profitable exercise and advance; but when facts have been established, it is necessary to rise and apply ourselves to the study of the nature of corporeal things, to inquire into laws which govern them and the principles whence their order and varied unity and mutual attraction in diversity arise. To such investigations it is wonderful what force and light and aid the scholastic philosophy, if judiciously taught, would bring."

Again he shows how philosophy demonstrates faith.

"Many of those who, with minds alienated from the faith, hate Catholic institutions, claim reason as their sole mistress and guide. Now, we think that, apart from the supernatural help of God, nothing is better calculated to heal those minds and to bring them into favor with the Catholic faith than the solid doctrine of the Fathers and the Scholastics, who so clearly and so forcibly demonstrate the firm foundations of the faith, its divine origin, its certain truth, the arguments that sustain it, the benefits that it has conferred on the human race, and its perfect accord with reason, in a manner to satisfy completely minds open to persuasion, however unwilling and repugnant. Domestic and civil society even, which, as all see, is exposed to great danger from this plague of perverse opinions, would certainly enjoy a far more peaceful and secure existence if a more wholesome doctrine were taught in academies and schools."

It is the bulwark of faith, according to the same great Pontiff. "The duty of religiously defending the truth divinely delivered, and of resisting those who dare to oppose them, pertains to philosophic pursuits. Wherefore, it is the glory of philosophy to be esteemed as the bulwark of faith and the strong defense of religion. As the enemies of the Catholic name, when about to attack religion, are in the habit of borrowing their weapons from the arguments of philosophers, so the defenders of sacred science draw many arguments from the store of philosophy which may serve to uphold revealed dogmas."

Sixtus V. says: "That ready and close coherence of cause and effect, that order and array as of a disciplined army in battle, those clear definitions and distinctions, that strength of argument and those keen discussions, by which light is distinguished from darkness, the true from the false, expose and strip naked, as it were, the falsehoods of heretics, wrapped around by a cloud of subterfuges and fallacies."

These extracts from the Encyclical of the late great

Pontiff, Leo XIII., speak, it is true of scholastic philosophy, and may be applicable chiefly to the course of philosophy as given in our Catholic seminaries, but they also must apply to the courses of philosophy as given in our Catholic colleges, whether the students are intended for the ecclesiastical state or for the professions—or even if they only desire a liberal education; for all should admit that philosophy ought to hold a prominent place to give that refined culture which a liberal education is calculated to impart, and to enable our professional and business men to judge of things and events by sound principles of justice and truth.

With regard to the time to begin the study of philosophy, it may be said that as great a revolution of opinion has taken place in recent years, as for the study of philosophy itself; formerly it was deemed advisable to begin the study of philosophy after the completion of the classical course; at present many favor the idea of beginning philosophy, at least logic, somewhat earlier; but a diversity of opinion on this question seems to have always existed. Socrates is on record as saying that philosophy should be taught to boys about the age of seventeen; Plato, in his *Ideal Republic*, recommends to postpone the teaching of philosophy until the age of thirty. Most now urge the study of philosophy at a somewhat earlier age. What reasons do they advance for early study of philosophy? It appears desirable to give students, even at a somewhat unripe age, the opportunity of acquiring a taste for philosophic study so that some of them may pursue that study in riper years. In order to philosophize in a really earnest manner, an attitude of mind and sincere interest must be acquired. When the foundations of these are laid during the years spent in college, we may hope to see hours of leisure devoted to philosophic study and to philosophic pursuits; when the foundations have not been laid during the years of training, there is little hope for the study of philosophy

in the occupations of a professional or commercial life. The prevalence of the custom of having philosophical courses occur at the end of the curriculum is probably due to the extensively entertained idea that philosophy is concerned with what is transcendent and comprehensible only through abstruse conceptions, and therefore beyond the capacities of young minds. But philosophy is concerned with the immanent as well as the transcendent, and is within the possible range of the incipient intellect. The study of philosophy ought to begin when the faculty of self-determination begins to assert itself. This faculty, merely as a faculty, in the beginning is formal; it is subject to error until it is developed, and therefore requires limitation and guidance, i. e., discipline which is afforded especially by philosophy. Moreover, some philosophy seems necessary for organizing progressive knowledge, or establishing, in the student's mind, relations between the distinct branches of knowledge he is pursuing. It may be added that philosophy is necessary for developing and perfecting the notion of self and the power of self-determination. Some go so far as to say that philosophical studies, at least logic, should be taken in the academic classes, in order to prepare the student in the college course for higher philosophical studies, which may be regarded as the crown of scholastic life.

To sum up what has been advanced in this necessarily brief essay on the Function and Scope of Philosophy in the Catholic College Course, I would say that the chief function of philosophy is to co-ordinate the various principles, methods and conclusions of the different sciences, in order to arrive at the truth. The study of philosophy is now pursued both in Catholic and non-Catholic colleges and universities to a degree unknown to those of the past generation, owing to the advancement of higher studies in other branches and departments of science and the necessity felt for an equilibrium, so to

speak, in the mania manifested by our generation for specialization. The advantages of philosophy are too well known to the gentlemen who attend the conference to need more than a passing mention. With reference to the time to commence the study of philosophy, whilst many reasons may be advanced by those who favor an early study of logic at least, and by those who would defer the study of philosophy until the end of the classical course, the fact is that at present most educators favor an early acquaintance with some philosophy, at least with logic. Whether philosophy should extend through the junior and senior classes, or be confined to the senior class exclusively, is a matter on which there is not perfect uniformity. Both systems seem to prevail in our colleges. As was said in papers that were read on "The Ideal College" in Chicago at the first conference, both systems present many advantages. The one-year system gives an opportunity for more concentration; the two-year system has the advantage of commencing logic earlier and safeguards the fruits of the classical education. It also saves time for ecclesiastical students and gives a more complete course of philosophy to our Catholic laity. Philosophy now, more than ever, should form a part of the liberal Christian education which professional and business men, and our laity in general, have a right to receive. This I consider is a matter to which too much importance cannot be attached. Catholic colleges ought to so regulate their curriculum as to fit our Catholic young men who are to live in the world for the battle of life, to help them to be able to advance the cause of justice and of religion, to be ornaments of the society in which they move and of the Catholic Church, of which they should feel honored to be members.

The Precious Blood.

I saw a multitude of souls
With sin's foul taint defiled—
As when the storm-cloud darkly rolls
Before the tempest wild.

And seeing then that sullied train,
I wept that none was found
To wipe away the guilty stain
And light that gloom profound.

But sudden, o'er the darksome throng
There swept a ruddy tide,
And, 'neath its current swift and strong,
Those souls were purified.

From out the flood they came redeemed
From guilt, with brows serene;
Like clouds at eventide they gleamed,
All bathed in crimson sheen.

JOHN F. MALLOY, '04.

Utility of Studying History.

THE study of history is one of the most comprehensive and instructive branches of secular learning. Embracing, as it does, all the Christian era, and part of the most ancient times, history brings before the reader the methods, manners and conditions of all classes of people, and notes their gradual progress up to the present time.

History is of paramount importance for the advancement of the world. It forms an integral part of modern education—nay, the one is but the outcome of the other,

for how barren the field of learning if devoid of the lessons of history! Art and literature, which interest the world at large, history tells us, reached their highest degree of perfection in the past. The science of the past, by being handed down, has been of great service to modern times. The masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, so much described in history, provoke our greatest admiration, and urge us to devote our efforts to these different arts.

As history provides numerous examples of intellectual production, which, in our age, are without parallels, so too it describes the greatest of characters in every sphere of action. The reader learns of the indomitable will of Hannibal, of the prudence and bravery of Caesar, of the genius of Napoleon, and of the resignation of the Christian martyrs. One character is contrasted with another, their qualities noted, and it is debated which is the greater man. Many are the men in history that were truly great, while others lacked some good qualities, and placed wordly honor before all else. History is replete with characters that have been renowned for one striking trait only, but so great were their deeds that they will live in history forever. Thus, we may study the minds of the foremost men of all ages, and should there be no other benefit, this alone would be ample compensation for the time spent in the perusal of history.

So, the utility of studying history is unbounded. Sympathy for nations oppressed is inculcated, and the glory of our forefathers encourages patriotism. The actions of nations are before the world to be praised or spurned as they deserve. We get a better grasp on the affairs of the world, and are prepared to negotiate with the different peoples as their moral and social position demands. Evidently, without history, this world would never have made much progress.

T. F. O'Shea, '05.

Our Lady of the Way!

Thou, the guide of wand'ring pilgrims,
Sweetest Lady of the Way,
When our hearts are weak and weary
Aid our falt'ring steps, we pray.

When the shades of night hang o'er us,
Mother, show a guiding star,
For the path is steep and stony,
And our goal seems very far.

When at times perchance we stumble,
Or from off the path we stray,
Be thou ever near to help us,
Sweetest Lady of the Way.

With a thirst for something holy,
Mother dearest, when we pine,
To the fountain then direct us
Of thy Son's sweet Heart divine.

When our journey's ended take us
Through the blessed land, we pray,
To the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Sweetest Lady of the Way.

PHILIP G. MISKLOW, '07.

Visit of the Honorable John E. Redmond, M. P.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, September 15, the Honorable John E. Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, favored the College with a visit, and was tendered an enthusiastic reception in the entertainment hall. After an appropriate overture by the orchestra, Mr. R. T. Ennis sang "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," and Mr. J. A. Riley, "Killarney."

In the name of the Faculty, the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President, welcomed his guest in the following words:

Honorable Sir:—I rise in the name of the Faculty to bid you welcome to the Pittsburg Catholic College of the Holy Ghost.

We have occasion, from time to time, to receive in this College, distinguished visitors, both ecclesiastical and lay gentlemen, but we feel a special pleasure in being honored by a delegate of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and especially in being honored by a visit of the leader of that party, the Honorable John E. Redmond.

In this country we follow with unabated interest the heroic efforts of that noble band of Irish patriots, of whom you are now the leader; in this College our students study something of the history of Ireland and the system of government by England in your native land, but we have great hopes for the future, seeing that the struggle for independence has been kept up for centuries under the leadership of O'Neill and O'Donnell, of Curran, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell, Parnell, and last, but not least, under the wise leadership of the Honorable John E. Redmond.

Sir, you see before you some three hundred students, young men from the great industrial City of Pittsburg. You see before you descendants of the great countries of Europe, descendants of the Irish and English, of the French and Germans, of the Poles and Italians, all living under the Stars and Stripes, all enjoying liberty such as no other country gives its people, all preparing to become good American citizens, and as good American citizens all are ready to endorse your claim for self-government in Ireland. We are all ready to help you in your mission in this grand Republic. We are all believers in the doctrine of one of our American Patriots when he taught the right of nations to self-government, a government of the people, by the people, and for the

people. So we wish you success in your mission and in your work, which is nothing else than to win Home Rule for Ireland, to have a government of the Irish people, by the Irish people, and for the Irish people.

In the name of the student body, Ralph L. Hayes, '05, read the following address of welcome:

You have doubtless, Honorable Sir, occupations and preoccupations countless and absorbing: they are manifold and manifest to all—and yet, to our inexpressible joy, you have found in your great Irish heart the possibility of honoring us with a visit that shall linger for a life-time in our memories. You represent to us all that is meant by "Dear Old Ireland." You impersonate the Nation; you bespeak her hopes; bravely and steadily do you advance to their realization. We follow, as best we may, the course of your Parliamentary policy; the success of your labors on that vital question of land tenure; the enthusiasm aroused on all sides by your patriotic fidelity to the cause of Ireland, her land, her people, her language, and her Parliament.

Your visit cannot be fruitless. It may add at least a faint spark to the fire that burns in your breast to encounter one more demonstration among the many that await you in the United States—one more demonstration of deepest love for the Emerald Gem of the Ocean.

You are successfully reversing the woeful conditions whereof the poet sang:

"Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray,
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

The hearts of millions here are with you, and hold the cause of Erin the cause of honor and of justice, yea, and of destiny. The son of the poor, uneducated Irish laborer is rapidly becoming here the mayor, the general, the judge, the banker, the editor. Yet a little, and his word on the Irish question will be irresistible across the

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water. Meanwhile, though we are sure it is not necessary to encourage you or the other members of the Irish Parliamentary Party to encourage "true men like you men," still, we would say: "Hold fast; don't give up the ship, and may God guide your course!"

Again, we must express sincerest gratitude for the favor you confer, doubling that bestowed in the visit of Messrs. Davitt and Dillon on their last trip to America, and beg you to reflect that our programme cannot be as elaborate as we desire because it was of necessity impromptu. Again, Honorable Sir, welcome.

Mr. Redmond, when he arose to respond, was greeted with vehement applause for several minutes. When this had subsided, he said: My dear young gentlemen: Your spokesman has wisely referred to me as burdened by manifold and manifest solicitude—the inheritance of every leader in a great cause. I sav wisely, for it is but too true; yet, for this very reason, it is a pleasure highly profitable to partake of just such recreation as present circumstances afford, to again hearken to the music and song of Erin, to note the enthusiasm here evinced by Erin's sons and kinsfolk across the waters of the broad, blue deep. Your worthy president has linked my name with Wolfe Tone, Emmet, O'Connell and Parnell. I do fight for the same cause in which they were engaged, but I lay claim to no such honor. We have, however, accomplished much. If, three years ago, I had ventured to forecast what in three years has been accomplished, the outline would have appeared so presumptuous as surely to have evoked derision. The best work was the transposing of land proprietorship from the landlord to the tenant, from foreign lordship to the native people of Ireland. This work is incomplete, but substantially and essentially effected, since all legal impediments to the transaction have been legally removed.

"Upon my return to Ireland it will be no small satisfaction to be able to mention at the colleges directed by

Holy Ghost Fathers there what a cordial reception has been tendered me here. With unfeigned delight I heard similar reports a few years ago from Messrs. Davitt and Dillon, who had visited this institution. I am acquainted with your former president, Fr. Murphy, now president of our college at Blackrock, and I know that the work done in the three colleges directed by the Holy Ghost Fathers in Ireland is unsurpassed in the land. In conclusion, I see before me, breathing the air of freedom in a great and prosperous country, people from all the nations of Europe. You hail from various peoples in which doubtless you take great and lasting interest; but it appears to me reasonable that those must look upon the land of their forefathers with interest most intense, who see that land engaged in the loftiest struggle known to nations—the struggle for freedom.

R. L. HAYES, '05.



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In Memoriam.

JOHN J. COYLE,

Died June, 1904.

On thy kind and cheerful heart
Death has worked it's magic spell,
And thy soul unfettered fled
From its uncongenial cell.

O'er thy grave untimely made
Fair and fragrant flowerets grow,
Veiling from our tearful eyes
Thy unblossomed youth below.

Friend we loved, and comrade dear,
Slumber now in death's embrace!
Thou hast fought the noble fight,
Thou hast won the godly race.

Sad and painful mem'ries rise
From the thought of days gone by,
And from out our mourning hearts
Comes an echo telling why.

Yes, a voice is hushed, we loved,
And a winsome smile has fled:
Death has severed ties of love,
And has given naught instead.

EDWARD B. KNAEBEL, '04.

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EDITORIAL.

The New Year.

Well, boys, we have suddenly found ourselves launched again upon another voyage round the world of information and education. The new year has opened with the largest attendance in the history of the Institution, thus emphasizing the fact that there is no check to the numerical progress which began a few years ago and has persevered steadily ever since. May our enrollment constantly lengthen, for "the more the merrier" and the greater the variety of talents brought to play in class and everywhere else! Pittsburg has now entered the "upper ten" in the matter of population, so her most prominent

college must naturally participate in this increase. The most ordinary observer must remark that the people of this locality are also much more at ease financially than formerly, and that the popular sentiment is growing very ambitious. These facts help education—indirectly, if you please, but substantially notwithstanding.

We find here a broad and judicious selection for the curriculum of studies, a majestic commodious, and airy establishment in which to follow that curriculum, a learned, devoted and venerable Faculty of sixteen clergymen and nine laymen to act as guides and moderators—men who do not merely follow a line of red tape, but who manifest keen interest in the development and success of every student, even anxious as to his future career, its nobility and efficiency. Let us respond by profiting of our opportunities as we hope to profit later in life. We need but continue the business-like application which last year characterized the student body in general. There will be some careless students at all times: let them experience the force of surrounding example. Loss of time cannot be afforded by our own sense of honor, by our parents' pocket-books, nor by the requirements of college discipline. We have a class of fellow-students here who may form a splendid college spirit: indeed, our parochial schools must be steadily improving, as those who come from them are yearly more serious and more studious. We may then be of much encouragement to one another and enter with heart into our respective courses, classical or commercial. We should not be satisfied with simple pursuance of the essentials requisite to pass our examinations and get a diploma. That would be something, and is certainly respectable in a college like this where diplomas are not given to the undeserving. But every large city contains hundreds of lawyers, doctors, and other professional men, who are and ever remain mediocre in every way, because they are always content with the mere requisites, with what will help them just

"to get along," as they say, and have not the high character which would incite them to noble efforts. It is not incorrect or inopportune to reflect that some of us should become, and in all probability will become, prominent leaders later on. Now is the time to acquire the mental equipment; now is the time to acquire the nobility of character and strength of character indispensable to the reliable leader; now is the time to drink in from the fountains of eternal life, eternal truth, religion, without which the rest is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. This dear land of ours needs precisely such men as we in conscience are bound to become—educated, Christian gentlemen.



A Catholic Public Opinion.

The momentum of Catholic education is beginning to send something like a thrill through the country. The growth of our school system is a wonder to the indifferent; its prospective advances are a problem for the hostile. The work throbs and thumps: it clamors for wider fields and vaster means. 'Tis conquering and to conquer.

Catholics are naturally glad; other Americans would be, if they saw clearly their own best interests. For undeniably the leaven of faith-inspired education is much needed in these United States. That, indeed, is a truth which has been often and ably substantiated. No need then to prove it here. But one view of the matter is again pressed upon us by circumstances of the day and hour. Public opinion should be a national armory and treasury. What prevails of it among us at present seems very weakly and poorly constituted; and the reason is not far to seek. When, in countries whose civilization has no veins if not Christian ones, Catholic education has been languid or impeded, the worth of public opinion is invariably impaired. Be it the want of standard, or the

want of guidance—the fact remains. Of course reliable public opinion must have its deeper roots in sound philosophy, sound morality, sound history; and these great feeders, as experience proves (not to invoke *a priori* reasons in this mere note), are weakened when Catholicity is obscured and are put quite out of reach when Catholicity is cut off.

The present sickliness of American public opinion is made manifest by newspaper treatment of the French situation. Here is a great Christian nation divided and desolated by a petty tyranny the most impishly bold and malignant. Thievery, hypocrisy, proscription, sacrilege, are the order of the day. Yet, with the exception of Catholic publications, the free press of this free country raises no protest! Rather it sneakingly sides with the persecutors. Who has gagged it?—the Revolutionist? the Mason? the Jew?—or mere money-bag worldiness? All these know their own.

Public opinion needs an awakening and a renewal. True Christian intellectuality is wanted to raise common thoughts and sympathies above both sardonic impiety and beastly materialism. With its acquiescence or without it the Republic will be benefited by the Catholic school.



The Significance of the Polish Convention.

In all likelihood the full significance of the National Convention of the Polish Societies of the United States is scarcely grasped by any other than such as pertain to the Slavonic race. Their national calamities in mid-Europe has linked them firmly together; the various elements of the Polish people have been indissolubly welded by the golden rivets of fearful woe and deathless hope in the grandest cause upon which any nation ever set its mighty

heart – the cause of Faith and Fatherland, yea, and of universal justice.

Every son of Poland feels fiercely burning in his breast the memories of a people mad with energy long encompassed by a fateful combination such as no power on earth could have perpetually withstood—Russia, Germany and Austria; he recalls heroic deeds of valor thrown to the winds, nobility crushed to the dust, honesty held in mockery, patriotism treated as treason, intellect the sport of adverse circumstances, faith unquenchable jeered at by fanaticism; he recalls the glories of by-gone days, glories whose record is like a credit bill to Europe, for History's scroll entails a debt that cannot be obliterated and which remains unpaid. "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend," could'st thou forget that Sobieski's race has time and again snatched Central Europe from the awful maw of Turk and of Cossack? "There is a God in Israel." There is a God in Poland. He is the same ever and everywhere, and He can bide His time for He is eternal. Chastisement has conferred upon its recipients self-knowledge and caution, but further and stronger looms up the truth unforeseen, perchance, and certainly undesired by the perpetrators—yet who shall deny it?—that the partition of Poland is eventually to her a precious bond of unification. Is that a paradox? Answer, first, if it is not a fact. Dare we deny that it is Providential?

No need to ask an ardent and enthusiastic participant in the National Convention what may be the significance thereof, but let each of us merely play the part of an impartial on-looker who has brains as well as eyes, and we unanimously decide that this convention comports intense significance to the race involved and to this Republic. The gist of its meaning to the former is, forsooth, the burden of the preceding paragraph, and we may add that it dwells not only upon past misfortune and far-reaching aspiration, but upon the actualities which

confer a world-wide racial honor, the achievements, for instance, the charms and accomplishments of Sinkiewicz, Miskiewicz, Paderewski, Modjeska, the De Retzkes and a host of others no less laudable. More than 22,000,000 of the race actually dwell upon the soil to which they are indigenous. Would not this be a highly important basis and nucleus of operation under circumstances favorable to national reëstablishment?

What similar conventions may signify in respect to our Republic becomes manifest from the utterances of chosen and accredited spokesmen in this the Third National Convention of the U. S. Polish people. This people is vivified by a lofty spirit of religion on the one hand and of freedom on the other. The soul of this beloved Republic cannot fitly or safely be otherwise animated. This reflection was unfolded with episcopal eloquence by the Rt. Rev. Bishops Donahue and Canevin. Add hereto the tremendous energy of an indomitable people—a very American trait also. This energy is generously thrown into the absorbing industrial pursuits which have already located us in the front rank of commercial enterprise and success. It furnishes a fair quota on the part of nearly 3,000,000 people now dwelling in our midst and rapidly increasing. Then, as the Honorable Mr. Smulski, City Solicitor of Chicago, said in a splendid address towards the close of the convention, the Poles ask no favors: all they want is honest compensation for honest endeavor, and if ever the day come, which Heaven avert, when the hideous head of anarchistic socialism shall rise in menace to the peace of our Country, the compatriots of Kosciusko and Pulaski will be found standing reliant and defiant upon the deep and broad foundations laid by Washington and the other immortal Founders of this Republic, loyally supporting the friends and patrons of order, of justice, and of truth.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. Thomas A. Wrenn embarked on the *Etruria en route* for Paris, September 3. He intended to spend some weeks in Ireland, visiting the colleges conducted by the Holy Ghost Fathers. On arriving at the Mother House, he will pursue a course of theology, and fit himself for ordination.

Messrs. Sullivan, Fullen, and Bryan, members of last year's staff, together with Messrs. Malloy, Dura, and Knaebel, graduates of the class of '04, have entered the novitiate of the Holy Ghost order, at Cornwells, Pa.

Hubert E. Gaynor and James I. McLaughlin have registered in the medical department of the Georgetown University. Harry Collins has returned to the same institution, to begin his third year's medical course. Charles J. Kane has entered the Georgetown law department.

Rev. Robert Ross was ordained priest for the New York diocese by Archbishop Farley in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Saturday, May 28.

Rev. Theodore Maniecki has been appointed assistant priest at the Church of St. Mary, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Rev. Joseph Callahan lately ordained, has returned to the College, to teach the English branches.

Rev. Albert Mehler, ordained priest by the Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D. D., in the Church of the Epiphany, on September 2nd, celebrated his first holy mass in the midst of his relatives and friends on Sunday, September 4th. He, too, has been assigned to the College staff.

Rev. Charles Rudolf has gone to Europe on his way

to Sierra Leone, Africa, where he will be stationed under his former professor, Right Rev. Bishop O'Gorman.

Rev. Francis Retka is recuperating at his home in Wisconsin whilst awaiting his first appointment.

Michael J. Relihan, last year's editor-in-chief, has not yet decided on a career. We expect great things of you, Michael. Do not disappoint us.

John J. Howard has been appointed Superintendent of the Pulaski Iron Company, Pulaski City, Va. His brother, Frank, has gone to Lafayette, to pursue a course of mining engineering. Thomas is about to enter the same college with the view of taking up electrical engineering. A fourth brother, William, has entered our Freshman class.

His many friends will be glad to hear that Thomas F. Coakley, '03, came out at the head of his class at the summer examinations in the American College, Rome.

Alexander McLaughlin is chief book-keeper in the advertising department of the *Press*.

George Braun is individual book-keeper in the Bank of Millvale.

Thomas Hanlon and Albert Ott have opened a real estate office on the South Side.

John Hanlon is secretary and treasurer of the Kress–Hanlon Co., whose specialty is house moving and raising. A recent feat of this Company deserves mention. A two-story brick building, weighing 160 tons, was moved 1200 feet on land, lowered 25 feet, turned four times, raised 36 feet, loaded on barges, taken $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the Allegheny River, and then moved across the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad.

Terence C. Grealish, one of our best football players

in years gone by, is making a great success of the real estate business in the firm of Grealish and Rafferty. His office is in the Lewis Block--No. 219.

Charles F. McLaughlin is Purchasing Agent for the Pittsburg and Buffalo Co., Miners, Manufacturers and Shippers of Coke, Coal, Brick, Sewer Pipe and Hollow Block. The general offices of the company are in the Frick Building.

Thomas Norton is Purchasing Agent for the Bindley Hardware Company.

Harry M. Gwynn, having passed the mental examination, has been admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was designated by Representative Porter.

Charles C. Bolus was united in the holy bands of marriage to Grace Katherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Talbot, in his native town, Canton, O., on Wednesday, June 29. The Very Reverend President and Faculty received a cordial invitation to be present. The wedded couple, to whom we wish all happiness, are now at home at 1721 Woodland Avenue.

Walter and William Corcoran have received large contracts from the Wabash for the laying of roads, and the building of a freight depot in this city.

T. J. Mullen, familiarly known as "Tot," has been appointed superintendent of the shipping department of the Beaumont and Texas Oil Co., New Orleans.

Michael J. Martin, of last year's Third Academic Class, has accepted a position in the office of the Register of Wills, this city.

William C. Loeffler has bought an interest in the firm known as The East End Mantle and Tile Co., and is now taking an active part in conducting the business.

OBITUARY.

ARCHIBALD RANKIN,

Died August 20, 1904.

After a long illness borne with fortitude and pious resignation, and fortified by the rites of Holy Church, Archibald Rankin passed away peacefully early in the morning of August 20, at his residence, Sharon, Pa. The Elks and C. M. B. A., of both of which the deceased was a prominent member, swelled the funeral cortege, and walked in sorrowful procession to the doleful strains of the old Sharon band, which had reorganized for the occasion, wishing to pay a last tribute of respect to one of their comrades of 20 years ago. At the solemn high mass, Father McAdams paid an eloquent and well-deserved tribute to the upright life and generosity of the deceased. The college was represented at the funeral services by Rev. H. J. McDermott, Professor T. A. Wrenn, M. J. Relihan, C. F. McCambridge, and J. J. Millard. To his sorrowing widow and bereaved children, Charles, Laurine, and Claire, we wish respectfully to convey the expression of our sincere sympathy.

R. I. P.

THE Faculty and Students respectfully and thankfully acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. T. J. Fitzpatrick in presenting them with complimentary tickets for the Pittsburg Exposition, Friday, September 30.

Rev. P. A. McDermott and His Mission.

Rev. P. A. McDermott has for several months past been gathering resources in England and Ireland for his African mission, which is located in Old Calabar under the English Protectorate. Amongst other "good things" in his regard, the *Textile Mercury*, an English commercial organ, has the following to remark:

"We had the good fortune to meet in Manchester Father McDermott, who has lately arrived here from Old Calabar with the express object of promoting what appears to be a very sensible and practical scheme of cotton-growing in Nigeria. Father McDermott is personally a splendid specimen of the men who go out to subdue distant lands to civilization and in their quiet and often unrecognized but energetic way continue to build up the empire abroad. He is a man of action rather than of words—though, when listening to him explaining our vast protectorate in Nigeria, and descanting on its wonderful possibilities for agriculture, one cannot fail to become imbued with his prophetic spirit of confidence in its future.

"His travels all over that great territory, up and down the Niger River, inland through the country in every direction, all along the coast and up the Rivers Cross and Calabar, qualify him to speak as an authority on Nigerian affairs; and his experience in educational work organization has naturally resulted in his being appointed a member of the Government Board of Education for the protectorate. And to all this must be added a technical acquaintance with agricultural pursuits, which serves him in good stead in a country where agriculture is the one available stepping stone to a higher civilization."

ATHLETICS

Doings on the Diamond and the Gridiron.

A Post-Season Ball Game.

The 'Varsity base-ball team, which made such a glorious record last spring, was resurrected for one day September 26, and celebrated its short lease of life by defeating the strong Clairton Steel Works team by the score of 7 to 3. It was an exhibition game for the benefit of St. Clare's church, Clairton, Pa., and every man, woman and child, who witnessed it, declared it a very good exhibition indeed. It was the old college team *redivivus* beyond a doubt, and every player in it showed up in his old-time form. Collins pitched a masterly game, and Duffy behind the bat gave him masterly support. The score:

CLAIRTON.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Abbott s.	1	2	1	1	1
Nevins 1.	0	0	5	1	1
Wylie 3.	0	1	0	0	1
Streets c.	0	0	9	4	0
Gogley 2.	0	0	3	1	0
O. Abbott p.	0	1	0	1	1
Quinn l.	0	0	3	0	0
Jackson m.	1	0	1	0	0
Hall r.	1	2	2	0	1
Total.	3	6	24	8	5

P. C.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell s.	2	2	1	0	0
D. Hayes m.	0	0	1	0	0
Keating l.	2	2	1	1	0
Brown l.	2	2	6	1	1
Moffat 2.	1	1	2	0	0
R. Hayes 3.	0	1	2	1	0
Duffy c.	0	1	11	2	0
Engel r.	0	1	0	0	0
Collins p.	0	2	0	2	0
Total.	7	12	24	7	1

CLAIRTON.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	—3
P. C.	3	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	—7

Two-base hits—R. Hayes, Hall (2). Three-base hits—Keating, Moffat.—Sacrifice hit—Moffat. Bases on balls—off Abbott, 4; off Collins 2. Hit by pitched ball—by Abbott, 3. Double plays—Hall and Nevins, Nevins and Gogley; Keating and Harrell, Duffy, Brown and Moffat. Umpires—Williams and Whalen. Time of game—1:50.

The boys were highly pleased with the treatment given them by Father McCarthy, of Clairton, Mr. Thos.

Byrne, a former student of the College, and the members of the Picnic Committee.

The Sophomores.

For various reasons (which we need not discuss here, as they seemed good to our letters) no 'Varsity foot-ball team was organized. But foot-ball and foot-ball enthusiasm has by no means died out among the students. In fact, there is more life and activity on the campus these sunny days of the Indian Summer than at any other season of the year. Five teams have been organized and good schedules arranged by all. The College team goes by the name of Sophomores, and gives promise of making as good a record as the Reserves did last year. It is composed of the following members:

J. B. Keating, Mgr., F. B.—F. Neilan, Capt., R. H. B.—Ray Dowling, R. H. B.—Spengler, Q. B.—Misklow, R. E.—McCready, R. T.—McCaffrey, R. G.—Yellig, C.—Troxell, L. G.—Grey, L. T.—Rankin, R. E. McGrath, Lauler and Hoffmann are ready to fill any vacancies.

Manager Keating's schedule calls for games with W. and J. Academy, Oakdale High School, East Liberty Academy, St. John's Lyceum, and negotiations are pending for games with Pittsburg High School, Allegheny Preparatory, Curry College and Homestead High School. The season opened very propitiously on Saturday, October 1, by a clean victory over St. John's Lyceum. We reproduce the following account of the game from the *Dispatch* of Sunday, October 2.

"The Pittsburg College Sophomores opened their season yesterday on the college campus with St. John's Lyceum. The game was hotly contested from start to finish, but the Bluffites showed their superiority throughout. The ball scarcely ever left the opponents' territory and for the larger part of the game was in dangerous

proximity to the Lyceum goal. Fumbles at critical moments kept the collegians from piling up a larger score. The final was 6 to 0. A phenominal run by Dowling through the opposing eleven for a touchdown was the chief feature. Rankin broke through the opponents' line for some fine tackles. Keating also did good work. For the Lyceum Mooney played an excellent game."

The Freshman Team.

The Freshman team organized lately with the following players: Hock, centre; Laux, Noonan, and Schneider, guards; McGovern and Stack, tackles; Lawler and Sweeney, ends; Heilman, quarter: Baum, right half; Ryan, left half; Breen, full back.

The Freshman team is made up of picked men, all of whom have played before, and may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves at the end of the season.

Junior Boys' Team.

This team is composed of young players who covered themselves with glory on the gridiron and at basket ball, and passed through a hard season on the diamond without suffering a single defeat. From present indications, we may venture to prophesy that this year they will eclipse all previous records.

The line-up is as follows:—

Gloekler, centre; Newell, Cain, and Carney, guards; Lally, Creighton, and Gwyer, tackles; Lawlor (captain) and Carraher, ends; Zimmer (manager), quarter; McGeehin, right half; Teemer, left half; Vieslet, full back.

The Academics.

The Academic classes have abundant material for half a dozen good teams. The only one so far organized is made up of the following players:—

Hogan, Schneider, centre; McVean, McGuire, and Kautz, guards; Moorhead, McMahon, and McCue, tackles; Daley and Scanlon, ends; Tugman, quarter; McNally, right half; Haley, left half; Tucker, full back.

THE MINIMS.

It would be hard to find a foot-ball team which displays more enthusiasm or practises more earnestly and faithfully than that organized by the Junior Boarders. Every recreation hour is sure to bring them out in uniform, and no time is lost in long preparations; every little candidate gets down to work immediately. The results have been most gratifying, a neat victory having already been scored over their old rivals, Willie Scanlon's Bluff A. C.

The team lines up as follows:

F. B.—Gillespie (captain); R. H.—F. Drake; L. H.—R. Drake; Q. B.—Conway; R. E.—Parker and Quirk; R. T.—Smisko and Locke; R. G.—Laux and Dignan; C. —T. Gillespie; L. G.—Feeney and McKenna; L. T.—L. Drake and Woda; L. E.—Berry and Carroll.

Among the Boarders.

Now that the campaign is on, Barney McGuigan is canvassing hard for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. We wish him as much success as he had at the last local elections.

Neilan's shirt-front glistens with diamonds. His success ought to encourage others to train for the Fourth of July sports in Schenley Park.

Keating is gifted with highly-developed ambidexterity He writes and plays ping-pong with his left hand, throws and bats with his right, punts with his left foot, and drop-kicks with his right.

McGuigan and Rankin room together; their influence on each other is already apparent.

The Philosophers' Club—Gough, Haley, Millard, and Brown. They belong to the Peripatetic School.

Ostaszewski is the soul surviving Stoic. If the old saying, *Exempla trahunt*, is true, we have good reason to believe that he will soon find followers in Krajewski, Murphy, and Gerlowski.

Steve Laux is laboriously endeavoring to prove, but with indifferent success, that "Arkansaw" is not the slowest State in the Union.

Sweeney and McGrath are the bearers of good tidings from Indianapolis. They report that "Jim" Ryan will probably go to a Roman University next year for theology, and that John Costello is holding his own in philosophy at Mount St. Mary's of the West.

Rankin and McGeehin aspire to championship honors in ping-pong.

Dougherty has set the fashion of wearing one arm in a sling. How many envy him his exemption from written work !

The force of habit asserts itself in Daley's dash for the door when the bell rings.

Newell is an adept in securing the foot-ball in every mix-up.

Troxell made his debut on the gridiron. His bows

were abrupt and profound, but not more so than his opponent's.

Whatever can be found in the newspapers Stehle can tell you.

At the slighest alarm, the McVeans make a rush for the windows as when Ottawa University was on fire.

Moorhead might appropriately be called "Sunny John."

Struthers has sent its first contingent in Hogan and McMahon. More of the same quality will be appreciated.

Bishop gave no dispensation from the jubilee fast.

Stack is keeping up the musical traditions of the family.

Tucker is a foot-ball star of the first magnitude.

When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, a certain junior stalks forth arrayed in ghostly garb.

Berry and Ralph Drake have the credit of scoring the first touch-downs for the Minim team.

"The "Little Bostons" show the juniors how the game is played in "Hawvad."

The Drakes are hard to tackle because they fly over the ground so fast.

A stranger would naturally imagine that Jimmie Dignan owns the place.

Conway looks on Pittsburg as a suburb of Monessen.

Locke is a revelation as a pianist.

McKenna remarked that he did not feel a bit cold in the trip to the North Pole.

Quirke, seeing the notice, "The Boy Wonders," at the Exposition, thought the only thing he could wonder at was his age.

Parker can give pointers to Jeffries.

Feeney ranks high in class.

Carroll is a well of English undefiled.

Smisko, by his original observations, is an inexhaustible source of amusement for the juniors.

Tugman and Woda found Philadelphia too slow, and came west.

Theodore Laux, fresh from the Sunny South, will enjoy snowballing for the first time this Fall.



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Pittsburg College Bulletin

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December Eighth.

To-day we've joy
Without alloy,
A joy for Heaven meet;
The joy that she
From blemish free—
The Mother whom we greet—
Though sprung of us, yet dawned in grace,
The fleckless Star of all our race.

She's fit to reign
Where brooks no stain
The Lord's thrice-holy might;
Himself as Son
Her beauty won—
She's peerless in His sight:
In her, the Virgin doubly wise,
No taint of self His right denies.

A mirror bright,
A faithful light,
She full reflects His love;
His Face she limns,
His Godhead hymns,
All Angel choirs above:
Her spotlessness when we proclaim
We most exalt His saving Name.

1854—1904.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

[CONTINUED.]

THE third resolution adopted by the last Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies runs thus: "Impressed by this attempt (claim of the veto power in the election of a Pope) to interfere with the liberty of the church and by the absolute necessity of her complete independence of any civil authority for the proper discharge of her spiritual functions, we reaffirm our protest against the violation of the rights of the Holy See, and trust that the day is not far distant when these rights will be restored. We deprecate the superficial view that the loss of the temporal power has contributed to the spiritual ascendency of the Papacy, and we deplore the fact that the Supreme Pontiff is really a prisoner in the Vatican, since he may not leave it nor accept indemnities for the property unjustly taken from him, without sacrificing his liberty as Head of the Church."

Entering upon a consideration of this subject, the temporal power of the Papacy, many questions seem to agitate the mind of the ordinary thinker. This should scarcely, if at all possible, occur with any scholarly Catholic. For him it has long since been possible and comparatively easy, probably even obligatory—at least in the sense that *noblesse oblige* — to find the answer for the questions current on this topic. They may be put into something like this form: Is the right of the Pope to temporal power a dogma? Is it a right in the strict sense of human justice? Have not "accomplished facts" obliterated the question? Is the temporal power not a hindrance rather than a necessity? Is not the church a greater spiritual force since the temporal power was lost? Does the church want it, or does the Pope want it? Is it possible to regain it or is there any reasonable hope in that direction? What about Italian unity?

There is no dogma defining the temporal power. There is, however, in the Papacy, a right to it which is at once human and superhuman, a consequence of natural and of divine law. By natural law, the Papacy, like any other institution, could acquire temporalities by all lawful means; it did thus acquire a certain temporal power; this was taken unjustly from the Papacy; it can therefore proclaim its right thereunto. By divine right, the Papacy is established independent of civil interference for the salvation of souls and the direction of that spiritual organization called the church. It cannot be independent without a certain temporal power. The Pope must be subject or sovereign. The whole church is hampered if its head is not free. If it were composed of spirits without bodies, the temporal power would be unnecessary; men act according to their nature, utilizing material forms even for spiritual action. In the beginning, it is true, the Apostles had no temporal power; but this is not an argument, for the fact does not decree the right or its absence deny it. Christ had "not where to lay His Sacred Head": had He not the right? Besides, the church needed a special independence for its head rather after the church had grown to large proportions and had become a world-wide organization. It then acquired in a way which any man may by devotion or faith claim to have been providential, but which, whether or not admitting a providential fact or right, he must admit to have been a right, a just acquisition in the natural and worldly sense.

The natural rights of Christians to temporalities had in great measure and unjustly been restricted by the pagan Roman emperors and governors in the early ages of the church. Constantine the Great rendered these rights integral and restored much confiscated property. There was an impetus given to Christian generosity towards the Papacy, when it acquired the legal standing given by Constantine. Not only did many large holders give spontaneously, but a very estimable and pre-eminent source of wealth lay in this, that senators and others of superior

position and emolument, following Christ's invitation to the rich young man, gave all they had to the church—whereby they intended to give it to God—and became monks or nuns. Some Popes had been nobles also and brought to the Papacy large proprietorships and revenues. Gregory the Great, a descendant of the Anicii, before entering a monastery, whence he was destined to rise to the Papal See, conferred his vast estates upon the church and resigned the Prefecture of Rome. In his letters of administration as Pope, he often refers to the Papal estates, directing their management or transfer. The power of civil authority being defective, barbarians rushing like an avalanche from the North over Rome, the Pope became the Grand Almoner and Defender of the Eternal City. The number of people impoverished by invasion in various parts of Italy was so considerable that Papal generosity became a provincial if not a national God-send. This fact, added to the prestige which lofty character and spiritual authority conferred, gave to the Papacy princely prominence and power. The Romans knew that Pope Leo I. had saved Rome from Attila; they knew that when the barbarian hordes became irresistible, the only power that showed adamantine constancy, that did not despair, that was capable of becoming a centre of justice, of order, of civililation and of education, was the Papacy. As lovers of the glory of the Eternal City, the Romans rallied round the Supreme Pontiff not alone for the glory of Spiritual government, but because Rome's temporal glory was bedimmed by the imperial encroachments of Constantinople almost as much as by the incursions of barbarians. In 727, when Leo the Isaurian ordered Pope Gregory II. to destroy all images or be deposed, Roman soldiers slew the officers of the Eastern Empire; local pride was no inconsiderable incentive to the deed. The Lombards in the North were also a thorn in the side of Rome; under King Luitprand they helped Leo the Isaurian against the Romans. But precisely that the Lombards might not tyrannize over Italy, Pepin and Charlemagne

gave very appreciable increase to the Papal temporal power. Of course they were also influenced, as History attests, by a desire to help an institution whose very existence was a potent inspiration to law and order. Much later, the Countess Matilda made splendid donations to the Supreme Pontiff. The salient fact is that the Papacy for eleven centuries after the division of the pagan empire of Rome held a political power which gradually became even kingly. There was no power in the world more justly acquired. It was not military invasion by the Papacy which developed its estates, but the free gifts of loving and admiring adherents! Hence, too, even if the church had no need of it, and if it had no spiritual right to civil immunities for its chief, it has the full human right in plain justice to the temporal power. At this point comes the objection about "accomplished facts," that the Papacy lost its power as many other governments have done.

The present conditions are due to the spoliation of September 20, 1870. The natural and supernatural views prevail here again in favor of the Temporal Power. Since the Papacy had a just possession, spoliation was robbery. Now, any government thus despoiled remains free to claim back its territory. There is a certain international law according to which the government desirous of making any such claim should have filed due protest against spoliation and even have manifested its governmental authority and powers by an armed resistance in defense of the government and people. Pius IX. did this. As the Prince of Peace, he abhorred blodshed, and did not plan a great war according to his resources, but he met the technicalities of the situation and his claim remains: it is an unsettled claim, as yet, but not nullified. The Pope duly repeats that claim, he refuses to accept the millions of indemnity which would be an implicit pledge of territorial cession and abdication of right, so there is no prescription. A point which must now be mentioned is the plebscite, or Roman vote. Could not the Pope lose his claim by the will of the people? The invaders claim

their robbery was legalized by the Roman vote. But it could not be, for the government, like that of England, Austria, Germany, Russia, &c., was monarchical, not republican. Secondly, the vote was a fraud; foreigners, not Italians, took the Papal States, and the same element controlled the votes on the question. No sooner were the foreign troops withdrawn than 40,000 youths drew up a splendid manifesto in Rome in favor of the Papacy. Above these political considerations looms one of appalling weight, viz: the territorial and other temporalities of the Papacy had been given in religious love to a religious authority with the intention of honoring God and his Church. The robbery then was a sacrilege. No man can legalize the standing sacrilege. Leo XIII. reiterated that the claim was not his to yield, but belonged to the Papacy and he was its custodian.

Certainly the Church is a Spiritual Society; it can and must be a great spiritual influence, whether it have temporal power or not; this power is not necessary to its existence. It is necessary however to its well-being and complete liberty. Leo XIII. had a genius for diplomacy which off-set the loss. It was not the loss which gave brilliancy to his Pontificate, except in the sense that it let us see how he could cope with one more difficulty. All may look smooth from a distance, but the Pope knows his predicament and his complaints have no uncertain tone. It is bosh to suppose he is merely ambitious to hamper himself with the trappings of a little principality—an aged and great man honored as Supreme Pontiff of Catholicity sighing for a little aristocracy! No, but he knows his just claims, he knows his divine right, he knows that the the Great Western Schism resulted from the Papal sojourn at Avignon, where civil intrigues prevailed; he knows that papal elections, papal action and even every member of the Cardinalatial College must be free from all possible interference from civil intriguers. Crispi tried, for instance, to induce the Triple Alliance to force future conclaves to elect no one as Pope who would not agree to loss of tem-

poral power. To submit the headquarters of Catholicity to the ingerence of local politicians is an insult to Catholics and to all the governments under which they are in any large proportion.

That the Pope wants the temporal power is evident. This is very important for Catholics, not only because he is best able to judge, but because he alone has the right to decide whether or not it is desirable for the welfare of Papal administration. Well, in the *Inscrutabili* of April 21, 1878, we read: "Never shall we abstain from claiming that freedom be again restored to the Holy See by the recovery of the temporal power." This was his tone for a quarter of a century, though his character was totally different from that of Pius IX. Addressing Catholic journalists, February 22, 1879, he said: "My beloved sons, cease not both by word and mouth and by your writings to contend that the temporal sovereignity of the Pope is necessary to the free exercise of his spiritual power." He wrote to Cardinal Rampolla, June 15, 1889, that the Pope is "by express will of the Founder of the Church not subject to any secular power."

The possibility of regaining the temporal power could never be doubted by any student of history, especially when he reflects on the size, universal influence and loyalty of Catholicity. Cardinal Manning simply mocks at the idea of impossibility and reminds us of the scores of times the Pope was despoiled and even exiled. Besides, the Popes would drop the issue, if impracticable.

Unification of Italy is no justification of actual conditions. The Papacy is not a foreign power; it always aided the nation; it represents no foreign government; its powers were so lawfully acquired that even if a foreign civil power had them, they would be lawful. England had cities in France, France in Austria, Spain in Holland, &c. The Papacy is the glory of Italy, not *vice versa.* It brought wealth there, it brougt intellectual acumen. It brought no difficulties; the Pope was nearly always an Italian; most cardinals are usually Italian. But the

church is greater than Italy, and Rome, its head, cannot be Italy's subject. Leo XIII. often repeated that the Italian people at large favored his claim, but that is small compared to the fact that his freedom and dignity, as Head of hundreds of millions of faithful, demand it. If any one wish to ignore the value of this argument, he cannot appreciate the arrangement — U. S. Constitution, clause XVII; sec. 8; Art. 1--whereby the district chosen as seat of our national government shall be under the exclusive legislative power of Congress: hence the District of Columbia has no representative in Congress, no vote on national issues or even in elections to municipal office. This is for freedom of central government from local political intrigue: the population loses privileges and gets honor in compensation.

Any magnanimous spirit must see how befitting to the Papacy would be sufficient principality to lend full efficiency and solemnity to the incomparably grand work of the Roman See; it would gladly acknowledge "the eternal fitness of things." Contempt and indignation spontaneously swell in the soul rightly informed and rightly poised, that hears any miserly haggling in regard to the sublimest position on earth. Some incline to refer this to Catholic spirit alone, but the Protestant Gregoriovius in his "*History of the City of Rome during the Middle Ages*," vol. III., p. 5, says: "The metropolis of Christianity, representing a universal principle, should be free and of free access to all peoples, and the High Priest residing there should not be subject to any earthly king."

The fourth resolution is this: "Since the Holy Father is deprived of revenues and resources absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the Church in Rome and in the Foreign Missions, whilst sympathizing with him in his privation, we commend to the societies which we represent in this Convention generous endeavor to increase the contributions of the faithful, known as Peter's Pence."

This resolution does not, like the previous one, involve disputed questions. Everyone knows that the

direction of a world organization demands finance. Since the spoliation of 1870, the Papacy is deprived of fit revenues. The want is felt mainly at the Head and extremities, at Rome and in Foreign Missions. The middle classes take care of their own immediate wants and serenely forget about the rest. But the Papacy and the Missions are theirs to support, and the task is not burdensome. It simply requires steady and unanimous co-operation.

Daniel O'Connell raised very respectable funds by inducing all in Ireland to make small contributions: small donations from all Catholics would give a grand total. The word "Pence" indicates the plan: the same is utilized by adherents to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith or Holy Childhood. Many are unaware that the Pope regularly disburses largesses to Foreign Missions in want and forgotten by the faithful. We have done fairly well in the United States, building all the requisites for the church in a new country, whereas Europe had most of its establishments centuries ago. All God demands is that we do what conscience prompts. We might draw inspiration even from non-Catholics who support their missions much better with money than we do, although their missionaries are not half so selfsacrificing as ours or half so successful.

T. A. G.

Napoleon's Assumption of Sovereignty.

NAPOLEON and the various phases of his life have formed a favorite topic for discussion in debating societies. His career has been threshed and rethreshed until it seems useless to try to propose a new subject for debate concerning him. He has been made noble by many, and unworthy of admiration by others; he has been compared, favorably by some and unfavorably by others, with the greatest generals in history—Alexander,

Caesar and Wellington; the causes of his rise and downfall have been treated often. But still there is one phase in his career which is not often discussed, and which is worthy of our consideration. It concerns his seizure of power. In the necessarily limited space of this article, we do not pretend to settle this question, or even to treat it fully, but merely to give a brief explanation of the subject.

To understand this question, we must have a general knowledge of the condition of France at that time, and of the events which led up to Napoleon's so-called "*Coup d' état.*" In 1789, the King of France, Louis XVI., convened the "States General," which, in the same year, through the increasing power of the Commons, became the "National Assembly," and under which the taking of the Bastile occurred. It continued in power until 1791, when it was dissolved and the "Legislative Assembly" came into power. This assembly became the "Convention" in 1792, and under the Convention the King and Queen were executed. In 1795, the "Directory" succeeded the Convention and lasted until 1799. The Directory tried to systematize affairs, and succeeded to some extent. But on several occasions it acted unconstitutionally, in order to benefit itself, and thus soon became unpopular. Moreover, affairs in France were not progressing in a way pleasing to the people; the army was in a poor state, the Directory was not living up to its pledge, and the internal condition of the country was altogether disorganized. In 1799, when affairs were at their worst, Napoleon arrived from the East, after his Egyptian and Syrian campaign. He took in the situation at a glance, saw a chance to gratify his ambition, and seized the opportunity. He ordered the Directory to meet at Saint Cloud, and then informed them that their power was at an end. He had himself made First Consul, and in 1804 had himself crowned Emperor of France.

The first thought that comes to my mind, when viewing this subject, is this: Did not Napoleon have as much right to be at the head of the government of France as the Directory had? The latter had succeeded the other Assemblies, which had seized the power, after deposing and murdering the lawful rulers. The Directory, it is true, was chosen by the people, and hence had some authority. But still it had not come into power by lawful succession, and hence it was unlawfully constituted.

The Directory, besides having no right to the power, was not capable of exercising it for the benefit of the country. It had several times dispensed with laws to benefit its members. In a word, it threatened to complete the ruin of France. There was no possibility of the lawful successors' to the throne coming into power. There was great need of a man who could grasp the helm and guide the ship of state safely through the turbulent waters. Such a man was Napoleon. He had military genius, was a favorite with the army, and had shown ability to conduct political affairs. In short, he was the man of the hour, and there is no doubt that if his ambition had not caused him to act so cruelly and greedily with several nations he had conquered, especially Prussia, he would have righted the ship of state of France and would have raised it to its former level.

It is only when we consider the subsequent deeds of Napoleon that we question his right to seize the power. His ambition, which could brook no interference, right or wrong; his desire to control everything, state and religion; his contempt, or at least disregard, for royal houses which had been ruling in Europe for centuries; his inordinate passion to govern all Europe, instead of trying to rule France alone,—all these combine to make him a man who in the strict sense, perhaps, had no right to rule, and was incapable of ruling well.

R. L. HAYES, '05.

St. Martin's Cloak.

'Mid Roman troops by force enrolled,
For martial fame no throb he feels.
He meets a beggar naked, cold,
Who piteously for help appeals.

Though stretching forth his withered hands
For alms he asks in vain; at last
He in the name of Christ demands
Some food, and raiment 'gainst the blast.

Conjured by such a mighty name
And sensitive to others' woe,
St. Martin hears the beggar's claim
And fain on him would alms bestow.

What can he give? No wealth has he,
No jewels rare, or costly chain.
Ah! happy thought! in charity
He cuts his martial cloak in twain.

With half he wraps the beggar round,
With other half himself content.
That night in vision sweet he found
That alms to man to God is lent.

For Christ in that same cloak arrayed
Appeared to him as he awoke,
And to the angel host He said:
"This man hath wrapped Me in his cloak."

J. J. Dekowski, '04.

Why the Church Condemns Cremation.

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!" —HAMLET v., 1.

IN recent years the pagan practice of cremation has been revived in almost every country of the old and new world, and this revival is hailed by its advocates as a glorious victory of modern civilization and progress. For many years the little crematory at Washington, Pa., was the only one in the United States, and bodies were shipped to it for burning from all parts of the country. At present nearly all our large cities can boast of bake-ovens in which those who so desire can have their remains "roasted," reduced to ashes, and put into neat little urns or jars to grace the mantel-piece or drawing-room table, and incidentally to be scattered over the carpet by some meddlesome child or careless domestic.

We called cremation a pagan custom, but we do not mean to say that burning was the only means made use of in pre-Christian times for disposing of the dead. On the contrary, history informs us that, amongst all nations, burying was not only customary, but even more honorable. The most ardent votaries of cremation, such as Gorini, overwhelmed by evidence, have been forced to admit this.

Repeated attempts have been made to prove that the Hebrews, the chosen people of God, countenanced the burning of the dead. Texts have been forced and stretched and twisted, but all in vain. Then some one brought out of his mental store-house this clever argument: God must have sanctioned cremation, otherwise He would have forbidden it, but nowhere in the Bible is mention made of such a prohibition. Strange logic, indeed! What need was there of a prohibition, since cremation was not practised by the Israelites? What would we say if Congress were to pass a law against can-

nibalism or the wearing of huge rings in the nostrils? It is hardly necessary to adduce texts from the Bible to show that burying alone was used by the Hebrews. A few random ones will suffice. Thus we read in Genesis (23, 1-4) that, when Sara died, Abraham "rose up from the funeral obsequies, and spoke to the children of Heth, saying: 'Give me the right of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead.'" And the children of Heth gladly put their own sepulchres at his disposal. Josue was buried "in the border of his possession in Thamnathsare." The *bones* of Joseph were brought from Egypt and "*buried* in Sichem" (Josue, 24, 30). The solitary instance of cremation in the records of the Jews is that of the mangled remains of Saul, who had slain himself, and of his sons, cut to pieces by the Philistines, and exposed on Mt. Gelboe and afterwards burned by the men of Jabes Galaad. From which we clearly see that the Israelites considered burning as dishonorable and made use of it only as a punishment. The Jews have to this day held fast to the custom of their forefathers and not many years ago the Rabbins of Turin declared cremation to be opposed to the law of God and forbade every true believer to practice it.

So much for cremation and the Israelites. Amongst the pagan nations the case was different. Everywhere we find in addition to burial also the custom of cremation. The bodies of the dead were burned either in ovens or on pyres. The latter were used especially in times of plague and war, as we gather from Homer's Iliad. When the anger of Apollo was poured out upon the Grecian host before Troy,

> "For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
> The *pyres*, thick flaming, shot a dismal glare."

The bodies of children were seldom burned. Most historians are of the opinion that the custom of interment preceded that of burning both amongst the Greeks, Romans and Persians. "That seems to me to have been the most ancient kind of burial," writes Cicero, "which, according

to Xenophon, was used by Cyrus. For the body is returned to the earth, and so placed as to be covered with the veil of its mother."

Sylla was the first of the Cornelian family whose body was burned, but not the first Roman, as both methods are mentioned in the laws of the twelve tables. After Sylla, burning became general, and ceased about the time of Theodosius the Younger. Herodotus (Thalia, 16) testifies that the Persians did not burn their dead because they thought it profane, and that the Egyptians abhorred the practice, because of the respect they entertained for the deceased. If burial was considered more honorable than cremation, why did so many generals and statesmen of antiquity make provision in their wills for cremating their bodies? When we remember that it was no uncommon thing in those times to take a preposterous but cruel vengeance on the body of a deceased enemy, as we read of Achilles with respect to Hector, and Alexander the Great, who, on the most frivolous pleas, affected to imitate the Phthian hero, we cannot blame those who took measures to forestall such outrages and ignominies. It is true that heavy fines, imprisonment, exile, and even death were decreed by the Roman law against those who desecrated the tombs of the dead, but in times of social upheaval and civil strife, laws were relegated to the background.

Thus we see that cremation was not by any means the only method employed in pagan times for disposing of the dead.

When Christianity began its triumphal march over the world, and its mild and beneficent doctrines held sway over men's hearts, and the immortality of the soul and the sanctity of the regenerated body, the temple of the Holy Spirit, became a reality in men's minds, the barbaric practice of cremation disappeared entirely. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, exemplified in the case of the divine Founder, made burning absolutely revolting to the true Christian. As long as Christianity

was the religion of the nations, cremation was unknown. It remained for the new pagans, who styled themselves the coryphaei of modern progress and civilization, to revive the abominable practice. The French Revolution was its cradle, and since the first corpse was publicly burned on the Champs de Mars in 1794, cremation has steadily gained favor. Of course, it made slow progress. Its advocates did not think it wise to shock the human and Christian sensibilities too suddenly and rudely. They set to work to *educate* men up to their views. In 1869 an Italian infidel held a burning in the public square of Padua, and in 1873 sent a model of his apparatus to the Exposition of Vienna. From Italy the practice spread into England, France, Germany, America and almost all the other countries. Even professed Christians declared themselves in favor of cremation. This was the signal for the church, the mother of true civilization, to raise her voice. On May 19, 1886, a Roman decree forbade Catholics "to join those societies whose object it was to spread the practice of cremation, or to leave orders for the cremation of one's body or that of another."

This action of the church worked up the cremationists to a frenzy. All the old pet names were again applied to the Catholic church. Another conclusive proof, said they, that Rome is opposed to all progress. A new accusation was invented for the occasion. The Pope was declared the *implacable enemy of hygiene!* The Freemasons came forward as the chief supporters of the movement, and answered the Roman decree by making cremation a law of their sect, and sedulously propagating literature on the subject. The arguments advanced by them bear chiefly on the economic and hygienic side of the question.

"Too much good land is lost for agriculture by being used for cemeteries," is a common cry of the cremationists. But is there such a dearth of land on this wide world of ours that we need begrudge the poor remains of the "Lords of the earth" a few feet of ground? If there is really a scarcity of agricultural-land, especially in the

neighborhood of our great cities, are the cemeteries to blame for this? Goldsmith's words in the *Deserted Village* seem to furnish the true reason:

> "The man of wealth and pride
> Takes up a place that many poor supplied;
> Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
> Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
> His seat where solitary spots are seen,
> Indignant spurns the cottage from the green."

If there is room in our cities for vast parks and playgrounds for the living, a few rods on the outskirts, or even within the city limits can be spared for the dead. Besides, a cemetery can be easily turned into a park, as has been done in many places. It would be hard to find a prettier spot, and one better suited for a quiet walk, than Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo. Arlington Cemetery on the Potomac, is "a thing of beauty," and worth going miles to see. Père la Chaise is one of the wonders never missed by the tourist. Decorating the graves of the dead is a universal practice, and "Decoration Day", a national holiday. We begin to suspect that anxiety for the future of agriculture is but a specious argument of the cremationists to hide the real ground of their opposition to cemeteries. The *Memento Mori*, which every cross and tombstone proclaim with no uncertain voice, is too incompatible with the lives of certain men—grates on their nerves and disturbs their peace of mind, and it appears a far simpler process to them to do away with the graveyards than to change their lives.

The argument of the cremationists, which, at first blush, seems most plausible, and which is liable to win over adherents to their cause, is the one taken from hygiene. The burying of the dead, we are told, is a prolific source of disease and death. Attempts have been made to prove that earth, air and water, are poisoned by the buried corpse. But all the evidence produced bore only on cases in which the most ordinary sanitary regulations were set at defiance. It is the duty of the Board of

Health in every city to see that these laws are observed, and we are assured by scientific specialists that when all reasonable precautions are taken there is no danger whatever of cemeteries' spreading disease and death. Even a tyro in science knows that the earth is the best of all assimilators, absorbing and transforming all vegetable and animal matter. A certain cremationist would have us believe that the gases exhaled by the dead bodies can often be smelt several hundred yards from the graveyards. He does not tell us when, where and by whom these gases were detected. As far as evidence goes, this story deserves about as much credence as the one about "seeing the grass grow."

Repeated analyses of the springs in the great cemeteries of Paris and Berlin have been made, always with the same result—the water was as free from noxious ingredients and disease-germs as any other. After the battle of Sedan (Sept. 2, 1870), fully 6000 German and French soldiers were buried in large trenches, but there is no record of a disease, traceable to the wholesale interments, ever having broken out in or about the town. Besides, it has been conclusively demonstrated that, in a depth of five or six feet of earth, the temperature is anything but favorable to bacterial development.

It has always appeared strange to us that so many books should have been written, so many scientific experiments made, so much money wasted, in attempts to fix the blame for the spread of contagious diseases on the harmless resting places of the dead, and that so little is done to dry up the innumerable swamps and morasses, and clean the streets and ventilate the slums of our cities —the bivouac of pale-faced disease and death.

Aside from the fact that cremation outrages the ethical feelings of all men, and the religious faith of Christians, the impossibility of *post mortem* examinations (often undertaken weeks after burial to fix the cause of death, and bring the guilty to justice) and the detriment to the phrenological and craniological sciences, which depend on the bodies of the dead for their experiments and investigations, would furnish sufficient reason for any State to interdict this practice by law.

We cannot better take leave of this serious subject than by quoting those beautiful words of our own Irving on the meaning of the grave :

"There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song.

There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him."

JOHN J. DOYLE, '09.

The Smoke Nuisance and Its Remedies.

THE City of Pittsburg, with all its prosperity, has one great drawback—the air is thick with smoke. The Hump Question has been extensively discussed; the Filtration System has received due consideration; but the Smoke Nuisance continues unabated. The general public are affected, and are justified in demanding that something be done to purify the atmosphere. Spasmodic efforts, it is true, have been made, but that is not enough. A systematic course should be adopted and consistently pursued, and this, we maintain, could be done without much expense on the part of the manufacturers, and with intense satisfaction to every resident of the city of Pittsburg.

The question of smoke abatement has been widely discussed in different cities, but scientists have met with great difficulties at nearly every stage of their experiments. Some have invented new furnaces, which they claimed would prevent smoke; others have invented smokeless chimneys, but they have been only partially successful. Certainly there must be some defects in those patented contrivances, for, if such were not the case, they would have been installed in most of the mills.

The most logical and economical method would be the substitution of furnaces which are fired with gas. Under special conditions they are economical, and the quantity of work accomplished by means of these furnaces would be larger than with coal firing. Besides, the confirmed opinion prevails that smoke is not emitted by gas furnaces. Thus far we have made some progress, but this is not enough. It is well to say that gas furnaces

should be used, but then the objection arises that to fire some furnaces with gas would mean the spoiling of the steel.

The greatest smoke-producers are the sheet-mill furnaces; they are and always have been a nuisance to the public, but these cannot be fired with gas, for gas would destroy the temper and toughness of the steel. Can we not, then, adopt any system for the sheet-mill furnaces? Is it impossible to remove the sheet-mills into the outskirts of the city? Is it not possible to construct new furnaces answering our requirements? Is it not possible to dispense with the sheet-mills altogether?

The removal of the sheet-mills into the outskirts of the city would involve the oppression of the workingman, compelling him to pay ten or fifteen cents car fare daily; he would have to rise early and go to bed late, or live in the vicinity of the mills. But this would tend to decrease the city's prosperity. The construction of new furnaces would entail great expenses by the manufacturers, and necessitate the lowering of the laboring man's wages. To dispense with the sheet-mills altogether would mean a sudden collapse of the city's prosperity. The only remedy that remains is the erection of chimneys from eighty to ninety-five feet high; the smoke would have a greater tendency to rise higher, and thus free the lower portion of the atmosphere from impurities. But, speaking of such high chimneys, we must provide against one objection which the scientists advance, namely, that the draught from a high chimney would be too strong and unsuitable. This can be easily remedied by regulating the draught with a damper. It has been tried, and has been found successful. Furthermore, defective draughts should be repaired. They are the leading causes of the thick, black smoke. Enough air should be admitted, and this should be cold air, because, instead of decreasing the heat as the hot air does, it increases it and induces perfect combustion. The truth of this statement has often been demonstrated, for, in the winter time, when the temperature is low, we can notice that fires burn briskly and give forth a far more intense heat.

It is high time that the city officials should introduce some drastic reform, for what is a nuisance to the public should be restricted in a reasonable degree, and the adoption of the suggestions I have made would be very inexpensive, economical, and advantageous.

ANDREW BEJENKOWSKI, '05.

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EDITORIAL.

School Amenities.

St. Augustine is a man so nearly universal in human experiences that we need not be surprised to find him saying and recording things which look very modern. As he was long a schoolmaster, he had pupils good, bad and probably indifferent. The bad and the good stand out in his reports. His Carthaginian boys were so intolerable that they drove him out of his country: though he afterward recognized that it was God who was driving him on to conversion. Of the "astounding hebetude" of the unruly youngsters we are left in no doubt. "*Foeda est,*" he says, "*et intemperans licentia scholasticorum. Irrumpunt impudenter et prope furiosa fronte perturbant ordinem,* etc."

The disturbers called themselves "*eversores*"——possibly an up-to-date title for university roughs; though, even when a wayward boy, Augustine considered it a *nomen scaevum et diabolicum.*" In the present age we occasionally hear of similarly branded academic cattle, and of their being tolerated!

Augustine couldn't stand them. He inquired and was told that at Rome the boys were restrained by discipline, pursued their studies quietly, never burst into a class-room that wasn't theirs, nor entered at all without the master's permission. So he crossed the Mediterranean and prepared to open his school of rhetoric in the great Capital. Then he learned that the Roman youth were quiet indeed, but so very quiet that they took their lessons and slipped away without paying their pension, removing to a new school to continue the same thievery. His upright, though still wandering mind, revolted at so ugly a dishonesty, which he describes as a "muddy lucre that cannot be grasped without fouling the hands." He had to go farther: he was not yet near enough to St. Ambrose.

Of his good pupils a charming example is found in Alipius. A native of the same town of Tagaste, somewhat younger than Augustine, he had been his pupil at home and at Carthage. The master loved the boy for the fund of virtue he perceived in him; and the boy loved him because—as the penitent doctor afterward remorsefully remarked—he "thought him good and learned." But through some disagreement between Alipius's father and Augustine ("*quamdam simultatem*"—not yet quite unheard of between parents and teachers), Alipius had to absent himself from the lectures. Augustine felt anxious and annoyed on his pupil's account. Though the boy is shown to have been of a purity and honesty that seem miraculous in an unbaptized African, he had one ruinous inclination. He passionately loved the Circensian shows; and this, in the judgment of his young master, was the destruction of all the great hopes that might be placed in

him. Yet what could Augustine do? Neither as friend nor as teacher could he now admonish Alipius who—as he supposed—shared the animosity of his father.

But 'twasn't so. Alipius loved his teacher more than ever; watched opportunities to salute him; even stole into the lecture hall to hear a little and carry it away with him. Having overcome his father's opposition he returned to class. The lesson had commenced one day when he entered—in manner very unlike an "*eversor;*" for, as the record laconically puts it, *venit, salutavit, sedit.*" Augustine kept on with his lecture; and to make some question plain and pleasant, illustrated it by a reference to the circus games. He was, he says, bitingly ironical on the insanity of being captivated by such spectacles; but, at the moment, he had no thought of Alipius and his failing. Alipius, however, took it all as meant for himself, and with gratitude instead of resentment. "What another would have taken as a reason for being angry with me," the saint writes, "the virtuous youth took as a motive of anger against himself and of more ardent affection for me;" and he quotes the proverb about correcting the wise and being loved in return. Alipius was cured; for, at hearing the cherished teacher's words, he picked himself up and shook his soul *forti temperantia*, efficaciously resolving never to see again the horrid shows. Augustine perceives and praises the hand of God. He himself was but an unconscious instrument in the healing of the boy who was one day to be a Prelate and a dispenser of the Divine Mysteries.

The kindly relations of master and pupil were gloriously blessed. In Augustine's own humble statements we find it recorded that if he had been to Alipius a master in words, Alipius was to him a master in deeds; and their illuminating union as bishops was beautifully declared by the older calling the younger the "brother of his heart."



Exchanges and Reviews.

The *Ave Maria Press* has put in pamphlet form the address of the Hon. Chas. J. Bonaparte, delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Notre Dame University, June 15, 1904, on "Some duties and responsibilities of American Catholics." Splendid idea! The burden of his address is this: Early prejudice insisted that the institutions characteristic of this Nation and those of Catholicity are incompatible. But a century and a quarter of experience shows on one side that the Church has prospered, and on the other that the materialistic tendencies of the land constitute a peril which can be best met by Catholic spirit. As Washington's Farewell Address reminds us: "Virtue is the necessary spring of popular government. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensible supports." The Church is at home here, and the Catholic layman, of what ancestry soever, though interested reasonably in the welfare of the land of his forefathers, should give heart and energy to the land of his adoption. The idea that this normal state is essentially passive, is erroneous. The Church has no politics, but is vitally interested when politics becomes a euphemism for systematic rascality. As she points the way to Heaven, she teaches us to live rightly on earth.

The Agnetian Monthly for November is, as usual, up to its high standard of excellence, and brightens our sanctum with sparkling literary gems that cannot fail to please.

"Some Secrets of God's Acre" is a touching reflection on the lofty ideas, sublime self-sacrifices, and the saintly lives of the first Sisters of Mercy in Maryland. Though couched in words modest and unpretentious, this simple narrative produces a deep impression that remains in our thoughts after we have read it, like a strain of

melodious music, which, long after the musician has ceased, still holds captive our imagination, and leads us on a pleasant excursion over pathways hitherto untrod.

We regret that even brevity should mar a meritorious article on the "Late Senator Hoar," which is a beautiful and touching tribute to one of the most eminent American statesmen of these later days – a man at once diligent, conscientious and zealous, of sterling character and unswerving integrity.

All unprejudiced Americans will admit that he was "a scholar of deep learning, an orator of impassioned power; but above all, a sincere man, wholly devoted to conscience, not anxious to please men, but to serve them, not seeking to be popular, but determined to be right."

The November number of *The St. Joseph's Collegian* is replete with articles of undoubted merit. The Essay, "Indiana and Her Men of Letters," is both interesting and instructive, recalling to mind the various writers of the "Hoosier" State, whose productions have secured for them enviable reputations, and a right to be classed among the foremost of American authors.

"When I Was King" is an absorbing tale of the adventures of an American youth on the continent; the writer evinces vividness of imagination, and a natural style of expression.

The article on the "Courtship of Miles Standish and Its Nature Touches," is rather a critical essay on the imagery and rythm of one of America's greatest poets—Longfellow. The writer shows a close acquaintance with Longfellow, and expresses his observations both cleverly and elegantly.

Several fragments in verse are also worthy of mention, especially "A Blade of Grass" and "Time." From the latter we quote the last stanza:

> "Swift-winged time flies by
> Breasting all opposition;
> Onward he rushes, 'mid joy or sigh,
> Onward to Eternity's ocean."

The *St. Mary's Institute Exponent* comes as an ever-welcome friend; its attractive exterior pre-disposes one in its favor; but, we are pleased to say, the interior of its November issue is even more attractive.

The article entitled "The Mental Advantages of Philosophic Study" so engrosses our attention, and supplies so much material for thought, that we are loath to leave it, though there follow several contributions equally meritorious.

It was only yesterday that Pennsylvania's great iron-master and philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, said that metaphysics and logic have been relegated to the rear; he paid a tribute to the "Monastic and Cathedral Schools" of the Middle Ages, yet one might infer from his address that such a course of intellectual training, though good enough in former days, is now "behind the times," and must necessarily give way to the development of other more practical departments of science.

The writer in *The Exponent* deplores the fact that so much apathy, not to say positive aversion, is shown to philosophy at the present day. He sets forth many very practical benefits that the mind derives from the discipline of philosohic research and speculation.

"The Legend of Lover's Leap" tells an interesting and pathetic incident in true poetic fashion, while the poem on "November" is faultless as regards the requirements of metrical movement and rhyme.

The Essay "On the Progress of Human Thought" is a brief history of philosophy from the time of the earliest Greek thinkers, to the present day. Though the space was very limited, the writer takes a comprehensive view of the subject, which he handles with the touch of a master.

ATHLETICS.

The Sophomores ended a very remarkable season with a great victory over the Homewood Medics on our campus on Tuesday, November 22d.

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN seven games were played, all of which were won. Following the second game with Oakdale High School, East Liberty Academy paid our invincibles a visit, and in two comparatively short halves were beaten even more decisively than last season, the final score being 21—0. Not once during the entire game was the college goal in danger; in fact the visitors succeeded in making but two first downs. Immediately after the kick-off, the ball was entrusted to Duffy who tucked it under his arm, and proceeded to tear off a run of 70 yards, to the great amazement of the much-vaunted visitors. After the first touchdown was made by Rankin, it was only a question of how large a score would be piled up. Rankin, Laux, Keating and Dowling were most instrumental in advancing the ball, while Duff at right end starred for East Liberty.

On Saturday, October 29, the Sophs journeyed to Beaver where they succeeded in accomplishing what was little expected by the sporting public, namely, the defeat of the strong team of Beaver College. The latter had held the powerful Sharon team to a 6—0 score the previous week, and the followers of the Sophomores entertained slight hopes of victory. In the first half Beaver's formations worked admirably well, and a touchdown soon resulted, which was converted into a goal. With about a minute to play, Dowling, assisted by Duffy ran forty yards for a touchdown. Goal was missed. In the second half, Beaver again hammered the Sophs' line and soon scored another touchdown. Goal was kicked. Here their scoring ended, but not so with the Sophs, for they began to play one of the greatest uphill games ever witnessed on the Beaver gridiron. After the hardest kind of work, Laux emerged from a scrimmage, and planted the oval behind the line. Goal was kicked and the score stood 12—11. Duffy then kicked off and Beaver began another march up the field, but at this stage of the game a costly fumble proved their undoing, for quick as a flash, Brennan, who was playing his first game for the Sophs, secured the ball and dodging, hurdling and sprinting at a lively rate, crossed the line with but a minute left for play. Dowling kicked goal, and, soon after, the referee's whistle announced the close of a great game. Runs by Neilan, Dowling, Brennan and Laux, the superb tackling of Keating, Gray and Duffy, and the line plunging of the Beaver backs were features of the game.

On Saturday, November 5, the Sophs went to New Kensington where they fought a bitter duel with the Monarch A. C., of that place.

The game was well contested throughout, but marred somewhat by the needless kicking of the home team. Kensington succeeded in pushing the ball to the Sophs' 2-yard line in the first half, where they were held for downs. In the second half our own played the better game and had the ball on the opponents' 6-yard line when a dispute arose with the result that Monarch A. C. left the field and the game was awarded to the Sophs, 6—0.

The following Saturday, November 12, St. John's Lyceum, thirsting for revenge for their defeat at the hands of the collegians earlier in the season, accompanied by a band of rooters, were again disposed of after a glorious struggle by the score of 10—4. The collegians did not play their usual brilliant game, and fumbled considerably, while the playing of the Lyceum boys was very aggressive. Dowling caught a punt early in the second half, and ran 25 yards for a touchdown. Soon after the next kick-off, Lyceum secured the ball on a fumble on the 25-yard line. In two attempts the ball was advanced three yards, when Mooney dropped back and sent the oval between the uprights against a strong wind. Score, 5—4.

Duffy kicked across the goal line and fell on the ball for a touchdown, making the score 10—4. Time was called. Neilan, Brennan, Gray, Keating and Dowling played the best game for the Sophs, while Mooney carried off the honors for the visitors.

On Tuesday, November 15, the Sophs journeyed to McKeesport, where they defeated the High School team of that place. Early in the game the home team scored their only touchdown, having secured the ball on the collegians' 6-yard line on a fumble. After that the superiority of our representatives was clearly manifested, and they easily scored three touchdowns by hard, consistent playing. Gray, Keating, Brennan and Rankin were good ground-gainers, while Duffy, Dowling and Neilan tackled well. The final score was 17—5.

On Saturday, November 19, Washington High School was the attraction on the college campus Both teams were evenly matched and went into the fray with determination. There was an immense crowd present, and the game was watched with the greatest interest. Washington kicked off and Gray ran the ball fifteen yards before being downed; by straight football the Sophs carried the ball to the five-yard line, where it was passed to Brennan, who tore through left tackle and planted it behind the goal. Dowling made a neat kick and the score was 6—0. Duffy kicked to Forsythe who recovered fifteen yards; the Sophs' line held and Washington kicked to Gray who was downed in the centre of the field. By short end-bucks, and tackle-back formations, the ball was rushed to the six-yard line, and Laux shot through for the second touchdown. Dowling again kicked goal. Score, 12—0.

In the second half, Washington showed remarkable improvement,

and soon advanced the ball to the 8-yard line where they where held for downs. Dowling attempted a quarter-back run and fumbled. Workman secured the ball and carried it over. Goal was kicked. Score, 12—6. After the next kick-off, the visitors secured the ball and began to play a very aggressive game. Workman tore away from the bunch of exhausted players and started for the goal; when he reached the 17-yard line he was overtaken and hauled down by the fleet-footed Brennan. In three more scrimmages the ball was landed on the 7-yard line; then the whistle blew. The playing of Brennan in this game was a revelation to the spectators; repeatedly he tore through the line and tackled runners for losses; he scored the Sophs' first touchdown, and his flying tackle near the end of the game, preventing another score, was a most spectacular piece of work. Gray, Neilan, Duffy, Keating and Laux also put an excellent game.

On Tuesday, November 22, the Sophs played their final game, having the Homewood Medics as their opponents. The first half ended with the score 6—0, Rankin scoring on a sensational run of 60 yards. The second half showed a decided improvement on the part of the Sophs, as Keating scored two touchdowns on neat runs, while Duffy, who was playing quarterback in the absence of Dowling, pulled off the longest run made on the college grounds this season; with the ball on the Sophs' 25-yard line, he dodged around left end and ran 95 yards for a touchdown, ably assisted by Rankin who disposed of several would-be tacklers in the journey up the field. Duffy kicked all four goals, and the game ended 24—0 Corrigan, Brennan, Gray and Neilan also played well.

The Juniors.

The Juniors, following the example of the Sophomores, went through a hard season without sustaining a single defeat. Since our last issue, five games were played and won with the exception of a tie against Avalon A. C., 5—5.

In a hard struggle the Lynch A. C. was beaten decisively on the college campus by the score of 18—6. The visitors far outweighed the Juniors as they came loaded up for the occasion, but all to no avail, as brawn and muscle counted for naught when opposed by the science of our representatives. Carraher's long runs were the feature.

The next game resulted in the Juniors' triumphing over Riverside High School. Score, 22—4.

After a good rest the Allegheny Tigers tried conclusions with the undefeated Juniors, and in a game characterized by the long runs of the college backs, were completely smothered. Score 53—0.

The last game of the season was played at Millvale against the High School of that place. Like the Lynch A. C., the Millvale management loaded up, having no less than four stars from the representative team. Strange to say, the Juniors not only defeated, but outclassed them at every stage of the game. Score, 12—6.

College Juniors Went to Millvale.

College Juniors went to Millvale,
Little hole between the hills,
Where the wind blows up the river
Lined with many lager mills.

Millvale has a famous high school
And a rugby team as well,
So the Juniors tried conclusions—
What occurred is sad to tell.

Both teams donned their suits for battle
Then began a bitter fray ;
Plucky Juniors got the oval
And commenced to bang away.

But instead of youthful players
Whom our own went out to face,
There was found a crowd of ringers,
All the stars around the place.

Little Zimmer seemed an infant
Standing by the full-back tall,
But did Harry stand and shiver ?
No, he didn't, not at all.

As the shades of eve were falling
O'er the isolated place,
Zimmer and his noble warriors
Laughed at Millvale's sad disgrace.

By the greatest kind of playing
And the neatest little tricks,
Twelve big scores were made by Harry's,
While his town's-folk scored but six.

When you want to beat our Juniors,
Choose the very best around,
Train them from July till Christmas,
Yet I fear you'll still be downed.

The Minims.

The Minims had the best team the Grammar department ever produced, and won every game by a decisive score. It would be an injustice to the other members of the team to mention some names and omit the rest, for all worked hard for the success of the team.

Since our last issue, the Locust Juniors were beaten 26—0. Then the Mohawk Indians were scalped. Score, 46—0. The Wilmerding Juniors, aiming at the bantamweight honors, were downed after a gallant resistance, 17—0. The last victory was gained over the Epiphany A. C., 11—0, leaving the Minims the undisputed champions, in their class, of Pittsburg and vicinity.

SEASON'S SUMMARY.

	Games won.	Games lost.	Tied.	Total pts.	Opponents
P. C. Sophs.....	10	0	1	174	27
P. C. Juniors.....	9	0	1	167	21
P. C. Minims.....	6	0	0	129	0
Totals,	25	0	2	470	48



Entertainments and Debates.

Since the last iseue of the BULLETIN we have had three concerts, one in the latter part of October, and two in November. The Orchestra and the Glee Club are a source of pleasure to the audience, while the debaters add to it by their interesting and able speeches.

The Programmes:

OCTOBER 30.

March, Bright Schooldays, *Rev. John Griffin*, Orchestra; Recitation, Freedom for Ireland, Percy A. Tull; Violin Solo, Air Varie, Chas. McGuire; Song, Somebody Is Waiting for Me, P. McGonigle; Piano Duet, Rev. Father Griffin and Clement J. Staud; Recitation, Robert Emmet's Last Speech, Bernard G. McGuigan; Cornet Solo, Il Trovatore, *Verdi*, George Weis; Song, Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye, H. J. Gilbert; Violin Solo, Lucia de Lammermoor, *Jansa*, F. J. Stack; Chorus with Orchestra accompaniment, Beyond the Gates of Paradise, Glee Club; Finale, Yankee Girl, *Lampe*, Orchestra.

NOVEMBER 13.

Overture, Vaudeville Whiffs, *Mackie*, Orchestra; Recitation, Who are the Patriots of America, J. Monahan; Piano Solo, The Music of the Union, Clement J. Staud; Recitation, Daisies, Theodore Kellermann; Trio for two Violins and Piano, Rev. John Griffin and Prof. C. B. Weis, Violins, E. Yellig, Piano; Finale, The Troubadour, *Powell*, Orchestra.

Debate, Resolved, That where labor is paid by the day, law should

determine the number of hours constituting a working day; Chairman, F. J. Stack; Affirmative, A. A. Aretz and J. B. Keating; Negative, S. F. Carraher and E. F. Jackson.

NOVEMBER 20.

Overture, Bridal Rose, *Lavallee*, Orchestra; Recitation, The Dying Soldier, G. P. Angel; Vocal Duet, Old Rosin the Beau, A. A. Aretz and P. J. Dooley; Duet for Violin and Piano, Apple Blossoms, *Roberts*, Prof. C. B. Weis and E. B. Yellig; Vocal Solo, Ave Maria, R. T. Ennis; Chorus, Our Nation's Guard, Glee Club; Finale, Peggy O'Neal, *Blanke*, Orchestra.

Debate, Resolved, That it is for the best interests of the United States to maintain a larger standing army; Chairman, S. J. Kolipinski; Affirmative, C L. McCambridge and C. A. Gwyer; Negative, E. M. Morales and F. J. Neilan.

COMMERCIAL DEBATING SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the Commercial Debating Society, the following officers were elected for the Academical year: Moderator, Rev. J. J. Laux, C. S. Sp.; President, J. McGovern; Vice-President, J. J. Creighton; Secretary, C. Enright; Treasurer, A. J. Hickel; Librarian, S. J. Laux.

All the members of the First English Class belong to the society' and their interest in the debates is unflagging. Questions of political, educational, and social importance are discussed every Friday, and, judging from the speeches thus far made, there is every chance of some good orators' being developed in time. The following subjects were debated during the past month :

November 4. Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be abolished; Chairman, C. McCormick; Affirmative, Messrs. Wehrheim and Laux; Negative, Messrs. Spengler and Teemer.

November 18. Resolved, That the railroads should be controlled by the government; Chairman, G. J. Nickel; Affirmative, A. Scherer; Negative, L. Heffernan.

THE census figures, recently published, of typewriters used for instruction purposes in the schools of the United States and Canada have aroused the widest interest everywhere. That the majority of the typewriters used in schools were REMINGTONS was well understood by those who are acquainted with its predominance in every department of commercial life. The fact that over 15,000 REMINGTONS are used today in the schools of America, about 3,500 more than all other makes of writing machines combined, accurately represents its leadership in both Educational and Commercial fields.

He Thought He Scored a Touchdown.

Of this year's football mem'ries
There's none that tickles so
As Cain's now famous touchdown
Made just three weeks ago.

The Riverside High Scholars
Line up against our boys,
Their lusty-lungèd rooters
Make the welkin ring with noise.

The ball is put in motion,
Ries takes it on the fly,
Zim makes a splendid tackle,
And downs his man like pie.

Once, twice, th' opponents pass it
To their fleet-footed backs,
But "Vic," McKnight, and Lawlor
Just drop them in their tracks.

McGeehin, Gloekler, Newell
Hold like a stout stone wall;
No wonder that the others
Can not advance the ball.

"Third down, five yards to gain!"
The full, behind his guards,
Now signals for the oval
And boots it forty yards.

It nestles in the arms
Of doughty left-guard Lally,
Who, piloted by Teemer,
Effects a brilliant sally.

Now dodging, juking, rushing,
Right through their lines he broke,
And might have scored had he not
Stopped short to crack a joke.

Despite their grim resolve
Their goal line to defend,
The Riversides see Carraher
Skip right around their end.

With twinkling feet he covers
Some twenty yards of space.
He leads his fleet pursuers
A very merry chase.

He's down, and all the players
Look like a rick of hay.
The ball is somewhere 'neath them,
But where, one can not say.

Out of the pile emerges
A lad of great resource,
Famed for his brain and muscle,
The pure results of "Force."

He finds a pig-skin bounding
Quite near the scene of strife:
He tucks it 'neath his arm,
And runs as if for life.

With perfect vim and vigor
He flees from the combine,
Nor stops until he places
The ball behind the line.

'Tis only then he learns
The ball was not in play—
For fun a kid had kicked it
Upon the scene of fray.

EUGENE J. MACK, President. JAMES E. CLANCY, Treasurer. MATTHEW MURPHY, Secretary.

Mack, Miller Candle Co.

Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax,
Manufacturers of Fine Candles.

Wax Goods, Tapers, Crayons, &c. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

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The College Jubilee.

We sing to the workers who lighten
The toil of their weaker kin;
We sing to the writers who brighten
The homes that are dark within;
We sing to the men, be they far or near,
Whose part is to banish the needless tear.

To inventors we sing, to the leaders
Who captain a nation's trade;
To the tillers—the nation's true feeders—
Who shirk not the plough and spade:
To all who may broaden our birth's domain,
While branding our lives with no earthly stain.

Then shall we not chorus our singing,
And quire to the men of schools,
To the men so laboriously ringing
The change on the arts and rules
Of opening minds and unveiling truth,
Of culturing rich but unweeded youth?

No burden more valiantly borne,
No work more a hero's task,
Than to bring—as in hope forlorn—
The light in which souls may bask,
Through matter's opposing and darkling hosts
To fields of the laurel that learning boasts.

Here, here, where we stand, has a battle,
To widen the realms of thought,
Been waged with no musketry's rattle,
With brain has been calmly fought,
By teachers whose watchword piped clear from the first—
That wells of pure water beget a pure thirst.

They came with their love-garnered treasures
From lands of good olden lore,
With fresh science and classic's best measures,
With philosophy sapiently hoar,
And knowledge of knowledges—Truth without change,
The Wisdom that distances reason's high range.

They came, because sent, and they founded
A beacon where breakers were strong,
A house of the seeing, well-grounded
In prayers that had clamored long
For light in a vortex of blinding toil
Whose murkiness hearts more than hands can soil.

They girded them quick to the striving
Of quietly confident force;
They knew that the dust-clods depriving
A Catholic mind of resource
Must vanish dispelled in the warmth and light
Of schooling that standards the Christian height.

Five lustrums of work they now number;
They pause at the silver band,
To joy that their plantings nor cumber
Unbearing the goodly land,

Nor apples but show of an ashen heart—
Their fruits challenge test in each chiefest mart.

The boys from The Bluff have been wielding
The strength of their tutored skill;
As men the ripe harvest they're yielding
Of disciplined mind and will:
In ministries highest, in labors not vain,
They herald, as each may, that virtue is gain.

They raise them by honest endeavor,
They claim all that's noble in rank;
They prove that Religion was never
The cause why a struggler sank;
A martyr he might be, but conscience is king:
For whoso obeys it—the robe and the ring!

Then pray we this temple of science
May long be a city redoubt,
A stronghold of mental reliance,
A signal-tower girded about
With walls of high principle, bucklered belief,
And henchmen of Christ who proclaim His relief.

And chant we the wish of our greeting
To friends who have labored well;
Their Jubilee grow with time's fleeting
More golden than tongue can tell.
As stars are the teachers of justice to shine:
Some glint of their glory hereafter be mine!

G. L.

Historical Sketch of Pittsburg College.

THE founder of Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost was the late Very Rev. Joseph Strub, C. S. Sp. Father Strub was born in the diocese of Strasburg in 1833, entered the Holy Ghost order in 1854, was ordained priest in Dakar, Africa, in 1858, and was appointed Provincial of the German houses soon after his return to Europe in 1863. When Bismarck began his war against the Church in 1872, the members of the order were expelled from Germany and forced to seek a refuge beneath the Stars and Stripes of the United States. There was at that time great demand for German priests in the diocese of Pittsburg, and Father Strub was invited to take charge of St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg. This position he continued to fill until 1878. In that year, at the pressing invitation of the late Right Rev. Bishop Domenec, he undertook to open a school in which the members of his order, aided by competent laymen, would give instruction in the classical, scientific, and commercial branches, combined with sound religious training. Father Strub found it no easy task to secure a structure suitable for his purpose. At last, on August 3, after many inquiries and disappointments, he decided on a spacious building located at the corner of Wylie Avenue and Federal Street. The accommodations were not ideal. A Scotch Presbyterian utilized one half of the basement for a merchant-tailoring establishment, and a German Lutheran baked bread for his many customers in the other half. The second floor was arranged for class rooms, but, these not sufficing, a third story was subsequently added, the yearly rental being $2,000. There was no playground attached, and the fathers had to pass their recreation time on the roof of the building. The new college opened for the admission of students on October 1. Forty were enrolled. The number would certainly have been

larger had not parents been naturally diffident owing to the discouraging failures of similar attempts in the recent past: they wished to see the work a success before they could bring themselves to patronize it. Moreover, the other schools of the city and State having opened a month previously, they had already made their choice, and judged a change during the scholastic year as likely to prove detrimental to their children's interests. In addition, some members of the staff were on their way from Europe, and the late Rev. W. P. Power, who had been appointed President, was detained in Trinidad, B. W. I., so that he did not arrive until January 15, 1879. In the meantime, the late Rev. Joseph Graf assumed the direction of the studies.

To prove the solidity of the training that they gave, the Fathers decided to hold a public examination at the close of the year. Invitations to be present were sent out to the parents and other relatives of the students and many prominent clergymen of the diocese. The answering was most satisfactory, and confidence was inspired. This confidence was increased and extended when Bishop Domenec sounded the praises of the pupils and Faculty at the Commencement Exercises, held in the Fifth Avenue Lyceum on June 30th, and the daily papers expressed the highest appreciation of the work done during the first academic year.

It was no wonder then that in all one hundred and twenty-four students were registered at the re-opening in September. This increase in numbers, and the still further increase in the following year, suggested to Father Power and his fellow-laborers the advisability of providing a larger building with suitable grounds. In accordance with their views, Father Strub purchased several lots at the corner of Bluff and Cooper Streets. Plans for the new college were drawn up and approved of. A large three-story brick building, then a private hospital, now St. John's Hall, was removed to its present site, and the laborious work of digging down to solid rock for the

necessary foundations was begun. On Sunday, April 20, 1884, everything was ready for the laying of the corner stone. This imposing ceremony was performed by our present Bishop, Right Rev. Richard Phelan, D. D., at that time Vicar-General of the diocese. A vast concourse of 30,000 persons had assembled to honor the occasion by their presence and to listen to the eloquent Monsignor Capel. At the close of his address, they had the satisfaction of receiving through him a special blessing cabled that day by his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., for all those who assisted at the ceremony.

The new college building, though occupied since the previous April 14th, was formally opened on May 3, 1885. Its solemn dedication was one of the most impressive religious events ever witnessed in the city of Pittsburg. The Right Rev. Bishop Phelan again presided. All the Catholic Societies of Western Pennsylvania were represented, having marched to the college building headed by their bands. The vast assemblage was addressed by the late Very Rev. W. Pollard in English, and by the Rev. Father Bernard, C. P., in German.

With such an auspicious opening, Father Power augured well for the future of the college. He was called away to Europe in the following July, and a little later the friends of the institution learned with regret that he was not to return to Pittsburg, as he had received an appointment to St. Mary's College, Trinidad. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp., a member of the staff.

As President of the college, Father Willms had not an adequate opportunity for manifesting the remarkable ability and organizing capacity that he has since displayed as first pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Millvale, and as Director-General of the Holy Childhood for the United States; for, after one year's administration, during which he still found time for the teaching of the ancient classics, he was assigned by his Superiors to the im-

portant work of building up the newly-established German parish in Millvale.

Another pioneer of higher education in Pittsburg—the late Rev. John Quinn, C. S. Sp.—was missed from his place in the class room at the beginning of the new scholastic year. Father Quinn had been identified with the college from its founding, and none had worked harder or more zealously for the good of its students. As teacher of the grammar class, he knew how to combine with a master's skill the *suaviter in modo* with the *firmiter in re.* His greatest delight was to prepare the younger boys for their First Holy Communion. His pupils have often said of him since that he laid such a solid foundation for their faith, that it could withstand any tempests it might be exposed to in after years.

On August 19, 1886, the Very Rev. John Toohill Murphy, C. S. Sp., arrived in Pittsburg, to take charge of the institution. He came highly qualified for his charge. Born in the diocese of Kerry in 1854, educated at Blackrock College, one of the leading Catholic institutions in Ireland, and selected for his scholarly attainments, he was sent out in '72 to teach the higher classes in St. Mary's College, Trinidad, and to prepare students for the valuable scholarships offered by Cambridge University. The honors achieved by his pupils in their college and university courses, and their subsequent success in professional careers, have since been to him and to St. Mary's a source of justifiable pride. After his ordination in Paris in 1878, he was appointed prefect of studies and Vice-President of Rockwell College, Tipperary. Largely through his efforts and directing influence, the students of this now celebrated college gradually forged ahead until their *Alma Mater* ranked with its sister institution at Blackrock. In the summer of 1886, the Superior-General of the order called upon Rockwell to make a sacrifice, and sent Father Murphy across the Atlantic to assume charge of the college, an office he was destined to fill during the following thirteen years.

Immediately on arriving, he set himself to study the situation, the standing of the classes, the difference in the English and United States educational systems, and the requirements of the hour. Recognizing the importance of scientific studies in this vast manufacturing city, he gave a new impulse to the study of physics and chemistry, and, with the aid of generous friends, both clerical and lay, he established a well-equipped laboratory with a full stock of apparatus. The Commercial Course he supplemented with an actual business course, where theory and practice go hand in hand; and he raised the standard and widened the curriculum of the classical department, so that the graduates might enjoy all the advantages of the most liberal training in literature and mathematics. His efforts at organization did not end here. To nurture and develop sound literary taste, love of historical research, right method of thinking and arguing, forcible and just manner of expression, he founded two debating societies, the members of which were the students of the four highest classes; such deep interest was manifested in the discussions, which were fruitful alike for the participants and the audiences, that reunions were held every week. Preliminary to the debates, the other classes supplied choice selections of elocution and interesting essays, interspersed between songs by the Glee Club, and music by the orchestra.

On the 27th of January, 1890, the college sustained a great loss in the death of its founder, the Very Rev. Father Strub. He was carried off after a brief illness of twelve days, and was deeply deplored both within the college by Faculty, students and brothers, and outside by the host of friends he had made during his sixteen years' residence in the diocese of Pittsburg. The funeral services were held in the Cathedral, and the Vicar-General, Father Wall, in the presence of a vast congregation, bore willing testimony to his many virtues and untiring labors.

The lamented Father Strub had, for successor, the Rev. Joseph Oster. The new Provincial and Superior of

the communities in the college soon endeared himself to pupils and alumini by his kindly and paternal ways. He was at all times accessible and affable even to the humblest child, and he favorably impressed all with whom he came in contact by his sterling and noble qualities, and by the genuine interest which he manifested in the welfare of his spiritual children.

A few days after the death of Father Strub, Father Murphy preached the first of the now annual retreats to the student body, and inaugurated the custom of approaching the Holy Table on the first Friday of each month. To promote piety amongst the students and the practice of virtues suited to their different ages, he organized the Sodalities of the Child Jesus, the Holy Angels, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Holy Ghost. These sodalities have held weekly meetings ever since, and, we feel confident, are not without abundant spiritual profit.

To furnish the library in a manner worthy of the valuable books it contained, the tragedy of Alcestis was rendered in the original Greek on the college stage in April, 1891. As this was the second attempt of the kind in the United States, many looked upon the undertaking as a very hazardous enterprise, and even ventured to say that it was far beyond the abilities of the students and unattractive to the public at large. But Father Murphy had accurately gauged the capabilities of his Greek scholars and the interest such a rendering would arouse in the cultured classes of Pittsburg society. Aided by Professor Byron King, he coached the several characters in the impersonations entrusted to them; appropriate costumes were made to order, and the Rev. John Griffin adapted passages from Mendelssohn's dramatic music to suit the choruses. The prophets of evil were agreeably surprised to find that an unexpectedly large and enthusiastic audience did justice to the merits of the actors, whose speeches they were enabled to follow by means of a carefully prepared synopsis of the play itself, and

scholarly observations on the Greek drama. The sum realized, one thousand dollars, amply sufficed to purchase handsome book-cases and the most up-to-date and convenient library chairs.

In April, '91, the college lost the valuable services of the Rev. Eugene Phelan. Both as director of Scholastics and professor of the Commercial Department, which he had raised to a high state of efficiency, he was deeply and justly regretted. He was replaced by the Rev. M. A. Hehir, of whom we shall have much to say later on, when we shall see him President of the college.

In the following year, another member of the Faculty was withdrawn, to assume charge of the pastorate of St. Anthony's Church, Millvale. The Rev. A. J. Zielenbach had already been a member of the staff when the college was located in Wylie Avenue. After five years spent in missionary labors in Arkansas, he was recalled to Pittsburg, and filled the important offices of treasurer and professor. For seven years he devoted himself with his characteristic energy to the discharge of his onerous duties. In his more important and influential position of Provincial of the American province, a position he has held since '98, he has done much to put the staff on an admirable footing. All that concerns the college commands his fatherly interest and cordial consideration. He spares neither time nor trouble to increase its usefulness and develop its possibilities.

One of the chief drawbacks that the Faculty and students labored under during the first decade of the college's existence on the Bluff, was the absence of recreation grounds. The site of the present spacious campus was studded over with unsightly tenement houses occupied by an undesirable class of white and colored citizens, and with a still more unsightly and occasionally noisier engine house with its surrounding brick-yards. At much expense and not a little diplomacy, the tenement houses were bought up and leveled with the ground. Mounds of clay were carried off and turned into bricks,

and finally the brick-yard itself disappeared. In March, '94, the Miller property was purchased, and steps were at once taken to have Eagle Street closed and incorporated with the college grounds. A handsome stone and brick wall was built along Bluff Street, and a substantial wooden fence was constructed around the three remaining sides of the rectangle. The southern portion of the grounds was sodded: an avenue, fourteen feet wide and lined with alternate poplar and maple trees, was made to run along the borders; and a neat and commodious grandstand was erected opposite the college buildings. The increased facilities for outdoor games were taken advantage of by both base-ball and foot-ball teams, which soon ranked amongst the best in Western Pennsylvania. Hand-ball courts were also built, and furnished all classes of students with the means of enjoying a most popular and wholesome sport. A roomy gymnasium, well supplied with apparatus and presided over by an experienced teacher, rounded out the college athletic equipment. To the spacious grounds, and the invigorating games indulged in and encouraged must be largely attributed the inestimable blessing of good health enjoyed by all.

For many years the need of a college chapel was sadly felt. Father Murphy realized that the time had come to satisfy the long-felt want. In June, 1894, ground was broken for the erection of the new building. In September, the corner stone was laid, and, on February 3 of the following year, the chapel was dedicated by the Right Rev. R. Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburg. The recently appointed Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. E. A. Busch, celebrated the Solemn High Mass. The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, delivered a noble and eloquent discourse on the holiness of the place —holy, because of the great sacrifice daily offered; holy, too, because of the self-sacrificing lives of the priests of God who should say Mass there; and holy, also, because around its altar should kneel the flower of Pittsburg

Catholic youth while acquiring a deep, broad, and rounded Christian education.

The new chapel, though too costly to be completed according to the original plans, was a very graceful and elegant piece of workmanship constructed in the Gothic style of architecture, and large enough to accommodate for years to come the assembled communities and students. It was seventy feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-two feet high from the pavement to the central elevation. The slender columns supporting the ceiling rose twenty-six feet from the base to the corbels, upon which rest the ribs of the groined and decorated arches. The woodwork of the Communion railing, separating the sanctuary from the main aisle, as well as that of the oaken stalls placed in the sanctuary for the clergy, was in consonance with the style of the chapel itself. Two beautiful side altars, with panels, niches, carved tabernacles and pinnacles, were erected by Mrs. Martin Joyce in memory of her husband, and by Mrs. F. Lauinger in memory of her eldest son, Hubert. The confessionals, statues and stations of the Cross were the gifts of pious and generous friends of the college. All that was needed to embellish the chapel and enhance the religious services was a handsome organ provided with all modern improvements, through means of which the highest class of compositions might be interpreted with ease. Such an instrument, designed by Professor W. L. Mayer and built by J. B. Didinger & Co., of Philadelphia, was installed in August, 1896, mainly through the untiring efforts of the Rev. John Griffin. Provided with 1290 pipes and a grand total of 42 stops, it embodies in a limited compass a multitude of perfections, and may safely be pronounced, musically and artistically, a triumph of modern genius.

In the Fall of '94 appeared the first number of the College Bulletin. The management was entrusted to the scholarly and energetic Rev. P. A. McDermott. Its main purpose was to record the doings of the college in the various departments, and thereby to stimulate increased

activity within, and increased interest without, the academic walls. During the first four years of its existence, the BULLETIN was issued as a quarterly, and received the most satisfactory commendations from all sides for the excellent and original articles which it contained, as well as for the lively and interesting tone in which it was edited. Since October, 1898, it has been conducted as a monthly publication, and has not only faithfully lived up to its previous traditions, but has enhanced them by the erudite articles penned by its elected editors, and outlined by its experienced management.

On March 25, 1897, Dr. Conaty, the newly-appointed Rector of the Catholic University, honored the college with a visit. In an address to the students, he stated that the University depends on Catholic colleges for its existence and success: they must first imbue the Catholic youth of America with sufficient knowledge for entering the University; then only shall it be able to complete their education. He in consequence urged the necessity of studying the modern languages, for the teaching of which few colleges had greater facilities than our own.

June 21st, of the same year, saw the chapel enriched with the relics of the boy-martyr, St. Romulus. The body had been exhumed in the Pontificate of Urban VIII., and the authenticity of the relics was duly established. Father Murphy procured these relics from the custodian, a famous Franciscan Friar, and Mr. J. Dawson Callery defrayed the expenses of their transportation from Rome to Pittsburg. They now lie beneath the altar, enshrined with a wax form, the delicate loveliness of whose features suggest the innocent charm of the saint's life and the angelic beauty of his soul now crowned with a martyr's diadem.

During the Easter holidays of '99, at the first Conference of the Presidents of Catholic colleges, held in the city of Chicago, Father Murphy read a paper entitled, *The Typical College: What It Should Teach.* This paper, the embodiment of his views and studies ranging over a

period of twenty-six years, was "marked with lucidity and logical acumen, with completeness and thoroughness of treatment," and was destined to be his last bequest to America on the subject of education. For, in the following June, he was called away by the Right Reverend Father General to assume charge of the flourishing college in Blackrock, Ireland. During his long incumbency, he consecrated the best efforts of his life to the raising of the college standard, to the intellectual and moral improvement of the student body, and the enlarging and beautifying of the college grounds and chapel. His efforts, we need scarcely say, were crowned with the success they merited, and will, for a generation to come, be duly appreciated and generously acknowledged by the hundreds of students that he equipped for the battle of life. Among the members of his community he was ever noted for his ardent zeal for the glory of God, deep piety, unquestioning obedience to authority, and faithful observance of even the minutest details of the rules of religious life. His memory is still fresh, and his example is worthy of the most ardent emulation.

On the departure of Father Murphy, the college was most fortunate in the appointment of the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., to the Presidency. Father Hehir was born in 1855 near Kildysart, County Clare, Ireland. He began Latin in a classical school in his native county, and entered Blackrock College in 1872. After graduating in 1877 and fulfilling the duties of teacher and assistant disciplinarian until 1880, he went to Paris, to pursue his theological studies. There he was ordained in 1883, and professed in the following year. After a short vacation spent at home, he was sent to Pittsburg to join the staff, of which he has uninterruptedly since been a member. Methodical, painstaking, and patient, experienced as teacher, director of scholastics, and prefect of studies, gifted moreover with sound judgment and untiring energy, he was eminently fitted to undertake the onerous duties of the Presidency. His zeal for the moral, in-

tellectual and physical training of the scholars confided to his direction has met with abundant success. During his administration, the college has become more widely known and respected, the Faculty has been considerably enlarged, the students have increased two-fold, and their emulation in class-work has been notably intensified.

He systematized the work of the professors by drawing up a detailed schedule of the matter to be seen in the various classes in each of the four quarters of the year. To round out the classical course, he added a fourth class to the Academic Department; he also introduced Polish and Spanish among the modern languages taught. The Commercial Department, under his supervision and the enlightened direction of Professor J. B. Topham, made marked progress in keeping with the times. New required and elective studies were added, office furniture of the most approved pattern was purchased and installed, and the type-writing course was equipped with the most up-to-date machines.

To aid needy students in the acquisition of a liberal education, free scholarships were offered in 1900 to the most deserving boy, judged such by the pastor, in each of the parish schools of the two cities, and those who were blessed with abundant means by a bountiful Providence were invited to found perpetual burses; nine of these perpetual burses—including two from the Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D., and the Right Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, D. D., and valued at $1,000 each—have already been received and have been invested by a committee consisting of two members of the Faculty, four clergymen of the diocese, and four business men of the city.

Access to the college was made easy, though at considerable expense, by the cutting and grading of Cooper Street in the summer of 1900.

One of the greatest triumphs of Father Hehir's administration was achieved in March, 1902. Arrears of taxes on the college buildings and property had been accumulating during the previous seventeen years. The

assessment for 1901 amounted to $2,300.36. Acting on the best professional advice obtainable, the College treasurer had withheld payment, and, though legal proceedings were undertaken, no decision had been arrived at. It was felt, however, that at any moment the case might be pushed by the city authorities, and the result, if unfavorable, would prove extremely burdensome, if not ruinous, to the institution. Father Hehir, confident in the strength of his position and the weight of his arguments, urged the legal representatives of the college to lay their case before the Court of Common Pleas. The question was argued before a full Court of three judges, Judge E. H. Stowe presiding. Attorneys D. T. Watson and J. S. Wendt appeared in behalf of the College, and maintained that the institution is regularly incorporated, and is conducted for the purely public utility of educational work beneficial to the city at large. The Court decided that the property referred to is exempt from taxation, and gave judgment accordingly. The sword of Damocles, so long suspended over the head of our staff, was thus removed, and occasioned no little rejoicing and congratulation.

The Rev. P. A. McDermott, perhaps the best known member of the Faculty, bade farewell to Pittsburg in July, 1902. Consumed with an ardent desire to work for the salvation of the most abandoned souls, he volunteered for the African missions, and his services were accepted by the Mother House in Paris, which appointed him to the evangelization of Southern Nigeria, West Africa. It was with sentiments of the deepest regret that the students and his host of friends amongst the *alumni* and people of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, amongst whom he had frequently exercised the holy ministry, saw him sever his connections with the institution in which he had labored faithfully and well ever from the time of his appointment to the staff in 1885. He threw himself heart and soul into the discharge of his many duties. Entrusted

with the important classes of Philosophy and higher English, he left nothing undone to bring up his students to the level of his high ideals. As Vice-President from '99 to the time of his departure, he manifested an abiding, practical, and intelligent interest in all the classes and in their individual members. As Manager of the College BULLETIN, he gave it and maintained a high literary tone, suggesting and outlining a great variety of instructive and entertaining articles. But it was as an enthusiastic promoter of out-door sports that many know him best. He was a potent factor in many victories on the gridiron and diamond. No one rejoiced more when the college teams were victorious, or felt more keenly—though he quickly forgot—the sting of defeat. To the distant and trying field of his new labors, he brought with him the best wishes of hundreds, not to say thousands, who mourned his departure.

Father P. A. McDermott was succeeded in the important office of Vice-President and prefect of studies by Rev. H. J. McDermott. It would be difficult to find a man better qualified for the position. Though born and educated in Ireland, Father McDermott has spent his whole life, so to say, in laboring for the higher education of American youth. He came to the college in 1887 as prefect and professor. After his ordination in 1891, he filled, for six years, the responsible position of prefect of discipline. His rule was characterized by a happy blending of gentleness and firmness, which endeared him to all; only to the truant and "the boding trembler" was he "stern to view." In 1897, considerations of health necessitated a change of air and occupation. His new field of labor was St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia. For two years he assisted Father Fitz Gibbon in caring for the homeless waif of the Quaker City. The college and his former office reclaimed him in 1899. In 1902, he was promoted, as we have seen, to the Vice-Presidency. His thorough acquaintance with every detail of college management and his long experience in

handling classes and boys have contributed largely to the success of our *Alma Mater* in recent years.

Right Rev. Bishop Canevin paid to the college one of his first visits after his episcopal consecration. He came, as he himself expressed it, to show how highly he appreciated the heroic and noble work in which the Holy Ghost Fathers are engaged, and to encourage the students to co-operate with the untiring zeal manifested for their welfare. The Right Rev. Bishop gave further proofs of his interest in the institution by consenting to address the graduates at the Commencement Exercises of '03 and '04.

In May, 1903, the college entertained within its walls another distinguished visitor in the person of the Right Rev. Alexander Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. He was accompanied by the Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, C. S. Sp., head of the American province. A cordial reception was tendered to him, and an address of welcome was read in the name of the fathers, brothers, Faculty, and students. In reply, he said that although he then for the first time had the pleasure of meeting the students personally, he had received at regular intervals the reports sent by the President, and had perused with interest the pages of the BULLETIN. He exhorted the students to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors, and to be docile to the teaching of their professors, whose principle purpose is to make them broad-minded, large-hearted, Christian men; men who will be a credit to their Church and to their Country; men who will be models of all that is elevated and noble.

At various times during the last seventeen years efforts were made to organize an Alumni Association. These efforts, until lately, met with but very indifferent success. Associations were formed, flourished for a short time, languished, and died. In February, 1902, Father Hehir called a meeting of the past students. Large numbers responded, and entered with enthusiasm into the idea of founding a new asso-

ciation. That the project and plans might receive careful attention, it was decided to hold another meeting in the month of April. A representative gathering assembled on the appointed date, and organized, with Rev. L. A. O'Connell, President, and J. V. Dunlevy, Esq., Vice-President. At intervals of six months since then, Smokers have been held, and the members entertained with music, song, and creature comforts. The annual banquets in the Hotel Henry and the Monongahela House were representative in their character, brilliant in their appointments, and distinct successes as social events of the season.

The large increase in the number of students in late years, and the evident signs of decay in the temporary wooden sanctuary, necessitated the completion of the college chapel. Begun in June, 1904, the work was finished in time for the Silver Jubilee Celebration, of which it will remain a lasting and beautiful memorial.

The Faculty of the present scholastic year is comprised of the following gentlemen: Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President; Rev. H. J. McDermott, Vice-President; Rev. J. Griffin, Rev. A. J. Rumbach, Rev. G. Lee, Rev. J. M. Desnier, Rev. J. G. Lestrohan, Rev. T. A. Giblin, Rev. H. J. Goebel, Rev. J. J. Laux, Rev. J. P. Danner, Rev. J. J. Schroeffel, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, Rev. T. A. Eisele, Rev. J. A. Callahan, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Mr. J. A. Baumgartner, Mr. J. A. Riley, Mr. G. J. Schalz, Mr. P. J. O'Connor, Mr. W. J. Fandraj, Mr. J. B. Topham, Mr. C. B. Weis, Mr. J. W. Quinn, Mr. P. W. Cronin, Mr. J. F. Chambers, and Mr. M. F. Dolan.

In conclusion we may remark that the efforts of the various Presidents and their staffs have been crowned with signal success. The instruction they have given has placed our *Alma Mater* on an equal footing with the best colleges in the Country. The record made by its graduates is such as any institution might well be proud of. Whether they have at once plunged into the turmoil of secular life, or have gone forth into higher seats of

learning in quest of broader wisdom and more technical courses, they have established an honorable reputation, and have won for themselves and their teachers the most gratifying encomiums. As many as seventy-five have already entered the holy ministry, and are now laboring zealously in this and other dioceses. That the students may go on increasing in numbers; that the buildings may grow in proportion; that the moral, intellectual and physical training imparted by its devoted Faculty may be blessed by God with happy results, are the earnest wishes of all that love our own dear Pittsburg College.



We Greet Thee Once Again.

O hallowed walls where learning's sacred flame
These five and twenty years hath brightly shone!
O cherished home where youth's glad hours have flown
In yearning search of that undying fame
Which only virtue, science, wisdom give—
Fame, which alone beyond the grave can live!

To-day we come to greet thee once again,
With trembling hearts, with glistening eyes, to view
Those scenes of joy, pure, unalloyed and true,
Which, like a crystal streamlet, still remain
Our hearts to gladden by their mem'ries bright,
And o'er our path to shed their mellow light.

The song we sang long years ago, how true!
"Thrice happy school-boy days, whose smiling hours
Of light, of joy, mid youth's bright golden bowers,
In notes of praise on magic pinions flew."
That song so bright to-day we fain would sing,
And make thy halls with its sweet echoes ring.

But since those happy days when life was new,
When all around us told of joys so sweet,
Alas! what rugged paths our weary feet
Have trod, as onward in our race we drew
Towards that eternal goal, thy guiding hand
In boyhood's hour had shown us—Heaven's fair land!

What strength, what hope, what inspiration mild,
In life's hard struggles, these thy lessons taught
Our youthful souls to feel whene'er we fought
'Gainst mortal foes, to keep them undefiled!
What holy thoughts our mem'ry now recalls
Of all those lessons taught within thy walls!

Each undecaying gem of knowledge sought
From thy unstinted hand did freely fall
Upon the eager, thirsting minds of all
Who to thy holy shrine, confiding, brought
Their ev'ry aspiration, hope, desire
Of what should most each youth's ambition fire.

Thy gentle masters skill'd the untutored brain
Of plastic youth to mould for highest aims—
Ah! how can we fulfil their thousand claims
Upon our gratitude, which shall remain
Until the hour that ends our earthly strife,
And opes to us for aye the gate of life.

JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp.

Congratulations From The "Pittsburg Catholic."

In this delightful festival season of the year when gracious thankfulness abounds, it is happily appropriate that our cordial congratulations be extended to the Very Rev. Fr. M. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, to the learned faculty, and the esteemed graduates on their silver anniversary of the college in our city. That the college commands to-day not only a local name of high order in scientific, classical and educational lines, but also is known throughout the country as a center of knowledge and culture, is due to the energy, the zeal and the broad-mindedness of its three presidents among us, since the day of its institution in the rooms on Federal and Wylie Avenues to the now commanding buildings on the heights that overlook the Monongahela on Bluff Street. The names of Fathers Power, John T. Murphy and M. Hehir are house-hold words among us. The first worthy president builded wisely and well. He has gone to his reward, but his name lives and is cherished by the students who received at his hands their education. Father John T. Murphy is now in England, the Superior of a house of his order in which its religious are trained. Father Murphy was a marked man intellectually and physically, a linguist, classicist and a grand orator. Under his regime the college waxed strong and became widely known. The present President, Very Rev. Fr. Hehir, combines all the sterling qualities of his two eminent predecessors. He is a man of profound judgment, not spontaneous in action, but working out his mission with close penetration and careful thought. The college to-day is prosperous; the students number over 300, and, guided by a learned and zealous faculty, demonstrate yearly in the graduating class educational attainments that are not excelled by the greater and more pretentious universities. That a long and prosperous future lie before it, redounding to the honor of the religious body at its head, and to the benefit of the diocese in lines of education, is our earnest wish.

A Christmas Thought.

A Christmas thought of Heavenly peace
To hapless man by guilt oppressed,
Whose soul from thraldom to release
He comes, the new-born Saviour blest!
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

A Christmas thought of holy joy
From Heaven brought by angel choirs,
Joy bearing naught of earth's alloy,
Joy only sung on angels' lyres!
Let Heaven and earth glad anthems raise,
To Christ, our new-born King, give praise,
Who life and peace and joy doth bring.

A Christmas thought of endless love—
A thought till then undreamt, unheard,
When from the star-lit vault above
To lowly shepherds came the word,
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

A Christmas thought! A thought divine!
A thought of peace, of joy, of love!
Sweet thought of Jesus' crib, be mine,
My soul to guide, my heart to prove.
Let Heaven and earth glad anthems raise,
To Christ, our new-born King, give praise,
Who life and peace and joy doth bring.

A Christmas thought! O thought most sweet
To humble, contrite hearts that feel
The weight of sin, at Jesus's feet

In yearning adoration kneel.
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

A Christmas thought! O mother mild,
To whom we owe our Saviour blest,
Oh! grant Thy children undefiled
In Jesus' Sacred Heart may rest.
Let Heaven and earth glad anthems raise,
To Christ, our new-born King give praise,
Who life and peace and joy doth bring.

A Christmas thought! O thought that ne'er
By man can comprehended be—
That God's eternal Word should bear
Our very flesh, our poverty.
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

A Christmas thought! O thought that fills
Man's ev'ry holiest, best desire
For that sweet peace which ever thrills
The pure of heart with Heavenly fire!
Let Heaven and earth glad anthems raise,
To Christ, our new-born King, give praise,
Who life and peace and joy doth bring.

A Christmas thought! O thought that still
In saddest hours of bitter woe
Afflicted souls with joy can fill,
In combat guard from ev'ry foe.
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

A Christmas thought! Oh! grant to me.
My dearest Lord, that ne'er again
Thy lowly crib may cease to be

My home in joy, my rest in pain.
Let Heaven and earth glad anthems raise,
To Christ, our new-born King, give praise,
Who life and peace and joy doth bring.

A Christmas thought! On angel wings
Still borne to earth from realms above,
That thought in holy music rings
In souls on fire with Jesus' love.
Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto men this night hath given
His Word, His co-eternal Son.

JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

The fifth resolution adopted by the last Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is this: "We hail with satisfaction that the past year in Germany has witnessed further abolitions of the laws of the Kulturkampf in the removal of disabilities of Catholic Sodalities and the moderation of the rigor of the unjust laws against Jesuits. These abolitions are due to the ardent patriotism and untiring devotion of the members of the Center Party. We know that this organization is still struggling for equality of rights in all the States of the German Empire, and we congratulate the leaders and members of this renowned Catholic association upon its wonderful achievements for liberty during the last fifty years, as commemorated in the Jubilee Congress of Cologne. Though the happy conditions so widely provided by the founders of this Republic and imbedded in its national and state constitutions preclude the thought that Catholics

should form political organizations, we commend the spirit and zeal and the efficient methods of organization, communication and co-operation of our German brethren as models for such a Federation as our own."

The Catholic Center Party of Germany is one of the most remarkable glories of modern Church History, the strongest politico-religious organization in the world which does not represent state religion, and the bulwark and hope of the Empire. The Party is simply termed the Centrum, because its members occupy the center of the Reichstag, while Conservatives and Radicals sit on the right and left. It is composed almost entirely of Catholics, and was the outcome of governmental persecution against Catholics. This is true of the three Parties, which the name Centrum indicates. The first was in the Prussian Diet before Bismarck had imposed the House of Prussia upon the rest of Germany, and was called the "Catholic Fraction." Hermann von Mallinckrodt, at the desire of the Government, changed the name so as to avoid denominational antipathies. This Party ceased to exist as soon as persecution slackened. A second Centrum arose in the Prussian Landtag, when it again began hostility to the Church. The actual Centrum is an element of the Reichstag of the German Empire as reconstructed by Bismarck.

To imagine that Bismarck originated the persecution of the Church in Germany would be a mistake. For half a century before he attained power, the Church had been utilized by government officials, some professedly Catholic, without fair consideration of either her rights as an unparalleled power for moral order, or of the rights of conscience. Bismarck took his idea of ruling Church as well as State from these facts, if we judge from circumstances: first, most princes were attempting to rule both; secondly, he felt he had greater power than all the other princes; thirdly, many seemed to consider it statesmanlike to unify Religion as well as State by force; fourthly, the so-called liberalism of France, or rather of Paris, had

spread throughout Germany, and the separation of Catholics from their ecclesiastical leaders was always fostered by them. The aim was to make ecclesiastics state officials, and then let no papal or episcopal documents be communicated to the faithful till the civil officials had submitted the same to such "modifications" as they deemed fit. Imagine a Protestant official modifying a letter from the Pope to the faithful on Catholic doctrine! It was forbidden to refuse absolution to such Catholics as did not give Catholic instruction to their own children. Catholics bore this quietly, but a crisis came on November 20, 1830. One of the regulations was that children of mixed marriages should be reared Protestants. The Archbishop of Cologne refused to accede to this. The government vainly essayed promises and menaces till he was arrested in the dead of night by the governor of the Rhine province, surrounded by soldiery, and acting under orders, which Prime Minister Bunsen had advised King Frederick William III. to issue. Everyone in Germany seemed aroused. The *Athanasius*, a pamphlet published by Görres awoke the sleeping faith of millions, planted the seed of the Centrum as a practical and soul-stirring idea in the Catholic mind, and proved to all that Napoleon I. was right when he styled Görres, the fifth power of Europe. He was the Precursor of the Centrum.

The two great principles now evolved by Catholic speakers, writers and organizers were: 1, Equal justice to all; 2, No rebellion in its attainment, but full pursuance of legal and parliamentary procedure. The first flower of agitation was the Association for Liberty of Religion: it held its first Katholikentag in October, 1848. The result was that Prussia drew up a Constitution, giving to every believer "unrestricted liberty in the private and public exercise of his religion." Yet, in 1852, secret orders were despatched by the Prussian ministers Von Westphalen and Von Raumer forbidding theological study in Jesuit institutions and missions to the people. The secret ceased to be such, and the Catholics did not fail to

grasp its meaning or their duty: they elected sixty-three deputies into the next Diet of Prussia. No man was chief officially; a board of seven directed them, while practically the Reichensperger brothers, August and Peter, especially the former, led on accovnt of eloquence and other qualifications. August, in an opening address, explained why he and the others were elected, and grew so eloquent as to bring the ministers to immediate apologies, and even to win sixty Protestant votes to the Catholic Fraction. In two years, he was elected Vice-President of the Landtag. All persecution gradually ceased, and in five years more, 1859, Mallinckrodt suggested the title of "Centrum" to satisfy the government. The Centrum, however, had no longer what we call a platform: its men freely voted against one another where the Church was not attacked, so it gradually dissolved, splitting specifically on the question of military increase in 1867. This was a mistake, as it gave an opportunity again to the same spirit which provoked Catholic resentment.

As above mentioned and evidenced, Bismarck was not the inventor of the attempt to stifle the Church in Germany, but after the dissolution of the Centrum, when persecution was no longer confronted by a solid organization in Parliament, it repeated the attempt, and then Bismarck naturally became the soul of the movement because he was the rising star of the Prussian House. He was powerful enough to make the struggle more remarkable, and to identify it with himself. He was determined to obliterate the clause on religious liberty, which the Catholic Conventions had forced into the Prussian Constitution. He was afraid to provoke opposition too soon, because he desired to have the aid of the Catholic elements, especially Bavaria, in the reconstruction of the Empire. Meanwhile, he secretly inspired articles which might prepare the way by spreading the idea that Catholicity was decadent, and by repeating calumnies about the clergy. Professors Richter of Berlin, Meier of

Göttingen and Friedburg of Leipzig elaborated theories against the Church and the Press; notably a convention of liberal and Jewish journalists at Vienna in July, 1869, urged the suppression of the Church in Prussia. While Bismarck was still ostensibly unagressive, he wrote secret letters to Count Von Arnim, Prussian Ambassador to Rome, in consequence of which Arnim set on foot measures which constituted the Kulturkampf as soon as Bismarck dared to bring them into Parliament. That was not long coming. It was not the result of the definition of Papal Infallibility, as he hoped; for he thought that aimed at the assumption of civil powers over the various governments, and, knowing the patriotism of the ecclesiastics, expected a schism, but of course they knew the meaning of infallibility, and did not oppose it. What gave Bismarck his foot-hold, however, was military power. He became a great power by his victory in the Franco-Prussian war; he became a popular hero, so that even now German-Catholics scarcely relish an attack on his reputation; indeed, he was a genius for organization. He found himself able after the war to re-establish the Empire with Prussia at its head. This only increased his power and popularity, especially in the new Imperial Parliament, or Reichstag. He was Prime Minister of the Imperial House and Chancellor of the Empire.

The Catholics of the Empire had not been deceived by the calm. They knew the Prussian idea, and they knew Bismarck was thoroughly Prussian in his plans. They knew Prussia had dropped persecution when it was not able to carry it on: they knew it would be resumed when sufficient power would return. The Centrum had been practically restored in Prussia before the formation of the Empire, and, this time, its platform was to uphold the Constitution, especially the articles 12 and 15 on religious freedom. Forty-eight members adopted this on January 11, 1871, yet without pledging their votes. By this time, Mallinckrodt was acknowledged to be the ablest

statesman in the Reichstag. He was a better orator than Windthorst, although many critics say that Windthorst became cleverer at debate. Mallinckrodt's *dictum* that undenominational schools made undenominational scholars, shows his wisdom. His other saying: "We ask no favor; we demand justice," shows his powerful character. At the same time, he was the most elegant and refined man in the Reichstag. Windthorst did not belong to the Centrum when it formed under the new Empire: he was personally angry at Prussia and Bismarck for the annexation of Hanover, and he shrank from identifying his well-known stand in this matter with the Centrum. But Mallinckrodt won him over. It is now a proof of the genius of Bismarck—as of his rudeness—that he immediately offered peace to the Centrum on condition that it would sacrifice Windthorst and exclude him. Mallinckrodt knew that Windthorst was intensely patriotic and a true Catholic, that Bismarck did not mean peace, but to put enmity among the Catholic leaders, and, above all, to be delivered from the assaults of fearless genius and faith. Mallinckrodt immediately defended Winthorst, concluding thus: "Gentlemen, in securing him, the Center has acquired a priceless pearl, and this pearl has found its proper setting." Hence he is often called the Pearl of Meppen, of which he was representative. He is also called his "Little Excellency," because he was very small. He never took the leadership until Mallinckrodt died in May, 1874. The latter's demise was a tremendous loss. He could leap into the hottest debate with appalling fire and eloquence, and still be as guarded and as solid on his feet as the coldest manipulator of red tape in the Landtag. In June, 1872, Friedberg, Government Commissioner, made a very clever speech when introducing a bill against the Jesuits, and calmly insisted that the aim was simply the peace of the Empire. Mallinckrodt soon made his speech as valueless as a punctured cent: he actually proved that the bill denied to the Jesuits privileges granted to criminals. He could

use wit, as when he pictured "a leader of the Liberals prostrate in the dust and worshipping—the police." He always knew how to take what we call "a bluff:" when the minister of worship stormed about the authority of Bismarck, and gave as the Chancellor's assertion that the Church had forced hostility, Mallinckrodt delivered a well-worded paragraph, which simply branded the assertion as a lie. But the real grandeur of Mallinckrodt became apparent in this that he could and did, in language and in action, treat his own struggles and the power of Bismarck as mere shadows on the stage of religious activity. Defeat meant nothing to him. He viewed Catholicity in its union, and universality of time and place, and declared: "It is a battle of Christian faith in deadly conflict with infidel philosophy." "The temporary appearance on the stage even of a Prince Bismarck is but an ephemeral manifestation." "You are utterly unaware of all the power that abides in Christian conviction." "As for us we shall lovingly meditate on our motto: '*Per Crucem ad Lucem*'—Through the Cross to Light!" This was his legacy to the Centrum.

Mallinckrodt had not been able to defeat the Falk Laws, so-called from their author, or called May laws from their enactment in that month, in 1873. But he planned defeat and began it. The majority in the Reichstag was heavily against the Centrum, and was under the whip of Bismarck: steady defeat for the Centrum at each voting soon prompted the majority of the Centrum to disband. Here Mallinckrodt, Windthorst, the Reichenspergers and Schorlemer-Alst resolved after full deliberation that to disband meant no good, but that to stand would mean at least honorable combat and might finally attract sufficient adherents to secure victory. It did. Windthorst, once exclaimed when the existence of the Party was precarious: "*Extra Centrum nulla salus.*"—Outside the Centrum no salvation! The ardor and nobility and efficiency of the leaders won widest admiration; Catholic youth were trained and supported

by the Volksverein and their Congresses, and by 450 Catholic papers, scarcely a couple of them proving false. No one did so much to increase the Centrum as a voting-machine as Windthorst: no one ever handled it better in Parliament. He was more of a Parliamentarian even than a debater or orator. The Center grew under his guidance; it defeated measure after measure until it might be said the Kulturkampf does not exist; it even began to hold the balance of power before his decease, and, remarkable to note, he was wonderfully popular even with the Liberals, or Protestants, who were antagonististic in the Reichstag, but especially dear to the mass of the population: all felt that he loved tne Fatherland strongly and wisely. He was a popular Daniel Webster in his well-known readiness to explain or defend the Constitution at all times. He never fought shy of an opponent: he came to close quarters in a friendly way, and attempted a mutual understanding; that fruitless, he politely fought the question to a finish—and there was no finish till he had won. He effected some of the grandest reforms in purely civil matters, but he was a bold and relentless opponent of atheistic socialism. He defeated Bismarck; he gradually won the Press by courtesy and by the interest which his work gave to public news; he was the pride of the Centrum and of all the Catholics; Rome approved his work and that of his Party; and, when he was approaching his end, it was said that not a man in the Reichstag was his foe. He was only four years at the helm when, in 1878, the elections made the Centrum the strongest party numerically in the Reichstag. The work then was a matter of time. By 1887, prominent enemies of the Church were accusing Bismarck of giving Prussia over to Rome. Windthorst died in 1891, leaving his place to Dr. Lieber, a great legal authority, who has lately died. But the Centrum remains. On March 9, 1904, a measure against the Jesuits was defeated. To-day the Centrum is the salvation of the Fatherland against the Socialists. Its organization, spirit and methods are a magnificent model of statesmanship. The splendid ideas which come to mind in the study of it cannot be properly developed in a brief article, but in Germany many volumes already treat of the Centrum.

T. A. Giblin.

Greetings of the Chimes.

A thousand bells from steeples near
Are bringing tidings to mine ear
Of still another bright New Year;
A thousand wishes for good times
Are wafted from the merry chimes,
Which voice their message all in rhymes.
How they do ring their joyous lay!
They seem to sport the live-long day
And chase all gnawing care away,
Those chimes!

Ring on, sweet bells! bring gladness to
The dear old friends that once I knew,
And make them all as glad as you.
St. Michael, let thy tuneful lay
Along the Monongahela stray,
Creating gladness on its way.
Those friends with purest joy inspire,
My greetings to them fondly quire;
Be loud as cannon, sweet as lyre,
These times!

J. A. O'Brien.

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EDITORIAL.

A Word of Explanation.

The garb of the present number of the BULLETIN, presenting, as it does, a rather pronounced contrast of colors emblematic of joy and sorrow, may perhaps require a word of explanation. Under ordinary circumstances a "jubilee number" should be expressive, both in its outward guise and in the matter it contains, of the joyous occasion it aims to commemorate. How Death interrupted our jubilee celebrations by laying his "icy hand" upon our beloved bishop and benefactor is told elsewhere; it is in loving reverence for the memory of this noble and good man, this priest and prelate of the Church, that the management decided to relieve the red and silver of rejoicing with the sable border of mourning.

The Jubilee That Was to Be.

There is an odd pathos about a prevented Jubilee. It was to ring with such chants of glad success, that the announcement of its failure sounds peculiarly plaintive. The anticipations were joyous; they were day by day mounting to an exultant climax; but they suddenly stopped and fell back into silent void or, at most, into the gloom of a dying murmur. Yet be it not said that the anticipations were without value. Of temporal rejoicings it is not seldom admitted that the anticipations are the best part—perhaps because earthly things even in their highest excellence are necessarily so much a mere anticipation. So the College preparations for the Jubilee had their gladsome utility, though eventually they did not culminate in the intended celebration.

The pleasant thought of holding a Jubilee involves the serious thought of the grounds of jubilation. It is but rational to question why we rejoice: and on this point the institute jubilarian has an advantage over the personal. A work, an establishment, a house, may exult more boldly in its past course and present standing than may any individual. A man's Jubilee must always be, literally, a timorous proceeding. He looks backward: freighted time was given him to use; he has spent it and its treasures: his just sentiments thereon are in the heart of his own secret. The festival may occasion something like a sounding of the trumpet, but its blast must fittingly evoke an echo of "the time of the expiation" with which even the great Levitical Jubilees were inaugurated. An institute is freer. It can take itself impersonally. It can glory to be in existence and in progress. Its good, being the result of many causes, known and unknown, can be recognized, viewed, appreciated, in disinterested whole-heartedness. If its work required many ploughings below, it received many rains from above; and the produce, as a substantial addition to human wealth, can be blamelessly lauded and prayerfully magnified. Then, too, with it—unlike the individual—the

Silver and all other Jubilees are but starting points for renewed activity and vaster accomplishment.

In this way the Pittsburg Catholic College looked hopefully forward to its appointed Jubilee. It thought it admissible to proclaim that God's time and place and circumstances had been made manifest in its foundation and extension. It had worked and there was a result. It was but stating a fact to assert that some of God's truth, natural and supernatural, had irradiated from its halls, and that the privilege of having been in any degree a center of His light was plain matter of thanksgiving. A College which has been enabled to spread, during a quarter of a century, the culture that is human and higher, may well express its gratitude. Teaching is the art of arts. Good men, at least most traits of their goodness, are its acknowledged fruit. The College, in its Jubilee anticipations, was counting its enlightened sons among the Priests of the Church, among the Catholic professional and business men of Pittsburg and Pennsylvania, among the worthy citizens of many States; and in simple sincerity it rejoiced that it had been an instrument for purposes of so far-reaching, so salutary an efficaciousness. Many heads and hands and hearts have been in the work—and they are severally and lovingly commemorated—but the solid rejoicing is in the good accomplished.

To share the joy with others was the staff's Jubilee aspiration. They would meet alumni and friends and benefactors, to exchange greetings and reminiscences, to rejuvenate ennobling sympathies, to propose and path out a growingly splendid future, to fill their sails anew with the inspiring words and blessings of benign Prelates. Pleasures were missed in the necessarily abandoned program— among others one of intimately sacred interest. The College chapel, now enlarged, decorated, and finally completed, was to be reopened and shown to crowds of admiring visitors. For those particularly who had worshipped there, in its lesser fitness, there was confidently

anticipated a singular satisfaction at the sight of its present Gothic God-wardness, its piety of adornment, its etherealness of illumination. That pleasure went with the rest and was willingly sacrificed—for the occasion was great. Indeed the abandonment of all Jubilee ceremonies was, if still a sacrifice, one that satisfied a heart-felt want when unexpected circumstances made mourning the Catholic act of the hour. When the directors and professors had sadly to admit that their chief pastor, their early and staunch friend, was verily on his deathbed, they merged other sentiments in deepest sympathy with him. They keenly felt the cancelling of so many hundreds of kindly accepted invitations, but the Right Rev. Bishop's immediate decease fully justified their course; and in having given up something on his account, even before he left them, they now experienced a certain luxury of most affectionately reverent sorrow.



OUR LATE BISHOP.

The peaceful death of Bishop Phelan came as the worthy completion of a really great career. He lived and worked and went to rest: a simple story, but deep in its significance. Indeed in him and his life, as in most of what is best, simplicity is a dominant characteristic. He plainly meant well; he manfully undertook to do right; and an unusually immediate and impartial appreciation declares that he solidly succeeded. Sorrow for his death is general and really tender; yet it is a sorrow without gloom or bitterness. There is a calmness, almost a sweetness, about it, as for something inevitably sad but most satisfyingly fitting. The strong consolation of seeing so full a life so happily finished, is consciously or unconsciously in the minds and hearts of his bereaved flock. Having witnessed his edifying end, his Priests and people look back on his bravely unswerving course and say, amid their tears, that the goal was finely reached.

The laborious days rounded themselves out most richly; and if evening fell, as evening often does, in apparent abruptness at the close, it was an evening placid and starlit.

The name of Bishop Phelan will long be pronounced in mingled tones of respect and regret, for it was a name of peculiarly reverential familiarity. During a long stretch of years all classes have had it in their mouths, and its mention exercised a most remarkable power of inspiring confidence. Undoubtedly "he was known to be faithful in his words"—and in his works. As soon as *Bishop Phelan* was spoken of as being concerned in any undertaking, there was an immediate assumption that the affair must be soundly respectable, safely trustworthy, of unquestionable utility. Among the souls confided to his care there were of course dearer and more filially pious sentiments connected with that name, and with his former so familiar title of *Father Phelan.*

The end of a career like the late Bishop's suggests many more thoughts than can in this note be even adumbrated. That a boy exile, from famished misgoverned Ireland, should turn in here fifty-five years ago and should now conclude his course as a most efficient and esteemed ruler of a great diocese, is, if not an unusual, at least a remarkable, piece of history. How was the eventful progress effected? God did it, will be the religious answer: and certainly Divine Providence does more than men need try to account for. But are there causal indications to which it may be instructive to advert? Some appear discernible. There must have been opportunities and openings, else such work would not be done; and as these openings and opportunities are all that the desirable immigrant ordinarily asks, so this healthful home of the stranger has hitherto seldom failed to satisfy the demand, whether the newcomers flocked to help or to be helped. Then the Irish stuff in young Richard Phelan must have been of no inferior mark. From his arrival he seems to have been found fit for his place and rising to the height

of every occasion. "In the goodness and readiness of his soul" were quickly discovered the elements that make a soldier of the Lord and a leader of the people. As he finally held his high eminence with univeral applause, so it is most freely admitted that he won his way up by soundness of character and strength of determination. He was neither pushed nor carried forward: he advanced. Not that he wished place and office; but he grittily ploughed his path through all obstacles to the accomplishment of his mission.

Some, indeed, will prefer to see in his work a part of his country's mission. He was a measure of the leaven that, from a Cross-sealed storehouse, is borne over the seas for the uplifting of the eommon mass of humanity. His success here has been Ireland's in many parts of the globe, and in both the Hand of God is traceable.

Perhaps a still wider view is yet the truer one. If it was given to the willing exile to spend half a century preaching the Divine Word, administering Sacraments, propagating consecration to Heaven, and communicating the prerogatives of the saving Priesthood, what was his work among us but a part of the working of tne Mighty Mother of men, the Church of the living God? Her principles and powers are alone of undying world-efficacy; he had them for himself and for others; and so the lone stranger youth grew into the revered Bishop enthroned in the affectionate fealty of a most numerous clergy and laity. When he first entered Pittsburg as the chosen field of his labors, he could have had but few friends here; when his body was lately borne out to its last resting place, he had them in hundreds of thousands. Many will now prove themselves faithful in obtaining for his soul what it may yet require. May he rest in peace!

LOCALS.

WHY OUR JUBILEE WAS ABANDONED.

The death of the Right Rev. Bishop Phelan cast a gloom over the whole diocese, and shrowded Pittsburg College in mourning for his loss. The Faculty had intended to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of its foundation by the re-opening of the chapel just completed, and a host of friends, both clerical and lay, had signified their intention of being present at the Pontifical High Mass to be offered up on December 21 in thanksgiving for the many favors received during the previous quarter of a century. An elaborate programme of music, song, and speech had been prepared for the evening exercises. Such ceremonies of rejoicing would have sadly jarred with the sentiments of profound regret occasioned by the demise of a benefactor who generously helped and cordially encouraged the work of Catholic higher education during the long term of his administration. The Jubilee Celebrations were consequently abandoned. Instead, a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the college chapel on Wednesday, December 21, and a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was chanted on the following morning for the repose of the soul of the late chief pastor of the diocese.

PAPAL BLESSING FOR THE JUBILEE.

Accompanied with a blessing written by his own hand, His Holiness, Pope Pius X., sent a large photograph of himself to the College, to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of its foundation. The photograph measures 30x18 inches, and beneath it, written in Latin, is a petition which was presented to His Holiness by the Right Rev. Alexander Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda and Superior General of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

The petition, when translated, reads as follows :

"As on the 21st day of December of the current

year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, in the city of Pittsburgh, shall be completed, a humble petition is made to your Holiness that you may deign to bestow a special blessing upon the president of the college, its professors, its students past and present, and also upon its benefactors."

After the photograph with the accompanying petition was presented to the pope, he subscribed the following, with his signature, with his own pen, in Latin :

"According to your request, We pray God to bestow upon them all, every favor and blessing, and from our heart We give them our apostolic benediction."

OUR NEW CHAPEL.

Our new chapel is veritably a gem of architectural skill and a triumph of the decorator's art. It is worthy in some small degree of the God that dwells there, and it is suggestive of the glorious mansions that await us beyond the skies. Attracted by its beauty and its silence, the weary student will approach its tabernacle to find new strength to pursue his labors even unto the wished-for goal; the sorrow-laden will forget his burden and find consolation within its hallowed precincts; the happy recipient of Heaven's favors will there return thanks to Him from Whom all blessings flow; the pious monk will delight to keep vigil before the Divine Captive in His prison home; and the priest of God will mount the Altar of Sacrifice with increased devotion. What burning acts of love will be offered up there ! What fervent prayers will rise Heavenwards like the sweet perfume of many flowers amid clouds of incense ! What tender communings with the Godhead ! What graces will be received ! What pantings of the soul that longs to be dissolved and to be with Christ !

Much as many of our *Alumni* and benefactors may wish to see it, this pleasure may be denied them; as they are interested in all that concerns the college, and take

pride in what we are proud of, we may be permitted to give the following, though inadequate, description of it.

The chapel is built in the Gothic style of architecture. It is one hundred and twenty feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-two feet high. The wainscoting of the walls and the columns is in Sienna marble. Above the wainscoting runs a border of light cream-colored stencil-work on a blue background. The color of the walls is olive, and of the ceiling, a light green; the panels are ornamented with stencil designs; the capitals and ribs are in delicate ivory and gold.

In contrast with the plainness of the body of the chapel is the rich ornamentation of the sanctuary. The ceiling is sky-blue with gold ornaments. The corbels and ribs correspond with the capitals and ribs in the body of the chapel. On the panels between the pillars life-size pictures of the four Latin Doctors of the Church are painted in oil on a gold background. Busts of the Evangelists, similarly executed, adorn the spaces between the lower Gothic arches, and, on the same level, but nearer to the altar, four symbols of the Blessed Eucharist—the Pelican, the Lamb, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Sacrifice of Melchisedech—are produced in half tone. The sanctuary walls are paneled with a damask effect in red and gold, and the pilasters are grey. A handsome green carpet extending to the communion railing helps to harmonize the colors.

On the front walls of the main arch of the sanctuary and over the smaller arches at the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, respectively, St. Francis Xavier is represented on his deathbed, and St. Peter Claver baptizing a negro.

The windows are intended to illustrate the fifteen mysteries commemorated in the holy rosary—the joyful on the gospel side, the sorrowful in the sanctuary, and the glorious on the epistle side. Six of these windows, designed and executed in Munich, Bavaria, are already in place. The coloring is rich and harmonious, the ar-

rangement of the figures is pleasing, the lead lines are imperceptible behind the shaded portions of the pictures, and the panels are of intricate and beautiful Gothic work. The general effect on the beholder is one of admiration and devotion.

The Stations of the Cross, likewise from Munich, match the windows in their delicately wrought figures and artistic coloring.

A remarkably pretty gold lamp, with silver statuettes of the twelve Apostles, sheds its soft effulgence about the sanctuary. Two hundred electric lamps, of sixteen candle power each, including two magnificent chandeliers pendent from the ceiling and two more on either side of the altar, light up the chapel with a blaze of glory. Fifty-four more electric bulbs shine on the pinnacles of the altar, around the niche for the monstrance at Benediction, and over the lovely waxen figure of St. Romulus laid beneath the sacrificial table.

Devotion-inspiring statues of our Divine Lord, His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, and St. Aloysius surmount the altars; the figures of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Anthony of Padua stand on pedestals in front of the pillars of the sanctuary. Two marble holy water fonts just received, a new pulpit and new pews capable of seating six hundred persons, handsomely furnish the chapel, and a magnificent organ completes its equipment.

OUR NEW HALL.

Our new hall, running the full length of the chapel, is admirably suited for entertainment purposes. It is capable of seating nine hundred persons, and has a spacious stage fronting the eastern entrance. Twenty-three windows by day, and ninety-six electric lights—each of eight candle power—by night, make it bright and cheering. Until our prospective gymnasium shall be built, it will serve also for the exercises in physical culture.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.

This year the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was kept with great solemnity the world over. The reception of postulants into the Society is usually set for February 2, but this year, owing to the Golden Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the candidates for the religious habit requested the Very Rev. Father Provincial to receive them on December 8, a favor which was readily granted. The Father Provincial himself preached on the occasion, and all listened with pious interest to his glowing eulogy of our Immaculate Mother. The following were received:—Arthur J. Hayes, Steubenville, O.; Henry N. Gaspard, Detroit, Mich.; James A. Carroll, Ireland; Joseph A. Rossenbach, Germany; Percy A. Tull, Washington, D. C., and Eugene A. McGuigan, Philadelphia, Pa.

The new chapel was used for the first time, and all present were pleased with its harmonious proportions and the tasty and effective arrangement of the electric lights.

ALUMNI PRIESTS' ANNUAL DINNER.

Our past students engaged in the exercise of the holy ministry were invited to dine with the Faculty on December 29, and responded in goodly numbers. After partaking of the good things supplied for their refreshment, they were conducted to the new chapel and college hall. The beauty and commodiousness of both elicited their enthusiastic admiration, and were subjects of general congratulation and rejoicing. The afternoon was agreeably spent in the interchange of reminiscences and prospects, and in the rivalry of parlor games.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the name of the Faculty and students we take pleasure in thanking the Rev. John Price, pastor of St. James' Church, W. E., for the following valuable books with which he recently enriched our library :

(1) The Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon.

Translated, transliterated, and supplied with a glossary and notes by *Robert Francis Harper, Ph. D.*, of Chicago University;

(2) Life, Letters and Travels of Father De Smet among the North American Indians (1803-1871). By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Major, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Alfred T. Richardson.

We also wish to thank the *American Book Company* for presenting us with a copy of Condé B. Pallen's neat little work entitled, "The Meaning of the Idylls of the King." Our next issue will contain a careful review of this book, as it deserves to be known and read by every student of Tennyson.

SYMPATHY.

It was with profound regret that we heard of the death of Dr. T. S. Troxell, of Gallitzin, Pa., the father of Raymond A. Troxell, of the Third Academic class. Those who had seen the doctor on a visit to the college in September could not bring themselves to believe that a man of such a grand physique and of such apparent hardiness had been called away so suddenly. He died like a brave soldier at the post of duty. He was summoned to attend the victim of a railroad accident not far from his home, on December 15. Just as he was about to operate on his patient, he was stricken down with paralysis. The attending physician did all he could for him, and he recovered sufficiently to receive, thank God, the Last Sacraments of the Church in the best dispositions. A second stroke, following quickly on the first, put an end to a long and useful career.

The Boarders, among whom Raymond is quite a favorite, sent a beautiful cross of white and red flowers to the Troxell home, to be placed on the coffin of the deceased as a token of their heartfelt sympathy with their companion in his bereavement.

To the sorrowing members of the Troxell family we tender the sincerest expressions of our sympathy.

R. I. P.

Here's to Pittsburg College!

(Air—Columbia.)

All hail, Alma Mater, our guide,
Who teachest the starlight to find—
All ignorance waiving aside,
Dispelling the clouds of the mind!
The springs of Pieria drinking
From fountains of Greece and of Rome,
Of science and art deeply thinking—
With tablet and pen and the tome.

'Tis danger to have slender learning—
And keen emulation is rife:
Each laurel recalls ardent earning,
And knowledge is broader than life.
The choice gift of tongues fast acquiring,
With history and eloquence too,
Forever we follow admiring
Instruction most noble and true.

Then here's to sublime inspiration,
The handmaid of heavenly grace,
Imparting no pompous inflation,
But dignity spurning the base.
And here's to renowned Pittsburg College,
Where talent and genius find rest;
She raises the standard of knowledge
Aloft o'er the Gate of the West.

T. A. GIBLIN

Not All That's Red is Rubifoam.

Lives of boarders will remind us
'Tis a human thing to err.
Sad surprises bodes each error,
From this tale you may infer.

All the boarders have cosmetics:
Some use more and some use less.
Rubifoam is very common—
Is it pleasant? Well, I guess.

Rubifoam from Laux was taken
In a communistic way,
Steve got angry, filled the bottle,
With some carmine ink one day.

Francis N***** seized his tooth brush,
Sprinkled carmine thick and fine
On that brush, a thing of beauty,
And began his teeth to shine.

Soon the culprit grew suspicious,
As the taste was not so sweet,
And his molars caused such anguish
That he vowed no more to cheat.

Still he thought, and thought correctly,
That the rest had teeth as well,
And he knew that they would relish
Rubifoam with pungent smell.

In the hallway by the wash-stands
He prepared the same old fake;
Then came S***** tripping lightly
And repeated Frank's mistake.

But unlike the former victim,
This one used an extra share;
Loud he sneezed, and soon his features
Looked like Raymond's cousin's hair.

All his dentals dyed in carmine,
Both his lips of ruddy hue,
And his cheeks with blushes scarlet
Soon had S***** in a stew.

Gough and Laux, McVean the auburn
Murphy, Brennan—all the boys
Gathered round to join the laughter,
Till a prefect stopped the noise.

Victims filled with dire confusion
Then betook themselves away,
Vowing that they'd turn the tables
On friend Stephen some fine day.

Millard, he for wisdom famous,
Drew this moral old and true:
"Do not practise communism,
Or you'll meet a Waterloo."

C. L. McCambridge.

THE "DISCOVERY" AND HER VOYAGE.

The "Discovery" sailed upon her voyage of South Polar Exploration in August, 1901, under the care of Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, R. N. Her equipment included one typewriter—a Remington. She returned in September, 1904, having been away for three years. During all this time, her Remington was in constant use, writing her records, writing the "South Polar Times," writing the programmes of the entertainments and generally doing the work of a printing office, without a single hitch or breakdown.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Winter, A Figure.

The earth is hidden from our eyes
  Beneath a mantle white:
A dull, lead color are the skies
  Above its bosom bright.

But seldom do the sun's weak rays
  Pierce through the murky cloud:
They have no strength these winter days
  To lift off earth its shroud.

No time of year can picture man
  In sin's enthralling grasp
More truly than when Nature wan
  Lies dead in Winter's clasp;

And dead it lies 'till genial Spring
  Dissolves each icy bond:
Then Earth to life awakening,
  As touched by magic wand,

Puts off with joy her vesture drear
  And dons her raiment fair;
Her gifts she scatters far and near
  With bounteous hand and yare.

Thus man beneath the shroud of sin
  A corpse unseemly lies,
Effecting naught that e'er can win
  Reward beyond the skies.

Example, warning, threat, advice
  Appeal to him in vain:
In vain the Blood that would suffice
  To wash away the stain

Of myriad sins, for him has flowed,
  So torpid is his will,
Until God's quick'ning grace bestowed
  Thaws out sin's deathly chill.

Then from a state more vile than dust
  With life renewed he springs:
Away in loathing and disgust
  The cerements foul he flings.

Arrayed in garb of grace, on earth,
  Most fair that angels ken,
He pleases God by his new birth,
  And glads the hearts of men.

F. J. NEILAN, '05.

The Blessed Virgin and Africa.

Opus tuum nos, O Maria, vivifica illud. "We are thy work, O Mary, enliven it!" Wholly penetrated with the thought, that the founding of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which, in 1848, was united to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, as well as the African missions, as the special work of the Mother of God, the venerable author of the first historic records of the Congregation broke forth into these words of gratitude and love with which his heart was filled.

The Venerable Father Libermann, speaking of Our Lady of Victories on the 4th of February, 1844, addressed the following words to Rev. Fr. Desgenettes, the founder of the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of

Mary for the Conversion of Sinners: "It is certain that our little work for the conversion of the poor abandoned blacks owes its existence and the success with which it has met during its brief duration to the powerful protection of the most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary. The pious and devoted confrères who have undertaken this work with me are all thoroughly convinced of this, and our hearts are filled with gratitude towards the glorious Queen of Heaven." Another Father, one of the first disciples of the Venerable Libermann, wrote later: "Our small society is evidently a pledge of the tender love of the exalted Queen toward the abandoned souls, as well as a proof of her influence over the Sacred Heart of her divine Son. Mary is, in a word, the mother of this Society; it was nourished, cherished, and prepared in her Holy and Immaculate Heart. From her Heart it received its name; through her Heart it was conceived and born; from her Heart it imbibed well-nigh miraculous power of growth. Finally, in the short space of a few years, having arrived at the holy altar through the blessings of her heart, it united itself with the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and drew from this providential blending a new principle of life and fecundity whose happy results daily spur us on to greater gratitude."

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the facts which could be adduced to verify the truth of this assertion. Two instances will suffice to prove clearly that the new life infused into the African missions is the work of Mary. The state of Africa, previous to the arrival of the sons of the Venerable Libermann, was most deplorable. Up to the fifteenth century we find no trace of a missionary on the western coast. Only toward the close of the 15th century, Portuguese Franciscans and Dominicans undertook the conversion of the negro in the Congo district. The result was encouraging; a bishopric and a Christian dynasty were established. However, civil war and the hostile inroads of barbarian tribes soon exterminated all the germs of Christian life. Repeated

attempts were made by the Jesuits, Franciscans, Capuchins, and Lazarists; but all were fruitless. On the east coast the state of affairs was still more lamentable. The curse pronounced on the descendants of Cham, seemed to be destined to rest forever on this part of the Dark Continent. Mohammedanism, Fetichism, the belief in Metempsychosis, polygamy, slave-trade, and human sacrifice,—all the errors of the mind, and all the vice and corruption of the heart, were here found leagued with an unhealthy climate and manifold other obstacles, so as to present an impregnable front to the peaceful reign of the Saviour's cross.

In the year 1819, a bishop visited Angola for the last time. He has left us the following word-picture of the unhappy state of that once flourishing mission: "I could not look upon it without being moved to tears. The whole land seems to be without faith or law; everything is wanting; there are neither churches nor priests; religion is, as it were, extinguished." In the meantime, the Protestant sects of America attempted to establish mission-colonies on the western coast, chiefly in the Republic of Liberia and among the English settlements of Sierra Leone. There, thanks to the vast funds at their disposal, they were partially successful.

In 1833, the Bishop of Charleston, S. C., directed the attention of the Propaganda in forcible terms to the efforts of Protestantism in Sierra Leone. The Council of Baltimore seconded his appeal. It had praiseworthy results, since, in 1842, Father Barron received from Pope Gregory XVI. the commission to begin the work of evangelization in West Africa.

Henceforth the hand of the Blessed Virgin is clearly seen in the winning of Africa to the faith. Rome had, indeed, appointed the Rev. Father Barron Vicar-Apostolic of the western coast, yet so far he had but one priest at his disposal to aid him in the mighty work of evangelizing so vast a domain. Accordingly, he set out for Paris to seek aid and laborers where no wish, no prayer was ever

unheard—at the feet of Mary Immaculate, in the Church of Our Lady of Victories. Father Libermann had found a devoted friend in the Curé of this venerated shrine, and, on the very day before the arrival of Mgr. Barron in Paris, he had paid him a visit, during which he had given vent to his grief at not being able to know whither he should send his missionaries, who were already beginning to become restless under their enforced inactivity. Whilst the good priest was doing everything in his power to console him, he was heard to remark that he was certain the Queen of Heaven was preparing a mission for him; for, in spite of the critical position in which he found himself, he experienced a peace so divine that he could only explain it by the fact that Mary had taken this work under her protection. As we have already remarked, Mgr. Barron came the very next day to the shrine of Our Lady of Victories, and on the very same spot where Father Libermann had sought a field for his missionaries, he prayed for laborers to assist him in his great work. He also made his affliction known to the Curé and asked to be remembered in his prayers to the august Queen of Heaven. Strange to say, Father Desgenettes, who had been so deeply touched at the grief of Father Libermann, now forgot him; it was only when he offered up the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of Mary Immaculate that he again thought of his friend, and, at the same time, remembered the embarrassment of Mgr. Barron. Mary had heard the prayer of both. Whilst Mgr. Barron was still in Rome, the Propaganda had recommended to him Father Libermann and his Congregation. But whilst at Paris he no longer thought of this. Thus Mary wished to show that it was she, and she alone, who supplied Africa with missionaries—a thought which has given strength, courage, and consolation to the hundreds who have since labored and died in the Dark Continent. Mary had not forgotten her children, and the prophetic words of the first of her missionaries on African soil were to be realized: "When everything shall appear to be lost, Mary shall show herself."

In face of the many obstacles which he deemed insuperable, Mgr. Barron was at length forced to resign his office of Vicar-Apostolic. Of the seven missionaries that had accompanied him, all but one had gone to their reward. The first Apostolic-Prefect that came from the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Father Eugene Tisserand, met with a watery grave ere he had even set foot on African soil. On the whole, the mission of Africa was everything but promising. Yet Father Libermann never for a moment lost courage, but placed his trust in Mary, and our tender Mother did not forsake him.

Shortly after, M. Truffet, a highly esteemed priest and professor of a small seminary in Savoy, resigned his charge and came to Paris intending to enter, as a simple priest, the celebrated seminary of the Foreign Missions. Upon his arrival he first betook himself to the Church of Our Lady of Victories, where he dedicated his future to Mary Immaculate, and offered to her the toils and sorrows of his intended apostolate. Here Mary awaited her servant to point out to him his true vocation. Whilst supplicating her in earnest prayer, M. Truffet felt within him the fervent desire to enter a missionary Society that was especially dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and whose particular aim was the salvation of the most abandoned souls. But where was he to find such a society? In his perplexity he also sought advice from M. Desgenettes. The latter clearly seeing in this event the work of Mary, recommended the zealous priest to Father Libermann, the founder of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. But the heavenly protectress of Africa had not selected M. Truffet to be only a missionary; she had destined him for the episcopal dignity. Scarcely a year had elapsed since his entrance into the society of Father Libermann, before he received the episcopal anointing at the foot of the very same throne at which his vocation had been so vividly pointed out to him. He was the first of the sons of the Venerable

Libermann to go to Africa both as Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic. His toils in this vineyard, it is true, were of short duration, but nevertheless fruitful. A willing victim for the salvation of souls, he went to his reward, deeply mourned by his colored children, who had looked upon him as their father and friend.

Here also the hand of Mary was clearly manifest, and never since has her assistance been wanting to the work of the Venerable Libermann. Under the protection of this kind Mother, his Congregation has flourished, and in Africa, where sixty years ago scarcely a trace of Christianity was visible—where the sweet names of Jesus and Mary had not yet resounded, innumerable churches and chapels have risen up as if by magic, and thousands of pious souls daily unite their voices with ours in supplicating Mary: "*Ave Maria, gratia plena.*" Thus we see that the African missions are undoubtedly the work of Mary, and what she has commenced she will continue; she will lead still, as she has led, the missionary and his charge; "in the dark night across the bleak wilderness, she will guide them on to the Lord Jesus, guide them home." "*Opus tuum nos, O Maria, vivifica illud.*"

F. Schwab, '05.

The Mission of February.

'Tis winter, and the white flakes fall;
The second month assumes command
To show his power to us all
And mar the beauty of our land.

Hark! hark! the winds are raging now;
Along the hill side, through the vale
The leafless branch and broken bough
Proclaim the fury of the gale.

Harsh month, what is thy mission, say;
Why dost thou hide from us earth's face?
Why rage thy winds so that we may
By ruin drear thy footsteps trace?

He answers back: "The core remains
A secret till you break the shell:
My mission to your vast domains
Is clear to him who ponders well.

"My snowy mantle wide out-spread
Protects the germs hid in the ground:
My breath bears off the vapors dread
That scatter pestilence around."

J. J. Gough, '06.

The Venerable Libermann's Love of Holy Poverty.

Few lives of saints form more interesting or instructive reading than that of the venerable servant of God, Francis Mary Paul Libermann, founder of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who died in the odor of sanctity at Paris, February 2, 1852. The burning zeal of St. Paul, the heroic poverty of St. Francis of Assisi, the gentleness and sweetness of St. Francis de Sales, the purity of St. Aloysius, the missionary ardor of St. Ignatius, are reproduced in the soul of the humble convert from Judaism. One episode especially in his life recalls the "poor man" of Assisi. It illustrates his intense love of holy poverty.

In 1840, Libermann, then only in minor orders, undertook to go to Rome to lay before the Propaganda the project of a new missionary congregation. He had as his traveling companion M. de la Brunière, a man possessed of great learning and piety and no small share of worldly goods. All went well until they reached Marseilles, where M. de la Brunière changed his mind about the new congregation, and resolved to join the Foreign Missions. Nothing daunted, Libermann "set his face still more determinedly towards" Rome. It was a perilous undertaking; for, when his companion left him, he found himself in a most precarious condition. He had very little money, and less hope of obtaining more. But so great was his trust in Divine Providence, that he was not even tempted to despair. His confidence was not deceived; for benevolent friends hastened to his assistance, and even begged alms for him. With all his heart he welcomed the direst poverty. Unseen by men, he could now abandon himself at leisure, according to the impulse of grace, to the practice of prayer and mortification. He accordingly commenced by making his abode in the poorest and most miserable building in the Vicole del Pinacolo. A poor, but Christian, man, named Patriarca, had two small

rooms in the attic of his house, one of which served as a dove-cot, and the other as a lumber-room. The latter, the poorer of the two, Libermann rented at a dollar a month. It was so low that only at the door could one stand erect. The furniture of the room, which he himself had to procure, consisted of a table, a chair, and, for a bed, a straw mat on the floor, with a single covering: a stone served as a pillow. A crucifix, with which he never parted, stood on the table, and a picture of his patron, St. Francis of Assisi, hung on the wall. Of course, he was his own laundry-man and valet-de-chambre.

In this room, exposed to the chilly blasts of winter and the stifling heat of summer, his delicate constitution was subjected to violent shocks. He was afflicted with an almost continual fever. Although he had no more attacks of his former dire affliction, epilepsy, still he suffered from severe headaches and nervous convulsions. Friendly strangers frequently offered him more comfortable quarters, but he always refused them. He agreed, however, to make use of more respectable apartments for receiving the few visitors who sought him out.

One day, a former school-mate of Libermann's, the Abbe Ozanam, made his way into his gloomy attic recess. He found him in a fit of fever, stretched out on a straw mat and covered only with one poor blanket. Near him was water in which he was moistening a few bread-crumbs. So great was the impression made upon Ozanam by this sight that thirty years afterwards the remembrance of it was just as vivid as on the day of his visit. Libermann took but one meal a day, and that at the very frugal table of his landlord. In the evening a little bread sufficed for his nourishment. Often, too, he had not even this, and then he mingled with the poor who receive soup at the gates of the cloisters.

The little money that was sent to him he at once handed over to his landlord. The latter, from time to time, had to pay the postage on his mail; for he continually received letters from priests all over France. Patriarca deemed himself fortunate in being able to perform this little act of charity; for, as he himself was accustomed to say, the presence of the saintly cleric was a blessing to his family.

R. L. HAYES, '05.

A February View From My Window.

The boist'rous blasts of winter keenly blow
As February's weary days draw near,
And trees and shrubs are clothed in garbs of snow;
A hazy mist bedims the atmosphere.

The bleached and hardened twigs with hoar frost shine;
The distant hills present a wondrous scene,
Each towering oak and silver-coated pine
Stands forth and sparkles with majestic mien.

Beyond the murky stream the busy mills
Send forth their smoke, which, rising thick and high,
Extends above the summits of the hills
And shines in varied colors 'gainst the sky.

As eve draws nigh the sparrow seeks his nest,
The wind blows briskly and the air grows cold,
The sun is sinking in the distant west,
And tints the sky in purple, red, and gold.

C. L. McCambridge, '06.

The Utility of Debating Societies.

"Of all kinds of success," says Goldsmith, "that of an orator is most pleasing. Upon other occasions the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence the victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator, the audience is moved, the antagonist is defeated, and the whole circuit bursts into unsolicited applause." Now, oratory is not only a pleasing and ornamental art, it is also, and primarily, a useful one. The value of oratory is generally acknowledged, and the powers of the public speaker, lecturer and pleader, are increasing in demand. "In all countries and in all ages," says Cox, "the orator has risen to distinction. But his art is nowhere so potent as in free countries, where liberty of speech is the birthright of the citizen." This is quite natural; for in a country democratically constituted, there are gatherings for transacting public business. Men meet to elect their representatives in the legislature and the city council. At such meetings speaking is an important factor, and the most persuasive and pleasing speaker will win the ears and votes of the assembly. A man who cannot speak is doomed to insignificance in any assembly, and it seldom happens that anyone but a good speaker becomes a leader of men. The history of our own country, and especially of our own times, bears out this truth. Koerner's masterly and logical speech at the Chicago Convention of 1860 won the presidential nomination for Abraham Lincoln, and, in more recent times, one great oratorical effort placed Bryan at the head of the Democratic party.

In spite of this well-established power of the orator, the art of public speaking is not cultivated proportionately. A great orator is a rarity, and a good one, uncommon. Yet with careful training, anyone of even mediocre talents can learn to say what he has to say to an assembly

fluently, intelligibly, and, if not eloquently, at least not disagreeably. "The orator is made," is an old saying, the truth of which is manifest in the career of almost every great speaker of the world. The young aspirant to the honors of the *rostrum* must set seriously to work to acquire the rules of art, to gather wisdom, cultivate his perception, exercise his fancy, strengthen his memory, gather ideas, facts, and illustrations, practise right reasoning, observe the emotions and learn how to portray them; and, above all, to train his mind into habits of thought and virtue. If he does this, he may, indeed, fail in his "maiden speech;" he may be received with shouts of laughter; he may even be hissed off the stage; but, with Disraeli, he can exclaim, "the time will come when you *shall* listen to me." The debating society is the training school of the future orator. In it he stumbles through his first effort; in it he learns to face the sympathetic listener and the unmerciful critic; in it, too, he meets his first defeat or scores his first triumph. The debating societies of the great public schools and universities have formed the greater part of the best orators of England. Canning, Gladstone, and many others, made their début in the *Union*. There they accustomed themselves to construct orderly, methodic speeches. There they acquired that wonderful command of language which afterwards astonished even their most polished hearers. There also they were forced to form habits of sound reading and thinking, bearing in mind the wise observation of Bacon, that "reading maketh a full man; thinking, a wise man; and writing, an exact man." The well or ill intended criticisms of their fellow-students cured them of incongruities in language, stammering and hesitation in delivery, long-windedness, and all the other defects met with in young debaters.

Debating societies are also a training school of character. In a public or even private debate the slightest inclination to an indulgence of temper must be checked. Petulance and personalities do not find favor

with an audience. No rude or improper word or ungentlemanly behavior is tolerated by a respectable assembly. In the famous debate between Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Cochran, the Pennsylvanian forfeited the sympathies of the House and of the Country by his rude and uncalled-for personalities and malicious insinuations.

G. J. WANDRISCO,
Commercial.



The Detroit River.

IT is generally admitted by those who have seen many cities of the United States that Detroit stands without a peer, the most favorably located, and the most beautiful of all. But it is especially her magnificent river that has made the city of Detroit known over the whole world.

The Detroit River is that part of the great channel which connects the upper and lower lakes, joining the beautiful Lake St. Clair with Lake Erie. On leaving Lake St. Clair, the river takes an almost westerly course for some miles past the city of Detroit, and then, with a broad sweep to the south, find its way into Lake Erie. The river varies in width from about three-fourths of a mile directly in front of the city, to nearly two miles just before entering Lake Erie, below Amherstburg. The river running in a westerly direction from Lake St. Clair, puts Detroit on the north bank, and Canada on the south.

Just a little north from the center of the city lies Belle Isle, which contains about 700 acres. This fair island was bought by the city of Detroit for $200,000. Since 1879, less than $1,600,000 has been spent on its improvements. Yet, to-day, it is doubtless one of the

most delightful parks in the world, unequaled in the fact that it is completely surrounded by navigable water. The enchanting view it presents of earth, sky and water, its cool breezes from lake and stream, its beautiful old forest trees, its broad avenues, its net-work of canals and ponds, all combine in one harmonious whole, and the visitor cannot but behold with delight its many charms.

Just opposite the head of Belle Island lies a park which is most worthy of mention; it is the Water-works Park. One could not desire a more shady and restful place to spend a few hours. The visitor cannot fail to remark in it a lofty tower from which the eye can take in miles of the surrounding country.

About twenty-five miles north of this beautiful park, the water is studded with pretty islands known as "The Flats," on which are built three or four miles of summer cottages, hotels, and club houses. They comprise what is also called "The Venice of America."

Hard by is Walpole Island, on which the Canadian Government maintains an Indian Reservation numbering about 1,600 descendants of the Chippewas and Pottawotomies.

On the banks of the American channel near Lake Erie is Grosse Isle, one of the most charming islands in the Detroit River. This delightful island is nearly ten miles long and half a mile wide. From Detroit to Grosse Isle the river offers fine opportunities for boat-riding and fishing. Anyone desirous of this kind of sport will find ample means here for enjoyment.

Just beyond the mouth of Detroit River in Lake Erie is Sugar Island. It has for many years been popular as a most attractive spot in which to spend an all-day picnic. All that could be desired in the line of enjoyment, recreation and rest, for both young and old, is found on this island.

Across the Detroit River, which, by a narrow stream, divides the territory of the United States from the province of King Edward VII., lies the small but com-

fortable town of Windsor. The dullness of the place presents a striking contrast with the bustling life across the river. One would scarcely believe that less than a mile of water could so change the lives, customs and characters of two distinguished nations. There is not in all the great Dominion of Canada a cleaner or more habitable little city than Windsor. Its streets are all wide and well kept. It has many large manufacturing plants, of which several are branches of American firms. Its people are much given to all kinds of out-of-door sports and pleasures.

North of Windsor lies the thrifty little town of Walkerville, which is noted for its large distilleries and its manufacturing industries.

West of Windsor lies Sandwich. In this town are located the Court House, Gaol, and County Building. This little town is favorably known for its vineyards and wine cellars. The hotels along the banks of the river supply excellent chicken and fish dinners.

Every day during the summer months a large excursion goes to these different places for an outing. Those who go once never fail to return.

L. J. ZINDLER, '07.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

The sixth resolution adopted by the last Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is this:

"We express our indignation at the tyranny of the French Government in abolishing religious orders in that country, in denouncing their vows as contrary to natural law, in suppressing all Christian teaching in the schools, in impeding free and immediate communication between the Pope and the French Bishops, and in falsely accusing him of breaking the Concordat.

"As citizens of a Republic whose Constitution guarantees the fullest civil liberty, and brought up in the atmosphere of freedom, we here record it as our profound conviction—the result of judgment,

observation and experience—that Catholic truth as enunciated by Catholic authority, is the only true interpreter of the relations between God and man, and man and man, and its abandonment leads to anarchy and despair. Accordingly, we adjure our brethren across the sea in every legitimate way to rally to the support of the ancient faith, our common inheritance, with which the history, the glory and the happiness of France, its eldest daughter, have ever been associated."

Would to God that for the glory of His Church, the peace and salvation of France, that once glorious nation—who dare declare her days of glory past?—had even such a voice in her own land as already bespeaks the Catholic mind and heart of this our Country! That were much indeed—and yet it were no wondrous boast amid a host of Catholics, over thirty millions strong, confronted with such dire calamity. It is idle, it is unfair, perhaps, to declaim against the apathy of the faithful there. Germany's Centre Party is put in contrast to their shame—and certainly that Party is one of the fairest and strongest monuments to the public spirit of a Catholic laity erect amid the moving sands of time; but most of us over-look the fact that Germany also had her years—more than one score of them—during which the Church met untold woe and indignity from ruthless officialdom till the crisis came when the venerable Archbishop of Cologne went to prison and the redoutable Görres wrote his *Athanasius.* Then the ancient Catholic spirit of the Fatherland awoke. When the Iron Chancellor came upon the scene with his infamous Kulturkampf, the situation was far more desperate than it is in France to-day, and yet Bismarck lost. France begins aright at present by formation of various lay associations for the defense of Catholic rights: the banding of youth—La Jeunesse Catholique—and of the heads of families is a prominent factor. The expulsion of religious orders and the secularization of education are the immediate causes of these attempts at union. The Government knows the strength of Catholic spirit in France, and fears to rouse it by too sudden a shock, but Catholics know their fundamental tenets too well: you may beat

around the Catholic bush a great deal, but if you enter at all, beware the lion's paw! Lockroy, an old radical, declared expulsion of the religious a mistake which will induce the formation of lay associations and a reaction similar to the one concluded in Belgium.

Such a reaction parliamentary, peaceful and popular, would be a blessing. To rely on the new ministry consequent on the fall of Combes would be sheer nonsense, if not criminal. Doumer and Brisson are the two most likely leaders, and these cannot be counted on—except as Combes could have been. Brisson is the most active formulator of anti-Catholic bills in the French Parliament. Doumer always was an anti-clerical radical: he happened to fall out with Combes, probably because he saw Combes was in the meshes of popular disfavor. To consider "everything's lovely" now shows inability to profit of experience. It has always been a parliamentary trick to put forward a figure-head in the passage of obnoxious measures, and then sacrifice him when a reaction sets in. The proper move for the faithful of France is to so organize as not to depend upon chance, so to engage in the struggle as not to envisage this or that man, this or that detail of persecution, but to fully meet and thoroughly vanquis the plot to expatriate the Faith and to give the country over to social hyenas. Organization is tedious work, even when genius leads the way, and, unfortunately, the French temperament shuns the tedious; but that is surest, safest and fairest.

There is indeed some likelihood, the writer ventures to surmise, of a military *coup d' état.* The French like a *coup d' état,* because that requires daring, enthusiasm, good fortune and generally genius—all which they intensely cherish: it also brings a change, which they are not wont to despise. But the military *coup* is their first choice, as they love martial feats. This *coup* would seem not impossible for many reasons, among which, the following: 1, The army is an immense and irresistible power; 2, The civil and military authorities have long

been rivals; 3, The rivalry became pronounced and bitter after the Dreyfus trial; 4, The spy-system, whereby the army was put under control of the secret societies, has given the army full and popular title to rejection of governmental interference. As Ribot, a Protestant, declared in the Chamber of Deputies, there is no government in France, if the disclosures made regarding its subservience to the secret societies are correct. Yet M. Guyot de Villeneuve proved them correct by photographs of documents from the War Office and the Grand Orient, relative to the three years' incumbency of Gen. André as Minister of War. When elected, he said his mission was to expurgate the army: he has basely attempted to purge out the Christian leaven. It is simply impossible for any government to attack the dearest religious sentiments and belief of a nation, then to discharge the animosity of irreligion upon a large and patriotic army, without inviting swift and terrible vengeance. The Church authorities do not favor, but even forbid, revolution; but such work is always done by a secret band. If nothing of this kind occurs in France, a strong and sound Party may, and in all probability soon shall, arise in the Parliament.

Certain it is, the persecution must fail—no, it will rather succeed, but not in the sense intended by its authors; it will succeed in arousing the dormant Faith and energy of a resourceful people. The system of voting is a fraud, the government press is a fraud, the parliamentary procedure is a fraud, the distribution of public offices is a fraud; but though the frauds be even scientifically and despotically imposed, "You can't fool all the people all the time." It was made a legal offense for the Catholic press to state which candidates for office were Free-masons: now the latter are caught in a spy-system touching the government of the army. When Combes resigned, he had 279 deputies in his favor, and only 277 against him, yet it was found the 277 represented 2,510,358 voters, and the 279 only 2,434,667 voters. Thus the Combes' contingent was in a minority of 80,000 votes. The Govern-

ment pretends to make no attack on the Church, yet it tries to force the Pope to break the Concordat; the Supreme Court declares that Papal decrees without government consent are an abuse; when Mgrs. Le Nordez and Geay were called to Rome to explain their stand in Church matters, the Government interposed; the Sulpicians, the most notable directors of seminaries in the Church, were ordered out of twenty-three Seminaries: they are not an Order; they did not come under the law against Orders; no accusation was made, no threat even—the Bishops simply received notice to expel them. Priests obtain $200—$250 a year in compensation for a government debt: yet they are said to be salaried consequently, and are at the beck of officialdom. The observance of Good Friday is forbidden among the marines. Brunetière, the foremost critic and literateur of France, has been expelled from the Collège de France, the Government says, because of his affirmation, quite correct of course, that science cannot do everything; but everyone knows the real motive is his conversion to the Catholic Church. The State is making a grand effort to confiscate the property of the religious orders; it needs it to uphold a spendthrift career, but the people see their taxes now increase to replace the services of the frugal religious in hospitals, schools, homes for the poor, aged, orphans and diseased: they see that not only is education secularized, but everything, the grave itself. Strikes increase, unrest prevails and grows apace, socialism proudly stalks towards the precipice of anarchy; anarchy, socialism, infidelity may organize, but the sons of God may not. There's the issue: no people can be cajoled into eternal apathy regarding such an issue. The State may be powerful, but the ultimate power is in the People, and the People, as said above, cannot all be fooled all the time. The more they have borne, the more complete will come the reaction and the more lasting its effect.

THOMAS A. GIBLIN, C. S. Sp.

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EDITORIAL.

The Holy Childhood Association.

Of all the associations sanctioned and fostered by Holy Mother Church for the uplifting and salvation of mankind, none appeals more strongly to the hearts of the young, or is more calculated to excite their generosity than that of the Holy Childhood. What young man would not be ready to enlist in a crusade against the oppressors of the weak, or the traffickers in human merchandise? The Holy Childhood Association is engaged in such a crusade. Millions of helpless little ones are rescued from death or from a life, worse than death, of slavery and sin, by the contributions of its members.[1] The good it does is simply incalculable. The students o the College appreciate the work, and never fail to respond

handsomely when the zealous director, Rev. John Wilms, C. S. Sp., makes his annual appeal. This year one hundred dollars were contributed by the students and the Faculty. May the work prosper and grow, and spread more and more the knowledge and love of the Christ-child, its divine Patron.



Our Parochial Schools.

The efficiency of our parochial schools was very forcibly brought before the public on the occasion of the Examinations for High School, held December 19, 1904. Of the 134 children that competed, only one failed outright, and only five were held over for re-examination. The local press commented on the "fine showing made by the Sisters' pupils;" and, indeed, the various religious orders of men and women engaged in the education of our little ones, deserve our highest praise for their success, and our sincerest gratitude for their self-sacrificing devotedness.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce to the many friends of Brother Daniel the sad news of his mother's death.

Mrs. Catherine Tuerkes died at Ramberg, Bavaria, November 22, 1904, in the arms of one of her sons, who is rector of St. Lawrence's Church, and whose house she had kept for the last nine years of her life. She had already passed her seventy-fifth year when death summoned her. Mrs. Tuerkes was a wonderful woman, a German Hausfrau of the good old stock, whose homes are their Edens, and whose ideals are prayer and work. *Ora et labora* was certainly the motto of this excellent lady. Without prayer she would never have seen her children grow up to be ornaments of the Church and the State;

without labor she could never have educated one son to become a learned and holy priest, and another, to adorn the Supreme Court of Bavaria by his wisdom and profound sense of justice, and given up a third without a pang of remorse to devote the energy and piety which he had acquired from her, to a missionary congregation. Without prayer, in fine, she would not have had the happiness of crowning a long life of labor with the death of a saint.

Brother Daniel had the happiness of spending several months with his mother in 1903. He tells us that it was ever her greatest delight to welcome and entertain any fathers or brothers of the Congregation when they happened to pass through Ramberg.

News has just reached us that Brother Philip Lafferty died in Sierra Leone, West Africa, early in November.

Brother Philip was born in Philadelphia, in 1850. Before he joined the Holy Ghost Order in 1890, he had visited every State in the Union and every country under the sun. His tales of travel and adventure were exceedingly interesting. In 1900, he volunteered for the African missions, in which he labored faithfully and zealously until he was called to his reward. His death was consoling as his life had been edifying and meritorious.

R. I. P.

Exchanges and Reviews.

The limited space at our disposal has obliged us to forego the pleasure of commenting on the many creditable Exchanges received during the month of January.

The Meaning of the Idylls of the King. An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé B. Pallen, LL. D. (American Book Company, New York).

The librarian of the College wishes to thank the American Book Company for sending him a copy of Mr. Pallen's little volume. It is a valuable addition to the ever-increasing Tennyson literature. The letter of Lord Tennyson to the author, the facsimile of which appears on the first page, is the very best recommendation of the work. "I thank you for your critique on the Idylls of the King," writes Tennyson. "You see further into their meaning than most of my commentators have done." We have read the neatly-printed pages with delight. Mr. Pallen sees an *inner truth* in the *Idylls* and discards the "mere word-painting theory" advanced by some critics. He finds the keynote to the whole work in a line of the epilogue. Addressing the Queen the poet says:

> "But thou, my Queen,
> . . . . . Accept this old imperfect tale,
> New—old, and *shadowing Sense at war with Soul.*"

Sense at war with Soul is the inner truth; the deeds of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are merely its setting and embodiment. "Without this interpretation put upon them," says Mr. Pallen, "the *Idylls* become in large part so many poetized riddles, valueless save for the subtleness and beauty of their imagery. In the light of this interpretation they become a luminous message of purity to an age

> 'Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
> That hovered between war and wantonness.'"

Tennyson brings this *new-old* truth before us in an allegorical picture; but, Mr. Pallen cautions us, we must not look for allegories and symbols and hidden meanings in every line. "This were straining interpretation to the ridiculous." After discussing the purport of the *Idylls*, in general, Mr. Pallen proceeds to give a concise, but, at the same time, a very satisfactory interpretation of each

one in particular. The best treated are, to our seeming, the *Coming of Arthur*, *Gareth and Lynette*, *The Holy Grail*, and *The Passing of Arthur*.

The impression left on our mind after perusing the *Meaning of the Idylls* is something similar to that produced by the reading of a treatise on mystical theology. The purgative, illuminative and unitive stages of the soul's progress towards God are clearly hinted at, especially in the *Coming of Arthur*, *Gareth and Lynette*, and *The Holy Grail*. Mr. Pallen seems to be "straining interpretation" a little here and there, but, on the whole, his work is characterized by logical sequence and deep critical and, if we may use the expression, artistic penetration.

Phrase-Writing. By W. W. Osgoodby, Rochester, N. Y., 1904.

Mr. J. B. Topham, director of the Commercial Department, wishes to acknowledge, through the BULLETIN, the receipt of Mr. Osgoodby's clever work in stenography, and to thank him for the same. He has this to say on its merits as a text-book:

"It is the latest work on the subject of *phrasing*, and probably the best. Part of its excellence is due to the fact that Mr Osgoodby's system of short-hand, because of its great freedom from exceptions to the use of attachments to consonant-stems and the large use of full-length stems (word signs for the most common words), lends itself best to phrasing. Mr. Osgoodby's practical experience is evidenced in this work. He has been reporter of the Supreme Court of New York for over 40 years, and is recognized as an authority in the profession. His system is capable of the highest development."

The Examinations.

The second term examinations were held during the week beginning January 23. They were written in all subjects, and oral in the English branches and Philosophy. A careful inspection of the results shows that the preparation on the part of the students was most conscientious, and that the competition for first honors was keen and close. In the Senior Class a record has been made that will probably stand for years. Ralph L. Hayes made a total of 1251 points out of a possible 1300, thus averaging slightly over 96 per cent. in all his subjects. This is all the more remarkable as the examination papers were a veritable test of scholarship in Philosophy, Modern History, Scripture, Latin, Greek, English, German, French, Analytical Geometry and Physics—as seen during the second term of the scholastic year. In the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes, respectively, J. A. Dekowski, A. G. Johns and F. J. Toohill obtained first place.

In the Commercial Department, the first places were secured by G. J. Wandrisco, A. Wehrheim, S. Conway and D. Kelleher.

In the Academic Department, C. A. Mayer, J. H. McGraw, S. G. McLaughlin, G. P. Angel and J. D. Carr lead their classes.

In the Grammar Department, J. Sonnefeld and G. Kraus head the lists.



Wedding Bells.

The echoes of the chimes that rang in the New Year had scarcely died away before the joyous wedding bells announced the nuptial mass at which Miss May Carmody, Miss S. Dixon and Miss M. Keiser were united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Alfred W. McCann, William H. Totten and Leo A. McMullen. To these three happy pairs, their old friends desire to convey through the columns of the BULLETIN their congratulations and good wishes.

Invitations have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Vilsack to the marriage of their daughter, Mercedes Dorothy, to Robert F. Maloney, in St. Joseph's Church, on the morning of February 8. To Mr. Maloney and his future bride we cordially wish all the joys of Christian wedlock.

Concerts and Debates.

The Sunday evening entertainments are looked forward to with a special interest during the dreary winter months. They furnish a pleasant break in the monotony of the week's work. In the entertainments recently held, several model speeches were delivered, and, on not a few occasions, the judges found it no easy matter to give a decision, so meritorious were the efforts of the opposing orators. The members of the orchestra deserve our cordial thanks for their regular attendance, and for the variety and excellent rendering of their contributions. It must be said, too, to the credit of the elocutionists, that not a single one has failed in attendance despite the fact that many live at a distance, and that the weather has often been such as would deter all but the most resolute from making a trip to the Bluff. The songs show careful training, and are always a most enjoyable feature of the evening's programme.

The programmes:

JANUARY 8.

Overture, March, Automobile, *Glazier*, Orchestra; Recitation, The Bald-headed Man, H. N. Gaspard; Song, Maid of Athens, D. B. Dougherty; Waltz, Love's Confession, *Grimm*, Orchestra; Recitation, Education to a Purpose, H. H. Malone; Piano Solo, Sunrise in Georgia, C. J. Staud; Sacred Song, That Great Amen, E. M. Morales; Dance of the Cupids, *Walcott*, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That in the United States the Negro has been better treated than the Indian; Chairman, J. A. Carlos; Affirmative, J. L. Buerkle, F. X. Roehrig; Negative, D. P. Murphy, A. G. Johns.

JANUARY 15.

Overture, La Bella Rosa, *Daniels*, Orchestra; Recitation, The Philosopher and the Boatman, F. Malburg; Song, Nancy Lee, P. J. Dooley; Cornet Solo, The Commodore, *Chambers*, F. A. Neilan; Recitation, The Newsboy, J. J. Creighton; Chorus, The Old Familiar Place, Juniors' Glee Club; Serenade, Moonlight, *Moret*, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That woman suffrage in the United States is desirable; Chairman, J. A. Pobleschek; Affirmative, J. M. Kilgallen, W. F. Merz; Negative, E. N. McGuigan, T. F. O'Shea.

JANUARY 22.

Overture, Little Tin Soldier, *Daniels*, Orchestra; Recitation, Warren's Address, A. J. Hickel; Reading, P. A. Tull; Violin Solo, Romanie, *Dancla*, R. Telerski; Recitation, The Little Light, J. E. Madden; Song, When the Swallows Homeward Fly, Rev. J. J. Schroeffel; Intermezzo, The Troubadour, *Powell*, Orchestra; Recitation, The Dutchman's Telephone, J. Zaremba; Violin Solo, Valse Lento, *Dancla*, C. J. McGuire; Reading, C. L. McCambridge; Finale, Franceska, *Blanke*, Orchestra.

Commercial Debating Society.

Three debates were held in the first Commercial class since the holidays. The following interesting subjects were discussed:

(1) Resolved, That the City is a more suitable place for a College than the Country; Chairman, A. Scherer; Affirmative, C. Roehrig and G. Carney; Negative, S. Conway and M. Friedl.

(2) Resolved, That the Chinese should be excluded from this Country; Chairman, J. E. Engel; Affirmative, G. Nickel; Negative, C. Heilman.

(3) Resolved, That an increase in our Navy is advisable; Chairman, A. Hickel; Affirmative, J. Creighton, H. O'Connor; Negative, G. Wandrisco, M. Friedl.



ATHLETICS.

Gymnastics.

As Mr. Joseph O'Neill, last year's gymnastic instructor, did not return this fall to continue his work in the College, the Athletic Committee set about finding a man to fill the vacancy. We are pleased to be able to state that their efforts have been crowned with success. They were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. C. F. Koch, of this city. Professor Koch is an excellent gymnast, of more than local repute; a man of powerful build and wonderful agility with the added recommendation of fourteen years' experience. He is at home in every branch of physical culture, and can train the laddy of twelve as well as the hardy youth of eighteen. Classes were begun immediately after the holidays, and the good work done so far augurs well for future success.

The Basket-Ball Question.

The College is not represented by a basket-ball team,

although talent in that branch of sport is not lacking amongst the students. The authorities are undecided as to the advisability of introducing the game; for the question is still an open one whether basket-ball aids healthy physical development or not. In a recent debate on the subject, Mr. Chas. A. Duffy came forward rather strongly against the popular winter sport. He said:

It is not an exaggeration to say that Basket-ball has, in the past two years, become the most popular of all indoor games. Roller-skating, even when in its prime, was not half as well patronized, and indoor Hockey is too costly a pastime to become general. Pool and Billiards are too tame for the average American youth. Bowling, always popular with certain classes, has in recent years made great strides in public favor; but we can safely predict that it will never become a college game, as it lacks the important elements of the typical college sport—strenuosity and danger. Basket-ball has both of these passports to favor; hence its rapid diffusion.

In spite of its evident popularity, we doubt very much whether Basket-ball is a game that should be encouraged in our colleges. If not over *dangerous*, it at least appears to be over *strenuous*, and not at all conducive to healthy physical development—the sole end of all athletic games. Foot-ball has been described by its opponents as "a wild game fit for savages," but it has at least the redeeming feature of being played in the open air. Basket-ball is a close second to Foot-ball for "wildness," without its open-air recommendation, being played in a hall usually a small one. The style of play is so fast and furious that very little time is given for regular breathing– a thing not exactly beneficial to heart and lungs. Besides, the dust raised by the contestants and the stamping of spectators, does not materially increase the ozone of the little air that manages to circulate within the narrow walls.

The trainer of the Champion South Side Baket-bal team maintains that a Basket-ball player, in order to be

able to stand the strain on his system, requires as careful a training as the pugilist. The foot-work and trunk-movement are almost as rapid on the Basket-ball floor as in the ring, and the periods of intermission are not so frequent. Serious injuries, the result of disregard of rules or unavoidable roughness, are not at all unfrequent in Basket-ball games.

These are some of the objections to Basket-ball, which spontaneously rise up in the mind of an impartial observer of the game.

Indoor Amusements.

During the long winter months, the students spend their recreations in the spacious entertainment hall, where billiards, pool, ping-pong, checkers, etc., help to beguile the time and "drive dull care away." The more athletically inclined amuse themselves on the parallel and horizontal bars and vaulting-horses, or in punching, more or less scientifically, the uncomplaining bag in the far corner. Neilan, Sweeney and Dougherty are the chief offenders in the "punching" line. Keating and Stack are hard after billiard honors; while Dowling, McGeehin and Rankin divide the pool-championship. "Dave" Murphy is undisputed ping-pong champion. Amongst the Juniors no championship events have been "pulled off" as yet, but the claimants in all departments are many and well-matched. Berry and Parker challenge "Dave" for the ping-pong championship of the College. Woda is practising hard at punching the bag. He misses it sometimes, as he did the other day when he "landed" on Sam Conway's profile. No harm was meant—nor done either.

The Athletic Committee for 1905.

The Athletic Committee, chosen by the students from the various departments and classes, is composed of the following: R. L. Hayes, Fr. Neilan, J. B. Keating, F. Stack, C. A. Duffy, J. McGeehin, J. Cleary, J. Brennan, E. Engel, R. Dowling, W. Egan.

The membership of the Athletic Association is increasing rapidly.

Base-Ball.

As Winter is gradually beginning to relax his hold on the earth, and there is now and then a hint of springtime in the air, the base-ball enthusiasts are busily discussing the outlook for a successful season. Manager Keating is arranging a very strong schedule, dates having already been agreed upon with W. Va. University, Wesleyan University (W. Va.), California Normal, Allegheny College, and W. U. P. Medics. W. and J. is anxious for games, but nothing definite has been arrived at. St. Vincent has not been heard from. Captain Hayes is well pleased with the material in the College, and thinks last year's record will be eclipsed. Of last year's great team, the following will be in the line-up again: Hayes, Keating, Murray, Collins, Duffy, Harrell, Dougherty, Kummer, and Kilgallen. Brennan, Engel and Smith are the most promising new men.



A small boy's essay on cats :—

"Cats, unlike the other insecks, don't have no stingers. The bumblebee has. I once caught a bumblebee, an' give it to a cat. Cats don't like bees, especially them that has splinters in their tailze, which this had. The thing stung all the way down, and half-way back again ; that cat run about 17 miles, an' then dropped down by the shady side of haystack and quickly died a sudden death for want o' breath. Once when Jack an' me was playin' fishin' in our well with a tom cat tied to a string, Jack got hurt. He had the cat down in the well watin' for a bite, an' when his back was turned it crawled up the brick an' clawed the sap outen him. After that Jack didn't fule with cats. I once knew a man who was wicked enough to throw a stove-lid through a big tom cat at night, and the very next day he heard that his grandmother had broken her leg in New Orleans and several other places, which proves how wicked and sinful it is to disturb the critters ; and that's all I know about cats."

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Ode to St. Patrick.

The bright, unfading halo o'er thy mem'ry flung
By Erin's grateful sons in ev'ry age
Doth far outshine the fame by poets sung
Of statesman, warrior, patriot, saint or sage.

O Blessed Patrick! Thine the lot sublime
On Erin's land Faith's holy beams to shed,
To teach her sons God's sacred mount to climb,
The Saviour's rugged pathway e'er to tread.

In Tara's regal court the word divine
Upon thy lips in hallowed accents fell:
Its magic sound made truth resplendent shine,
And o'er the land God's love and mercy tell.

As at Creation's dawn the Godhead spoke,
And bade the world in all its beauty rise,
So, at thy word, fair Erin's Faith awoke—
The Faith that conquers all and never dies.

Let Erin then thy hallowed mem'ry praise,
Apostle blest. By thee with glory crowned,
Through East and West she sheds her golden rays,
As "Isle of Saints and Scholars" far renowned.

Fair land, by Patrick's holy footsteps pressed,
What land on earth can e'er thy glory share?
With grace divine, with holy teaching blest,
What land was ever found such fruit to bear?

In other lands, 'tis true, the seed did fall
Of God's enlight'ning word and quick'ning grace;
How oft, alas! did many a land recall
The pledges given by their once favored race,

In changeless faith and constant love to bless
The Name of Him, who called their sainted sires,
To light and guide their path in holiness,
And kindle in their hearts seraphic fires!

This heav'nly message ne'er by thee was spurned,
O holy Erin! Ne'er in weal or woe,
From virtue's path thy heavenward course was turned
By treacherous smiles of friend or frowns of foe.

While persecution dismal havoc wrought,
And caused thy sorrow's scalding tears to flow,
Still 'midst thy grief St. Patrick's memory brought
The smile of whisp'ring hope to soothe thy woe.

His name and mem'ry taught thee e'er to raise
To God on high thy suppliaut hands in prayer,
And still, bereft of all, to sing His praise,
And thank Him for the gift of all most fair—

Thy Faith in Christ, that gem so rich and rare,
Placed on thy brow by Patrick's holy hand—
That priceless gem, which England strove to tear
In vain from off thy crown, my native land!

The parting words of Jesus e'er He died,
"You have I chosen that your fruit remain,"
Are best in thee, O Erin, verified,
Who hast through centuries of cruel pain

By direst foes inflicted, ever clung
To that undying Faith, whose heavenly light
Long, long ago from Patrick's lips had sprung,
To cheer thy sons in virtue's noble fight.

Oh! may the sheaves of thy bright harvest still
From year to year be gathered full and fair,
The barns of God's eternal home to fill,
As in the centuries past, through Patrick's care.

Oh! may our patron from his heavenly throne
Still watch and guard the priceless gift He gave,
Thy Faith, O Erin, who that gift alone,
Of all most dear in life, in death would'st save.

JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp.

"Bethlehem," as Literature.

In the great Catholic revival in England, in part cause in part consequence of the Oxford movement, three men seem to have been designed by Providence as a triple gift to that nation; Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and Father Frederick William Faber. Each had a sphere and work of his own, and each fulfilled the task providentially assigned him. Newman specially addressed himself to the educated portion of the English people, to that higher class who were looking Romewards, but who needed the torch of his great genius to guide them on the way. Manning's special sphere was among the common people. He showed the Church to be the friend of the laboring class, the protector and consoler of the poor, the mother of the lowly. To Faber was given to minister to the inner life; to strike a note in our English tongue that had long been silent and all but forgotten; to make it vibrate with thoughts welling up from a soul steeped in light and overflowing with knowledge of divine things, forever striving to body forth in fitting language conceptions still redolent, as it were, with the odors of paradise.

Well may we apply an expression found in his writings to himself, and say that Father Faber was a "beauty-haunted soul," but of that beauty which is "ever ancient, ever new." He saw God in everything, everywhere and at all times. The thought of God, especially His Omnipresence, forms the destinctive note in all his writings, the underlying creative principle, the secret of that magic charm with which he has invested all things his genius has touched. "It is one of the thoughts beneath whose broad shadow all the nations of the earth may gather and sit musing that, while the sun is shining, or the moon silvering the woods, or the noontide being lulled to sleep by its own fragrance, or the river lapsing down to the sea through tuneful groves and over cattle-spotted plains, this wonderful divine life is going on everywhere, close to us

and far off, in our own country and in other lands, far above the empyrean heaven and down in our own souls." He never loses sight of God for a moment, and in the light of His presence, he is forever bringing home to our minds a world of truths clothed in a language that follows the thought with wonderful fidelity and fitness, but which, because of the thoughts, is ever elevated and beautiful.

In *Bethlehem*, his last great work, we find all the elements of his style fully displayed, although his popular reputation as a writer rests more upon *All For Jesus*. He used frequently to say that he had written his first works to please others, but *Bethlehem* to please himself. In one of his letters he calls it a "wildish Faberian book." He even withheld its publication for a year, fearing, as it seemed, that he had indulged too much in his own distinctive tastes and feelings. For this reason we like it all the more.

The whole work glows with devotional fire. Here we find all his marvelously rich imaginative and poetic powers in full free play, lighting up the obscure sanctuary of Bethlehem and making the very stones of the Holy Cave and the straw of the Manger speak. After its perusal we cannot doubt the truth of Wordsworth's statement, that if Faber had devoted himself entirely to literature he would have become the poet of his age. But in all that profusion of thoughts and figures, Bethlehem and its mysteries are kept constantly in view. There is a wonderful wealth of words and command of language, and a real love for the beauties of composition, but all are ever subordinate to the master-mind. Never are they suffered to draw him aside from his subject. Never do we find bombast or grandiloquence or verbosity in the slightest degree marring his pages. Every sentence and word is an integral part. His words are living things. "If you should cut them," to use an Emersonian expression, "they would bleed." Although he treats of the loftiest subjects of religion, by means of his marvelous power of

figure and illustration and his exalted conceptions, his words never fall upon our ears as unworthy of their subject. This is especially noticeable in the chapters on "The Bosom of the Father" and "The Midnight Cave." Always sweet, always agreeable, always elevated and elevating, he sustains our interest seemingly without an effort on his part, and certainly with none on ours. A certain fervor and enthusiasm pervades the whole work and carries the mind along with a sweetly irresistible power.

Perhaps one of the most pleasing excellences of his style and one of its most distinctive elements is the harmony of his sentences and periods. They are harmonious both as to the collocation of words and the variation in length. Occasionally his sentences are too long to be very perspicuous or pleasing to all, but they may well be pardoned because of their rarity. In Carlyle and Ruskin, as well as other English writers of prominence, we frequently meet with an annoying succession of sentences of the same length, generally long, and with almost identical construction. In fact, this is almost a characteristic of Ruskin, which, if it were not for his otherwise unsurpassed mastery of the language, would make him intolerable. In Faber, this offence is rarely, if ever, committed. In this respect it is doubtful if he is surpassed by any other writer of the English tongue. We may see this if we take up *Bethlehem* almost at random. Observe the opening sentences of the chapter on "Soul and Body." "The fountaln of creation is the mind of God. Hence there is a light and odor of eternity even about the most perishable of creatures, or the most evanescent of material phenomena. They reveal God. They are emanations of His wisdom and disclosures of His beauty. They are His works of art, His peculiar thoughts, His music and His poems."

Although he may not be placed in the rank of Newman as a writer, Faber without doubt presents his thoughts in a more attractive manner than the "Great Oratorian"—at least to the majority of men, since he appeals to the

imagination and the heart directly as well as to the intellect, whilst Newman, in whose mentality the intellect proper largely predominated, appeals directly and almost exclusively to the reason. But although Faber steeps his thoughts, as it were, in the warm currents of imagination and sentiment, these latter by no means supplant the intellect or assume undue proportions. One of the great objects of his writings was to disseminate the knowledge of theology as well as the practice of devotion. He wished to popularize its study by making it attractive. To this end he employed every means that could appeal to the head and the heart through the medium of written language. One competent to judge has said, that the thorough mastery of the theological knowledge contained in his works would make one a first-class theologian. He possessed in the highest degree the great art of speaking of the most profound and intricate questions in such a way as to make them intelligible to all. This is evidenced by the fact that he is read with as great avidity by men of very ordinary education as by the ripest scholar.

Great beauties of thought and of language shine forth on every page of his works, especially in *Bethlehem*, which was written in the midst of suffering when his beautiful life was drawing to a close. A lady who greatly admired the poems and hymns which he composed at that time, once asked him how he could write so beautifully when in continual pain. He replied: "My dear madam, do you not know that the swan sings most sweetly when about to die?" Surely the beauty of the World beyond was drawing him onward as he penned this, his last great work.

Passages of the highest descriptive power, such as those of the lark rising above the earth with its morning song, the entrance of the Holy Family into Heliopolis, the Babe on the sand, the Nile, etc., frequently occur. And ever and anon there are passages of marvelous eloquence occasionally extending over several pages. Wit-

ness his survey of the world on the first Christmas Eve.

Space has prevented us from giving more extracts in substantiation of our statements, though they are not at all necessary for those who are acquainted with his works, but we cannot refrain from quoting one of the passages above mentioned in full: "Evening has come down upon the land, the brief evening. The Nile glows like a glossy creature, swift, broad-backed, and almost noiseless, in the crimson sunset. Only at the edge the quick waters make the reeds twitter a little, except in the little earthy bays where the lotus-lily rises and falls at anchor quietly, just tremulously enough to shake its odors out upon the air, like incense from the thurible. The Incarnate God is musing on the bank, Mary withdrawn a stone's throw from Him, as if she had felt it was His will, and yet withdrawn less far than the apostles at Gethsemane. Her gaze is fixed upon Him as an angel's look is fixed upon the Vision. His mind opens before us, as if a sanctuary were being unveiled, and it flows out of His eyes, as they are bent upon the stream, and catch the reflection of the golden light from the shining waters. In the scarce audible murmur of the river He hears the cry that rang through Egypt in the night, that terrible night, of the first-born. It is as if the echoes of that wail had been undulating over the desert ever since. The tears gather in His eyes; for He thinks of Bethlehem, its mothers, and its Innocents. But He hears now in the stillness, while the evening breeze scarce waves its indolent pinions over the sun-shrivelled land, the trampling of countless hurrying feet. It is the children of Israel going forth in the darkness upon their Exodus; and there is the Exodus of a whole world to be accomplished now, and it is He who must cleave the sea; and how shall it be cloven? The twilight deepens. Almost suddenly it is dark. The eyes of the Child have gone out in the darkness, and the wind rises, and the mist gathers on the stream."

As years roll away and the world becomes freed from its materialistic ideals and senseless prejudices, we are firmly convinced that the works of Father Faber will grow steadily in appreciation until they at last take their rightful place in the world of literature, when all the English speaking people shall unite with Cardinal Manning in saying that "for the gift of intellect, for beauty of mind, and eloquence of speech, Frederick William Faber stands almost unequalled."

AMOS G. JOHNS, '07.



ROSALINE.

I.

It was a warm June day. Only the occasional hum of the bees broke the stillness of the atmosphere about the large and beautiful garden of the Pooles.

Having escaped the watchful eye of her mistress, Betsey, through a spirit of curiosity, wandered outside the garden gate. Down the dusty road which led to the town her little feet carried her until, on meeting an old gypsy woman, she stopped in wonderment and fear. The little woman, clothed in the gaudy dress of her race and carrying a small hand-bag, seemed to the child a little fairy.

"Ah, my little daughter, whither are you going?" asked the gypsy. Receiving no reply, she drew the child to her. "Come, pretty one, I will take you to a lovely place." With little resistance to the entreaties of the gypsy, the child accompanied her through a wood not far from the town till they came to a small clearing. Here were a few tents, and three large wagons which looked like miniature houses. About a large fire, over which hung a heavy, black caldron, were seated many strange people. The lounging men were busily engaged in play-

ing cards, their loud words and threatening gestures indicating a quarrel. The bright dress of the women as they flitted to and fro among the men gave variety to the scene. The sudden appearance of Gypsy Meg, with the child, caused some disturbance. The men left their cards, and they, together with the women, crowded about Meg to hear her story. With many gestures and fierce looks, Meg talked to her country-people while pretty little Betsey clung tightly to her skirts. Soon an old gypsy caught the child up and carried her to the fire. Here she rocked her to sleep, crooning an old Bohemian song, the boiling caldron making weird music for her words :

"Sleep, my little one,
Sleep, my pretty one,
Sleep."

Unconscious of the danger she was in, unconscious of her father's grief and her mother's despair, the child slept to awaken in a strange land among strange people, for the gypsy caravan moved that night.

II.

Two years of wandering, five years a gypsy child—it almost seemed an eternity of childish grief, with only the faint recollections of a true and happy home—such was the life of Rosaline. If the weather had aided in binding her to this life, it must have now turned her against it. It was early March. She had wandered far from the gypsy camp through the large city. The cold seemed to bite more bitterly than usual; the fierce blasts gave warning of an approaching storm, and Rosaline strayed through the streets, lost. As if by impulse, the poor child approached a man, offering her matches for sale. "What is your name, my child?" asked he. "Gypsy Meg calls me Rosaline," answered the child. Rosaline then told the story of her want and suffering, for she knew how to plead, having been well taught by the gypsies. Mr. Scott remembered his wife at home. They were childless, and this foundling impressed him with the idea of supplying

themselves with what nature had denied them. He then led her to his home in the next square, where Mrs. Scott tenderly received the little child and heard her story with many tears. Here was a new home for Rosaline, where every attention was given her and where affection soon deepened into love. Although they drew from Rosaline the narrative of her wanderings, they never suspected that she was not a gypsy child, being deceived by her dark beauty, her black hair, and odd dress with a gold locket clasped about her neck. Rosaline was a bright child although now only nine years of age. She was drawn closer to her foster parents when they taught her to know and love the Christ Child, who came to teach and save little children. She soon cast aside the superstitious belief and practice of the gypsies and became a pure and Christian child.

III.

When the soft days of spring came, wakening the flowers from their long sleep; when the voices of the birds filled the air with their warbling, and the warm winds sighed in response, something crept into her youthful heart, but that something Rosaline knew not. Could it be that nature was playing false to win the child back to the gypsy life? An accident prevented this craving from gaining the mastery over her. Her heart was drawn to sympathize with her foster parents over their loss of a valuable pocket-book. Rosaline now sorrowed with her friends in their trouble as she had joyed in their pleasures. Their feelings were somewhat relieved a few days later when an item appeared in a daily paper stating that the pocket-book had been found by a certain lady, and that the owner could receive it on calling.

IV.

The Pooles lived a little distance from Rosaline's home. Their house was a spacious one, half-hidden by the dense foliage which filled the large garden before it.

Of late years there had been little life about the grand house, but the garden gates stood ever open to welcome back one who had passed through them long ago.

Rosaline was eager to go to this house for the lost pocket-book. How nice it would be to walk through the fine garden! It would seem like the gypsy camp to roam free once more amidst the beauties of nature. The following day was a busy one for Mrs. Scott, so she sent Rosaline on the errand, warning her not to tarry and to address the lady politely. With a heart happy in knowing that Mrs. Scott would be pleased on receiving the lost pocket-book, Rosaline entered the garden. How her eyes opened in wonder at the beauties around her! How her amazement increased when she found herself seated in the richly furnished parlor! The mistress soon entered and talked with the child, satisfying herself that the pocket-book was to be restored to its owner. But somehow, prompted by curiosity, and perhaps by maternal instinct, she asked: "And is Rosaline your name?" Then Rosaline forgot herself, and told her history and the kindness of Mrs. Scott. "Gypsy Meg always called me Rosaline," she said artlessly. As the story of her eventful little life drew to a conclusion, she noticed that the eyes of the lady were anxiously scrutinizing the golden locket she wore around her neck, and which she had always preserved in remembrance of her once happy home and loving mother. In a moment she was clasped in the lady's fond embrace and heard herself addressed between sobs of joy, "My child! My own Betsey!" She had found the mother who had mourned her as dead, and the home around which still clung the happiest memories of her checkered life.

RAYMOND V. CONWAY, '09.

Thought Poems.

THE ROSARY.

Symbolic circuit of a Christian's life!
From out the love of God he has his birth;
A cross foreshadows the career of strife
That he must run upon this sinful earth;
'Tis by the help of Mary and her Son
That he returns to God, the Three-in-One.

ENDURANCE.

'Tis not the glare that flashes and expires,
But 'tis the flame that burns and never tires,
Fed from a well of patience most sublime,
Lives day to year and overreaches time.

TO THE SUN.

Deep silence reigns from vale to mountain crest;
The Earth aweary folds about her breast
The dark, thick, heavy covering of night,
And sleeps a sleep refreshing limb and brain
Till, blushing at thy chaste salute, she 'gain
Awakes and clothes herself in thy sweet light.

H. J. LAWLER, '09.

Ma Schume We, Maria.

An African Missionary's Story.

"To the right." "To the left." "Neither way. It's straight ahead we should go."

The caravan, with a missionary at its head, stood helpless at a cross-road. Which way should we go? Early in the morning we had set out for the populous village of Obal with nothing but an old spoiled compass and our own selves to depend on to find the place. But we had lost our way, and were at a loss to know in which direction to proceed.

"Let us cast lots," I finally proposed. "But, no, I have a splendid idea," and with these words I felt in my pocket, and brought forth the faithful companion of all my journeys—a medal—on one side of which was the image of the Blessed Virgin, and, on the other, that of St. Joseph. "Watch, now! Mary directs to the right, St. Joseph to the left, and a doubtful fall straight forward. Do you all agree?" I threw up the medal, which, after it had turned around several times, fell flat on the soft moss. We rushed to where it fell. "Mary will direct us! Therefore, to the right, and let us make haste."

After a few hours' march, banana trees at the foot of a green hillock met our delighted gaze, sure signs of a human settlement. We hastened our steps, and soon made our entrance into—Obal! Oh, no, that lay in the opposite direction. We were in Mfungu, and it was too late to turn back. This was very disagreeable to us. Had Mary led us wrong this time?

Mfungu is a miserable place. Two wretched huts on one side of the road, and three on the other, a kind old woman, a swarm of children, a man (who at that time was absent), a dog, and three chickens comprised all that Mfungu could show in buildings, men and animals.

Our reception was nevertheless altogether acceptable —at least all that one could expect from uncivilized

people. The old woman squinted mistrustfully at us, as did also the dog, though he showed no signs of aggressiveness; the chickens fled screaming, as did also the children. The huts fortunately did not fly. They were exceedingly filthy: this was a bad outlook for the night.

But after a time, on account of our amiableness, I imagine, they all won confidence again. A corner of the hut was prepared for our resting place; a bone appeased the dog; medals and caresses satisfied the children, and a well-filled pipe brought a smile to the lips of the old Ethu, our hostess, who had at first been so frightened at our appearance. She even condescended to offer us fire to do our cooking, and a broken cup to get water. After about five minutes the bananas in the pot were boiled. We divided our delicacies with the children, who sat around the hearth. The old woman listened to us, while she incessantly puffed at her short pipe, whose black, defective head told of long and honorable service.

In the meantime it had become dark. Having despatched our meal, we sat around the hearth, on which several logs were slowly giving up their life in smoke. We recited the rosary, as was our custom every evening, in a low tone; *Ma schume we, Maria!* (Hail, Mary!) we repeated over and over, as the beads glided through our fingers.

Opposite to us in a dark corner old Ethu, resting her elbows on her knees, and holding her bald head between her hands, listened, and stared at us.

Poor Ethu! She was certainly very, very old. Surely many misfortunes and years of hard labor had been needed to whiten her hair so, to furrow such deep wrinkles in her countenance, and reduce her body to a mere skeleton. Such were my thoughts.

Suddenly she arose, approached us hesitatingly, and laid her skeleton hand on my shoulder. "*Ma schume we, Maria!* did you say?" she asked. "Yes, mother! Are you perhaps a Christian?" Ethu did not understand me. "Show me that," she said, without heeding my question,

and pointing with her finger to the medal of my rosary. I showed it to her, and she compared it for a moment with an object which she had taken from around her neck, and then suddenly cried out: "My child, O my poor child!" With that she broke into a heart-breaking sob; her body trembled convulsively, while she again and again called for her child, and large tears rolled slowly over her furrowed cheeks. I pitied her from my heart on account of her grief. I let her weep till she became a little quieter; then, almost timidly, I attempted to comfort her. Gradually she became calmer, and finally she was even able to relate to me the following incidents in her life, although she was several times interrupted by sobs:

"About twenty years ago I sat in this same place and in this same hut, but then my son was at my side—he who was my pride and my joy. Many years before he had left me to go to the whites. Now he had returned to his mother, but only to leave her again, and that for ever. Dying he lay beside me, and all my grief was not powerful enough to preserve that dear flitting life. 'Listen to me,' he said, with failing voice, 'I now will go far, far from here, but I wish that you follow me thither, and then, dear mother, we shall never more be separated. Among the whites I have learned the way that leads to Heaven; some day you will follow me thither. I have no time to show you the way, but take this medal; look at it every day, and say: *Ma schume we, Maria!* Will you promise me this?' 'I promise you! But who is Maria?'

"He stared at me with his large eyes. Oh! I will never forget that look. He half arose and whispered softly: 'Ma schume * * ,' fell back and was dead! Father, his last look moved my soul to its depths. All was over. Oh! my child, my only son, where are you now? * * And see here the medal which his last breath touched!"

All this awoke such painful feelings in her that for a time she was silent; then she continued: "For twenty

years I am carrying this as a remembrance of him whose body is buried behind this hut, and not only once, but countless times, I repeat his last words, '*Ma schume we, Maria!*' When you prayed before, you said the same words. I beg you, father, tell me who is Maria."

I was only too happy to comply with her request. Hour after hour passed and still old Ethu sat before me, listening with joy and devotion to my words, and when, on the following morning, our divine Saviour visited us in that lowly hut in the forest, Ethu also was present and repeated over and over from the depths of her heart the words, *Ma schume we, Maria.* After I had instructed and prepared her during all that day, I poured over her brow the water of salvation. In honor of her heavenly protectress, I gave her the name of Mary.

Even till long after midnight we heard her devoutly repeating on the grave of her son those words which had saved her soul. But at dawn the catechumens called me out; there lay Ethu in her last deep sleep stretched at full length on the grave, already cold, but with a peaceful smile on her pallid lips, and tightly clutching the medal she had so long revered. Her soul, in the immaculate purity of her baptismal innocence, had followed her son, whom she had tenderly loved, to be eternally united with him, and to sing unceasingly to Mary that greeting with which in life she had so often and fervently saluted her, though without knowing her: *Ma schume we, Maria!*

Thus our kind and tender Mother had shown us the right way after all.

CHARLES F. FEHRENBACH, '09.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

Following is the resolution regarding Indian Catholic schools:

"While we express our sense of pleasure at the improved conditions of the Indian, the enactment of a more just legislation, and the equitable attitude of the Government in protecting his rights, we cannot fail to realize that the ultimate solution of the Indian problem must be on the basis of Christian morality. We accordingly reiterate our pledged policy to make the maintenance of our Catholic Indian schools our first national issue. We urge every member of the Federation to join the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children, or the Marquette League. We pledge ourselves, moreover, not to relax our efforts in behalf of the red man until the thousands still in paganism are brought into the Church of God and elevated to the condition of intelligent citizenship."

From the epoch when Jesuit missionaries first landed in New France and began their labor of love among the Hurons, the Algonquins, and Iroquois, down to our own day, the work of evangelization among the Northern Indians has ever partaken of the arduous and hazardous self-sacrifice demanded of Fathers Brébeuf, Lallemant, Jogues, Dablon, De Smet, Marquette, and the host of pioneers now consigned to history. Much of the difficulty arose from the nomadic disposition of the aborigines, who were never allotted a permanent settlement till Jackson's administration. Previous to that time it was imagined that fixed abodes would solve the Indian problem, but the Indian has never been content with enforced tranquillity; he sighs to roam the woods, monarch of all he surveys, and—not without justice—retains very unpleasant memories of the manner in which the white man drove him on, robbing and slaughtering his brethren.

As remarked in the above resolution, the solution of the Indian problem must be on the basis of Christian morality. Public leaders, writers and speakers cannot amply insist on such a basis for the solution of the grandest problems that affect mankind—not only to solve the educational question for youth, the marriage question for

the home, the economic question for nations *versus* secularization, divorce and socialism, but to solve the question of civilization itself *versus* the heartlessness of "benevolent assimilation," of deified commercialism, and of that pagan principle: "The survival of the fittest."

Catholic missions among the Indians of Mexico, Central and Spanish America, as among the Philippinos, have been the means of civilizing and educating the people. The Spaniards may have been, often were, somewhat rude in dealing with the natives, but the missionaries had influence enough to restrain them to some degree; and, whereas the Philippinos, for instance, have increased tenfold in number since the missionaries first began to work among them, the maxim of the Puritans was that the only good Indian is a dead one. Lately, A. C. Buel, in his *William Penn*, wrote: "The Puritans adopted the Cromwellian method in which they had been bred and trained. They extinguished the Indian title (to lands) by the simple, sure and irrevocable expedient of extinguishing the Indian." The Protestant missionaries have not converted or civilized any Indian tribes. What remains of the work of John Eliot or of Bishop Whipple, though both labored generously? Dr. Ganss lately recalled, in a splendid article on "The Indian Mission Problem," that Eliot's most lasting work was a translation of the Bible into the tongue of the Indians in Massachusetts, but that within fifty years not an Indian was alive there to read it, and he quotes the Protestant Bishop Wilberforce to prove that they were slaughtered by the Puritans.

On the contrary, Bancroft and Parkman are cited in proof of the beneficent influence of the French Catholic missionaries. The former says that after they had won the affection of the savages, "they seemed to be no more masters, but rather companions and friends." The latter says: "France aimed to subdue, not by the sword but by the cross." Thus has it ever been with the Church, and the result is that the natives have never been annihilated or diminished in her pathway, as were

the North American Indians as soon as French influence was replaced by that of England. There are 270,238 Indians only in the United States at present, according to the Government report. About 125,000 of these are Catholic. About one-fourth as many belong to some sort of Protestantism or other. About the same number have some inclinations towards Christianity, and the rest—100,000 in round numbers—are pagan!

Proper reference to the "improved condition" of of the Catholic Indian requires a digression. President Grant, in 1870, adopted a "Peace Policy" towards the Indians. Soon the religious denominations were offered a *per capita* appropriation for every Indian child educated. For a score of years, Catholics succeeded, others failed: these then raised such an agitation against appropriations that they were revoked. But, in the meantime, Catholics had spent $1,500,000 in buildings alone. The immense majority of Christian Indians were Catholic, and needed the appropriations because the system of supporting Indian education was based upon it. The system might have collapsed but for the great Catholic heart of one lady—the Rev. Mother M. Catherine Drexel. The Peace Policy has cost the Government far less than the one previous to it, and has had infinitely superior results. The success of this policy is due to the Catholic Church, and, therefore, the Catholic Indian Bureau resolved to replace the Government appropriations as best it could, and not abandon the system of education essential to it. Most of the funds, however, were since contributed by Mother Catherine. Meanwhile, insistent pressure—notably the influence of Catholic Federation—was brought to bear on the Government to show how unfair it had been to withdraw rations from Indians attending Catholic schools. Congress has lately regulated the matter to the satisfaction of Catholic missionaries, and Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is accredited with the passage of this measure through the Senate.

Protestants contribute more to their missions than do

Catholics to their own, which are far greater: hence, it is all important to induce many to join the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, or the Marquette League. The latter has been inaugurated by some gentlemen of New York, and appeals by preference to such as may proffer rather liberal donations. The former aspires to a membership of 500,000, which would, by very modest contributions, easily support the work. In June, '04, Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, visited Rome and obtained the blessing of the Holy Father for the organization: on December 20, Cardinal Gibbons obtained from Pius X. a plenary indulgence, granted under the ordinary conditions, to all members, on the feast of the Epiphany.

The next resolution deals with the Negro problem in this wise:

"We commend the efforts of the devoted men and women, both secular and religious, who are giving so much of their lives to the education of the American Negro. We pray that the Catholic community throughout the United States will respond generously to the appeals of the hierarchy for the support of the efforts to bring the light of Catholic truth among these people, and thus bring them to a constantly higher plane of Christianity and citizenship."

The Negro problem may not appear as interesting at the present moment as the Indian problem, because this has just lately reached a crisis of acute interest; however, the interest due to the colored race is clear if we reflect that they are not an isolated multitude, but freely commingle with us, and speak no tongue but ours; if we reflect, further, that they are not merely a quarter of a million, but over nine millions and rapidly growing. A century ago they were but a million. They must be reckoned with. Some critics of prominence consider them a shiftless set of no promise. Their mistake is that they do not compare the Negro with what he was in Africa, or what he was here just after the Civil War, but with his white brother, who has had everything in his favor for a thousand years. Despite the faults of the Negro, it has been fairly well established that there is not on record a

race that has advanced so far in general assimilation with the methods of a highly civilized nation in the same length of time as has the Colored Race in this country since the war. The colored man evidently has not as full opportunity in public as the white, and as the energy of our land is mainly due to the fact that this is a land of opportunities, so a dearth of opportunities tends to render our colored brethren listless and improvident. Nothing can so elevate them as the sense of inherent dignity which the light of true faith and the grace of God may alone impart, and which respects not conditions of black or white, but gives peace on earth to men of good will.

Catholic broadness has been already recognized as a star of hope by leading Negroes, but our work among them has not been at all commensurate with its necessity. The cause is not apathy, but occupation: we already have much, and to spare, on hand. Meanwhile, the sects, prominently the Baptists, strive to enroll the Negro. We have our eyes set upon the work and shall doubtless soon witness more extensive efforts put forth for its permanency. Support of missionaries is the vital problem.

Next comes the following resolution:

"The large influx of immigrants from Catholic countries makes it a duty to provide for their spiritual welfare and the guarding of their faith in new and difficult surroundings. These are our brothers in the Faith, and, irrespective of their nationality, we should welcome them to a share in the privileges we enjoy.

"We earnestly commend the efforts now being made to provide special instruction for the immigrants to the large centers of population, and to resist the attempts, too frequently made, to change their allegiance to the Church. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to aid the clergy in sustaining the foundations already established and others in contemplation among them."

Catholic peoples have certainly been prominent among the immigrants to this nation. We have all read what efforts Irish Bishops and Irish parliamentary leaders have lately made to restrain their compatriots from increasing the flood of exiles of Erin. Yet—and although the population of Ireland becomes each year less—the

emigration in 1903 was greater by one-tenth than in 1902. What Irish Catholics have done, do and will do, for the greatness of the United States, would confer immortal glory upon any race. But we have the Poles, now three millions of industrious inhabitants rapidly progressing: they are intensely Catholic, and in many places, notably Chicago, one of the chief bulwarks against socialism: there, the City Attorney is a Pole, the Honorable Mr. Smulski. We have the Slavs, so numerous in the mills of Pittsburg; we have the Italians, spreading in all large cities, and the Hungarians and Bohemians. Belgians seem more prominent than French, who apparently—and naturally enough, on account of long-continued settlements—prefer Canada. Spaniards are numerous in the South, in Central America and in Mexico. Germany, though not a Catholic country, is as important as any nation at present in the consideration of Catholic immigration. In 1900, the influx of non-Catholic Germans was 200,000, but the number of Catholic immigrants, in the same year, was 550,000. Irish Catholics are the most numerous in the land, and being also the first in the tide of immigration, are, by this time, fairly well organized in all the large cities. On account of their early arrival, and the use of the language of the country, they generally consider themselves Americans, and this seems to be the final tendency of all branches, as recommended by Leo XIII. *versus* Cahenslyism. The Irish have, however, certain very large and distinctive organizations, notably the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of over 200,000 members. The Germans are, thanks chiefly to a special faculty for organization, also splendidly organized: they have several Catholic dailies, which the English-speaking have not, and, in the formation of societies, are unsurpassed. New England has become New Ireland, and the Germans here are quite successfully engrafted upon the civil and religious life of the country. The losses to the Church are most to be feared among the other races, chiefly on account of lack of priests and the necessity of unsettled

habits enforced by the search for a livelihood. The Poles are rapidly "coming into line." They have some of the finest churches and largest parishes, and are very generous to the Church. They have a National Alliance of thorough organization, and the Independent movement, in so far as an attempt was made to give it any prominence, is in hopeless collapse. Certainly they have lost to the Church as few proportionately as any other Catholic race. The other races are yet in a precarious condition, chiefly due to new and difficult surroundings. We have lately seen attempts to wean Italians from their faith in Pittsburg; we have just read of the formation of a French Protestant church in the diocese. Let us all do what we can to hold our brethren in the Faith, and not ask, as Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" This is the land of union: ours is the Church and Faith of union. Federation will unite these races in the bonds of Church and State.

THOMAS GIBLIN, C. S. SP.

OBITUARY.

With feelings of the deepest sorrow we have to record the early death of James A. McClafferty, of the class of '96. An illness of four months' duration enabled him to make his last preparations for approaching death in the most edifying manner. With touching resignation and fortified with the last rites of Holy Church, he peacefully breathed his last on the morning of January 29. He was buried from the Sacred Heart Church on February 1. At the solemn high Mass of Requiem, Rev. William J. Ryan, '02, was sub-deacon; Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., was master of ceremonies, and Rev. P. J. Hesson, '95, pronounced the funeral oration.

In his touching tribute to the memory of the departed, Father Hesson dwelt at length upon the fidelity

with which, in and out of college, the deceased performed his daily routine of duties. Punctuality in attendance, diligence in his duties, prevailing good humor in his relations with others, were characteristics that won for him the esteem and friendship of his fellow students, and laid the solid foundation of those qualities that in after life entitled him to the respect of his wide circle of friends and acquaintances. In his prime, God called him to himself, to sing His praises in Heaven, and to receive the reward of a life well spent in the practice of the ordinary Christian virtues.

Those who have long known and esteemed James McClafferty scarcely need any suggestion from us to pay a last and efficacious tribute to his memory by offering up their prayers for the repose of his soul.

His mother, sisters and brothers, William, '85, and Maximilian, '87, have our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the mother of our esteemed professor, Rev. John J. Laux, C. S. Sp., be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of the pupils of his English and German classes, tender him our heartfelt sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

J. C. SIMON,
A. A. ARETZ,
J. J. CREIGHTON,
H. F. O'CONNOR,
C. A. DUFFY,
J. J. MILLARD.

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EDITORIAL.

Catholic Calls.

A recent appeal for help to keep the Indian mission schools open suggests various uncomfortable reflections. That the few Indians left in this country should have any material want which they themselves cannot fairly relieve, is hardly creditable to their supplanters. That they should have unrelieved mental and spiritual wants is still worse. It used to be considered a great victory to bring these children of the forest to the school and the church. Now they seek school and church—especially that school which is a portico of the Church—and obstacles are heartlessly thrown in their way. That non-Catholic tendencies should run counter to the Catholic education of Indians is nothing new or surprising. What is strange is that

Catholics should hesitate or delay about coming to the rescue of the threatened schools. 'Tis a rare chance to be allowed a hand in so sacredly necessary and so sacredly meritorious an undertaking. St. Paul's admonish to the Gentile Christians concerning tneir Judean brethren, may here have its counterpart. Those who had come into the spiritual inheritance of the Jews might well give of their temporal abundance to these same Jews in their corporal indigence. American Catholics who hold the earthly possessions of the Indians may likewise give at least what these require in order to participate in our Christian privileges.

But this Indian question inevitably introduces—as in a recent College debate—the question of the colored people. In their regard Catholic conscience has to be appealed to as well as Catholic sympathy. It is history that many heroic efforts have been made to Catholicise Indians; if such efforts have been made for the colored race, they remain hidden and must, apparently, have been very limited. These millions of people are now forty years emancipated; yet not one in ten of them has yet had an opportunity of really knowing real Christianity. Similar cases of indifference or abandonment are most unusual in church annals. These people are not beyond the reach of Catholics. They are not of unfamiliar custom or language. There is no extraordinary risk or expense in carrying them the truth. Nevertheless they are left unaided. Practically they have seemed farther off from true missionary influence than any restive wanderers of the Sahara or any skulking aborigines of Central Australia. And no one can say that they deem themselves unworthy of the Gospel, for it has not in fact been offered to them. Nor is it any confirmed dedication of themselves to earthly principles and pursuits; for, as far as their race has been tried, they seem rather noticeably receptive of religious impressions. Of course any and every pretence that the truth cannot make them free, as well as others, is ignorant libel on all-saving Christianity. So the fault lies elsewhere. May it not be time to locate it?

Clipping from the Western Watchman.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the *Western Watchman* (St. Louis, Mo.) published on February 9, and containing the congratulations of that esteemed Catholic weekly on our recent jubilee. We beg to quote in full the complimentary notice penned by its distinguished editor:

"The January number of the Pittsburg College Bulletin celebrated the silver jubilee of the institution it represents. Its poetry rang with alma mater enthusiasm, and its prose was descriptive of the progress of the school. And wonderful has been the progress of the Pittsburg Catholic College. Twenty-five years ago this now flourishing institution, the college pride of Pittsburg, was started by the Holy Ghost fathers, under difficulties, in the second story of a business block of that city. It had nothing to recommend it to the kind consideration of the public except the enthusiasm and pedagogical experience of its learned founders. But that was enough; the school gradually grew in popular favor, and a more appropriate site was soon beautified with the stately buildings of what had become Pittsburg's leading boarding school for boys. The fame of the school, as a seat of learning, has gone out far beyond the confines of Pennsylvania, and the 300 or more students, now on its rolls, represent many of the States of the Union.

"During the jubilee ceremonies a beautiful new chapel was dedicated and a large and finely equipped college hall was thrown open for the first time.

"The *Watchman* extends its congratulations to the scholarly president of the college, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, and his co-laborers, the members of the faculty. The administration of Father Hehir has been successful because it has been marked by that liberality that is always found in a truly Catholic school."

EXCHANGES.

We gladly welcome to our Sanctum the *St. Thomas Collegian*, of St. Paul, Minn. If the editors maintain in future issues the high standard of the initial number, their journal will rank with the best. In a masterly editorial the purpose of this publication is set forth. "To develop literary and artistic talent, to awake some mute, inglorious Milton,"—these are the primary objects of the *Collegian*, as of every college journal. It does not aim to be of merely local interest, but purposes to discuss in its pages all questions with which the Christian scholar deals. To give the publication wider scope and more general interest, the contributions will not be restricted to the student body. Articles from the pens of men of wide experience and approved scholarship will no doubt give "intrinsic worth" to the succeeding numbers of the *Collegian*. The lecture on the "Story of the Gospels" and the article on St. Augustine are in keeping with the programme the editors have outlined for themselves.

The copy of the *Manhattan Quarterly* for January is instructive and entertaining, both prose and poetry coming up to the high standard maintained by that magazine. The article entitled "The Gospel and Education" shows the impress of a mind well qualified to treat such an important subject; while the writer of "Church and Science" gives a clear statement of the position of the Church on a much maligned point. A story that pleased us greatly forms a charming contrast with the two articles mentioned above. "At the Eleventh Hour" tells the story of a cynical capitalist who is unwittingly drawn on to see his old college play football; his conduct on that occasion puts to shame the rooting of the most ardent under-graduate, and also gives the capitalist an opportunity to indulge in the virtue of charity. Several poems are worthy of note: "Gone Before" struck our fancy as particularly appropriate to the month of February.

The *Spectator's* pages are devoted chiefly to four brief but substantial essays; the Jury, Perseverance, Proper Reading and *Deutsche Politik*. In the first article, after touching briefly on the history of the present jury system, the writer answers the objections raised against it, points out its most serious defect—its *personnel*, professional jurymen—and not only adverts to but emphasizes the necessity of improvement by legislation. In "Perseverance," the importance of this quality is dwelt on, and illustrated by the career of Joseph L. Bristow, the present Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. "Proper Reading" affords excellent food for thought. It states forcibly and clearly what should be our purpose in reading, indicates the class of works that should be read for the development of a good English style, and concludes by laying down some rules for reading

advantageously. We gladly quote the following detached sentences: "To profit by the reading of a book, we must read carefully. * * Try to impress each valuable throught upon the memory. * * Draw your own conclusions as you read. * * Try also to get an oversight of the whole book. In a good novel, a study of the characters will be interesting and beneficial. * * Finally, we ought thus to read that we may not only absorb, but also produce, that we may be roused to mental activity and alertness and not have our minds choked by a vast amount of book lore." "Deutsche Politik" maintains the necessity of Holland, Switzerland and Belgium to the Triple Alliance as a guarantee for the peace of Europe, and as a means of defence against France and Russia in case of war; it upholds the present tariff for the protection of German manufactures, and recommends the unification of the railroad systems as the means best adapted to improve passenger service and facilitate interstate commerce. The German Colonial Policy aims at making the colonies self-supporting: at present they cost three times more than the revenue they bring. Is it through a sense of modesty that the writers for the *Spectator* do not sign their articles? We believe the knowledge of a writer's class year materially helps to a due appreciation of his talents. A Freshman's effort may be considered very meritorious, whilst the same composition penned by a Senior might not creditably stand the test of stern criticism.

Judging by previous issues of the *Fleur de Lis* we expected much from the January number, but were disappointed. What strikes us as an undue porportion of its pages is devoted to short stories. Five of these seem too many in one number of a college journal, and might with advantage be replaced with essays on literary or historical subjects. "Sketches from the Orient" makes up in great measure for the light and fleeting character of the other prose compositions. The author vividly describes the island of Malta and its inhabitants, and succinctly traces its history back to mythological darkness. The university news items are copious, well written and interesting.

The "Rubaiyat" in the *Holy Cross Purple* is an interesting study of that fascinating Persian poem translated into English verse "in flowing line and subtle turn of phrase" by Edward Fitzgerald. The article is well worthy of the pages of this esteemed Exchange. "From a Freshman's Diary" may be of ephemeral interest to a limited circle of relatives and friends, but we fail to see its *raison d' etre* in a college publication. "A Letter to Horace" appeals invitingly to the lovers of the great poet of the Augustan age. In a truly original vein the Letter graphically depicts the immortal bard from his own writings and gives us a deeper insight into his character.

LOCALS.

The Euchre Party.

Every season, the problem of raising funds to defray the expenses of the athletic teams confronts the Management. Twelve months ago, a handsome sum was realized by the sale of season tickets. The method was attended with no little labor and checking accounts. Early in January of this year, the Athletic Committee got together, to devise ways and means to establish a fund. After various suggestions had been advanced and considered, a euchre party appealed to all as likely to be most effective in securing an adequate sum, and most attractive from a social point of view. To that end, tickets were printed, and such was the demand for them that the supply was exhausted the very first day. Repeated and pressing requests for more were met with the invariable answer that no more would be given out lest the attendance should overtax our accommodations. Preparations were made to seat 500 players; refreshments were laid in, and seven young ladies, the Misses Alice Duffy, Nellie Duffy, Josephine Lawlor, Stella McCaffrey, Kathryn McGarvey, Cathryn Scanlon and Mayme Scanlon, under the experienced direction of Miss Nellie Scanlon, volunteered their services, which were gratefully accepted and highly appreciated.

On the evening of January 31 the college hall looked its prettiest. The orchestra, with its able director, Professor C. B. Weis, had taken its place on the right hand side of the stage, and the young ladies, beautiful in their white dresses, set off with ribbons showing the college colors, presided with attractive grace and persuasive eloquence at the stand on the left hand side, from which they catered to thirsty souls, lovers of candy and votaries of cigars. Ninety-six electric lights shed a bright effulgence on the waxed floors and euchre tables, on each of which rested a pack of cards already sorted by the junior boarders. At 7:30 the visitors began to arrive. The spacious hall filled up rapidly, the ushers getting all into their places without the semblance of delay or hesitation. By 8 o'clock the hall was filled to its capacity, and thirty more tables were set in the adjoining corridor to accommodate further arrivals.

After an overture by the orchestra, Mr. Edward H. Kempf, armed with a megaphone, proclaimed from the stage the rules that were to govern the game and determine the prize winners. At the stroke of a bell, the cards were dealt out, trumps turned, eyes sparkled, and faces were lighted up with confidence or darkened in disappointment. Game succeeded game, winners changed places with the utmost decorum, and fortunes varied, until the stentorian tones of the presiding genius called the lucky ones to select their prizes.

When the last of the prizes had disappeared from the show case provided for the purpose, the band played on, the ladies served refreshments in the students' dining hall, and a most successful social event—the first of its kind in the history of the college—was brought to a happy conclusion. Friends met that had not met for years; old students returned to the arena of their struggles with mental problems, and all widened the circle of their acquaintance.

We append a list of the prizes, together with the names of the donors: Handsome Eight-Day Clock, Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp.; Silver Fruit Stand, Rev. E. Galway, Wheeling, W. Va.; Bronze Bust of Mozart, Mr. Daniel Maginn; Lady's Silver Mounted Umbrella, Mr. Charles J. Weisser; Gent's Silk Umbrella, Mr. Edward H. Kempf; Gent's Silk Umbrella, Mr. Henry J. Lynch; Gent's Kid Gloves, Mr. Florenz J. Mansmann; Five Pound Box of Chocolates, Reymer & Bros.; Hamburg Razor, Mr. Bernard F. Schneider; Two Sets of Fancy Cards, Pittsburg News Co.; Walrus Pocket Book, a Friend; Father Ryan's Poems, Handsomely Bound, a Friend; Bronze Inkstand, a Friend.

The ushers on the evening of the euchre were: J. F. Brennan, J. P. Cleary, D. R. Dowling, C. J. Duffy, E. J. Engel, R. L. Hayes, M. E. Hays, J. B. Keating, H. J. Lawler, J. J. Millard, J. H. McGeehin, B. G. McGuigan, F. J. Neilan, C. P. Rankin and J. P. Sweeney. They courteously received the visitors, showed them the college chapel, bright with its hundreds of electric lights, and attended to their comfort in the well-filled hall.

The Athletic Committee is much indebted to Mr. P. Crowley for his hearty co-operation in making the euchre a success.

One of the most delicate and arduous tasks was assigned to Stephen J. Laux and David P. Murphy—the supervision of the Cloak Room. How well they acquitted themselves all the visitors are ready to testify.

H. F. O'Connor, R. A. Berry, S. Conway, F. G. Drake, R. J. Drake, T. M. Laux and E. E. Locke rendered invaluable service, sorting and distributing cards, arranging colors, and cheerfully lending a helping hand whenever assistance was needed.

To Brother Ammon are due the hearty thanks of the Athletic Committee for the lively interest he manifested in the success of the euchre party, and the practical aid he rendered in all that could contribute to the perfection of the arrangements.

The kindness of Pittsburg Lyceum in lending tables for the occasion was duly appreciated, and is now gratefully acknowledged.

Anniversary Mass.

An Anniversary High Mass of *Requiem* was offered up for Dennis Buckley on February 15. The student body and many members of the Faculty assisted.

Students' Euchre.

The students held a delightful euchre in the college hall, in the afternoon of February 21, the eve of Washington's birthday. One-hundred and sixty-four participated. Fourteen prizes were distributed, all amongst the winners of nine and eight games out of the ten played. Following, in order, are the prizes, the donors—to whom we gratefully return thanks—and the winners: Dress Suit Case, Rev. M. M. Ward, C. F. Gwyer; Gold Watch Chain, Rev. H. J. Goebel, J. A. Lafferty; Gold Sleeve Links, Rev. J. J. Schroeffel, J. P. McGonigle; First Base Man's Mitt, Rev. M. S. Retka, J. P. Strako; Fielder's Glove, Rev. A. Rachwalski, S. F. Carraher; Gold Sleeve Links, F. X. Klein, H. J. Lawler; Box of Havana Cigars, R. & W. Jenkinson Co., E. P. Flannigan; Walrus Pocket Book, B. J. Johnston, J. P. Gwyer; Five-Pound Box of Chocolates, P. J. Doherty, R. L. Hayes; Silver Mounted Clothes Brush, Kaufmann Bros., P. J. Joyce; Gent's Umbrella, M. J. Hayes, F. McCaffrey; Fancy Inkstand, Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. P. Rankin; "The Talisman," Mrs. A. Kirner, H. F. O'Connor; "The Sheriff of the Beech Fork," Rev. J. J. Laux, F. D. Grimes.

Represented at Inauguration Ceremonies.

Several members of the Faculty and sixty students representative of the College and Commercial Courses assisted, on February 22, in Carnegie Music Hall, at the formal installation of Dr. Samuel B. McCormick as Chancellor of the Western University.

Entertainments and Debates.

The Sunday evening entertainments, always popular and instructive, have acquired added interest by the fact that the various classes are now by turns represented on the programme. The First Commercial English Class began the new departure on Sunday, February 12, with "flying colors." The debate—the first public one of the class—was pronounced a decided success by all present, and augurs well for the future. The music and song and recitation were also well executed. February 19 was "Senior Night," and, of course, the "Solemn Seniors" enhanced their reputation for proficiency in things musical, oratorical and literary.

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"The City of the Plain." (Gen. 19.)

"Remember what I did to Sodom." (II. Esdras, 2-8.)

Met the winds above the City,
On the City's day of doom,
Whispering each one to the other,
'Midst an all-pervading gloom,
Of the awful sentence spoken
When, in all that shameless town,
E'en to save it from destruction,
Ten just men could not be found.

Then the North Wind, and the South Wind,
And the Winds from east and west,
Mourning sadly, hurried quickly,
Nor one look allowed to rest
On the towers of the City,
By the sun lit as it sank
In its bed of gold and crimson
In the far-off cloudy bank.

Nevermore the City's buildings,
From their roofs and whited walls,
Shall reflect the gladsome sunlight
Nor send back the bulbul's calls

From the palm and oleander
When die out the sun's last gleams
Giving place to night's dark mantle
Sundered by moon's silvery beams.

For the sluggish, ghastly waters
Of Bahr Loot's mysterious deep,
Locking all in death's grim prison,
An eternal vigil keep
O'er the City filled with dead men
Writhing with an anguish mute,
Working out the awful penance
Of their sins—sin's only fruit.

Sad the sea, and all about it
With its cheerless aspect tires.
Oft a boatman drifting homeward,
By the light of starry fires
Seeing 'neath the darkened waters
Shapes of blind men evermore
Groping, groping, groping, groping,
Speeds his light boat to the shore.

Gone is all the earthly beauty
Of "the City of the Plain,"
For dark shadows creeping slowly
Now usurp all human reign;
And the winds go murmuring sadly
'Midst an all-pervading gloom,
Through the dank mist rising slowly
From the sea, the City's tomb.

H. J. LAWLER, '09.

Letter From An Alumnus.

Freetown, West Africa, Jan. 21, 1905.

Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.:

My dear Confrère,

I intended to write to the United States immediately after the death of Brother Philip, but circumstances prevented me from doing so. The poor brother was brought up to us sick from Mayomba, a town about eighty miles inland, on November 28. When I went to see him, I jokingly asked him: "Is this a decent way to receive the visit of an old friend from the United States?" He smiled a little, and then said: "O Charlie, I am done this time, and you will get your dues too." The next morning the doctor ordered him to be brought to the hospital where better care could be bestowed upon him. At first it was thought that he had the black-water fever, but it was soon found that it was Bright's disease which ailed him, and which, alas! finally killed him. We visited him every day. The other fathers said that he did not seem to recognize them; but, whenever I went, he always recognized me and tried to join in the prayers. As I said already, he seemed from the very beginning to know that this was his last sickness. He was perfectly resigned to the holy will of God, and the nurses assured us that even in his greatest pains he did not complain or murmur, but was always as obedient as a child. On the day before his death, I went in the evening to visit him. He seemed very low, and I gave him the last absolution. The next morning, at 5:30 o'clock, a messenger from the hospital announced that he was dying. Father Lynch, the superior, hastened down and found on his arrival that our dear Brother Philip had just exspired. A Requiem High Mass was sung for him the same morning, and his funeral took place in the afternoon. All the children from the schools and as many colored and white people

as we had been able to notify in so short a time, assisted. His Lordship, Bishop O'Gorman, was at this time on a prolonged tour in the interior of the colony, and returned only the day after the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; it was not till then that he heard of Brother Philip's sickness and death. Among the missionaries of Sierra Leone he leaves behind him the fame of a good religious and of a hard worker, who did not mind the heat of the sun, but was always zealous to foster the material well-being of the station confided to his care. I am sure that the mission would welcome more brothers of his caliber.

Now I think you would like to hear something about my own adventures. My vacation in Europe was of rather short duration. I arrived in Rotterdam from New York, on September 16, and, on October 15, I looked for the last time upon the continent of Europe. I spent three days in Knechtsteden, two weeks at home, one week in Paris, two days in Berlin, and had just a look at Breslau, Cologne and Brussels. I saw Mr. Wrenn and Mr. Burgess in Chevilly. They were trying hard to make themselves "understoodable" in the French tongue. They wore their "bycicle trousers," as Tom called the culottes, and were otherwise happy. On October 14, I left Paris, passed through Rouen and Dieppe, thence to Newhaven in four hours, three of which were passed in the agonies of sea-sickness. I passed through London at 9 o'clock in the evening, arrived at Liverpool at 2 o'clock the next morning, slept for four hours in a hotel, then looked for a church to say Mass, and nearly missed the boat, which left at 9:30 o'clock. The voyage from Liverpool to Freetown took ten days, and was the finest imaginable. The farther south we went, the more beautiful the ocean and the sky became. We stopped only once, for six hours, at Las Palmas, one of the Canary Islands, where boys plunged into the sea for pennies thrown into the water by passengers. On October 26, I landed at Freetown, which, according to all travelers, presents the finest landscape of

all the towns on the western coast. The city, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, is situated on three small bays, which form one large bay. Numerous palm-trees are dispersed among the white houses, while the background is formed by mountains covered with vegetation, the loftiest of which is 2,400 feet high.

His Lordship received me with open arms, but if he had not sung out "Hello, Charlie!" I should not have recognized him, for he wears a dense, majestic beard, as all the fathers do—even I endeavor to raise a modest crop, but don't tell any body. He is in fairly good health. He has plenty of American push in him, waking up the people everywhere, and making them "hustle up" a little more—something which they needed in this country. Up to December 8, I remained in Freetown; but the day after I had "to go into the Bush," as they say here, that is to Mayomba, to replace another Father, and it was there that I obtained my first missionary experience. There I was left all to myself in company with the Mission girls, under the care of a Catholic black matron, and with the Mission boys, under the direct guidance of a black catechist. I spent my time teaching Catechism, working the garden, visiting the people in the town, and talking with them in the Mende language, sometimes with the help of one of our bigger boys, who knows some English, as interpreter, sometimes even without his help, an arduous task, but I was amply rewarded for it when I had the happiness of finding in one of the neighboring villages a little sick baby, which I baptized. The parents themselves, in fact nearly the whole village, seemed to be very well disposed, and when I spoke to them about God, the Creation, etc., they always grunted their *ig*, i. e., their affirmation and satisfaction. I had prepared myself to spend a solitary Christmas. I had built a little crib, and had ornamented our little chapel with palm and bamboo branches, for the taste of civilized people, rather fantastic ornaments, but, for our blacks, objects of the highest admiration. To my joyful surprise,

Father Bisch, who has charge of the mission, returned on the afternoon of Christmas eve. Of course we had Midnight High Mass; I was Celebrant, and Father P. Bisch director and principal member of the choir; our few baptized Catholics received Holy Communion. At 8:30 I sang another High Mass. Benediction and sermon in the evening were attended by many townspeople: even the brother of the queen was present. We also had a great Christmas dinner. It was not just a turkey-dinner, but something equivalent to it; anyhow, it was somewhat different from the daily rice and sweet potatoes; for Father P. Bisch, an Alsatian, had brought with him from Freetown a small box of sausages and sauerkraut, which, of course, we enjoyed to the utmost. On St. Stephen's day I returned in the best health to Freetown. On St. John's day, his Lordship's feast, I congratulated him, and presented him with the skin of a bush-cat, which I had killed in Mayomba. The bush-cat is a rather dangerous beast, and the one I killed was about the size of a St. Bernard. About this time I felt that there was something wrong with me. In the afternoon, I was down with fever, paying, as every white man does in this place, my first tribute to the climate of Sierra Leone. Three days after, I had to be carried to the hospital, where I remained about a week. Then the fever was practically gone, and I was carried in a hammock up to our sanatorium, i. e., a house in the mountain 1½ hours' walk from Freetown, and 1900 feet above the level of the sea, where the temperature is always ten to fifteen degrees lower than in town. There I recuperated very fast, and yesterday I returned to town on my own legs. To-night I shall leave by boat, together with Bishop O'Gorman, first for Bonthe, where we have a mission, and thence by canoe to Mobay, where I have been appointed assistant to Father Shields, and traveling missionary.

These, my dear friend and confrère, are about all the adventures I have met with since my coming to Africa.

The life is somewhat strenuous, but that is just to my taste.

I hope that you enjoy your life as professor in the college. I am sure you do, since you are an old hand at it, and you do not need to be "broken in." I trust that you will be able to find time to send news to me in the Bush. In fact, I should be glad to receive from time to time some newspapers, etc., and more than glad if you could manage to send me some intentions of Masses, for the intentions send to us personally we are allowed to employ for the station we are in. Perhaps you will be able to help me in this respect, and use your influence to procure some for me.

Give my best regards to all the Fathers, and tell them that I cannot write to each individually, but that I hope to hear from them occasionally.

Your confrère in Christ,

CHAS. RUDOLPH, C. S. SP.,
Miss. Ap.

The Anglican Church Of To-day.

On the sixth of last October, bishops and distinguished clergymen from all parts of the world congregated in St. Mark's Cathedral, Boston, to attend the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

At the Convention held in San Francisco three years ago, everyone looked forward to the Convention of 1904 as likely to be the most notable and by far the most important event in the English Church either in this country or abroad. The Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Dean and several canons of St. Paul's, London, arrived in New York, on September 25. His purpose in coming was to attend the Boston Convention in the interest of the Church of England in America, and

to install the altar in the magnificent cathedral of St. John the Divine, presented by King Edward VII. to Bishop Potter as a memorial of the late Queen. This cathedral, which has been building for the past ten years, and which, when completed, will be one of the greatest master-pieces of American architecture, will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000,000.

Let us see why this General Convention was of so much importance; why every Episcopalian throughout the world was anxiously awaiting its decisions, and what were its results. One who has been intimately associated with her clergy and laity for the past four years, and has watched her movement from time to time, hears the questions asked by the whole Episcopal world—"What will our Spiritual Mother be in the next hundred years? Will she be the strong and influential Church we have hoped for? or will she be ruled by the denominations which surround her?" It was questions of this nature that made the Boston Convention so important, and brought delegates from every land where the English Church is planted.

Questions which were left undecided at the Convention of 1901 were again brought up and discussed. The three which were of most imporrance were: The change in the name—Protestant-Episcopal, the divorce question, and the change in some of the canons as put forth in the Book of Common Prayer. The change of name was the first question brought before the Convention. Bishop Potter, representing the Broad Church party, began the argument, which was continued by bishops representing the other three parties, namely; the Low, High, and Ritualistic. No two of these bishops could agree as to what the Church should be called. The different delegates were then called upon, and they argued for the diocese from which they came. Many names were proposed, and each one was discussed before the Convention. The Ritualistic party strongly objected to the name, *Protestant-Episcopal*, and wished the Church

to be called either the English or the American Catholic Church. They maintained that the English Church is a true sister of the Roman Church, and therefore ought to share in the family name. Indeed, the corner-stones of a great many Ritualistic churches, such as St. Mary the Virgin's and St. Agnes', New York City, and St. Margaret's, Boston, have the name *Catholic* instead of *Protestant-Episcopal* engraved upon them. The High Church party wished the name changed to that of the Church of America, for they claim that the Anglican Church is the Church of the English-speaking people, and, since America uses the English language, so, likewise, she ought to be known as the English Church. The Broad Church party were opposed to the word *Protestant*, and wished to call it simply the Episcopal Church, for, as they say, those outside of the Church are inclined to class the English Church with the sects. The Low Church strove to maintain the old name, for its members claim the Church is not only protesting against Rome, but against the sects. After three days' debating on this question, votes were cast. No party carried a two-thirds' majority, and it was decided to shelve the question until the Convention of 1907.

As no decided conclusion could be reached in regard to the name of the Church, neither was there any greater progress made in regard to divorce and the canons. It has always been the law of the English Church to ex-communicate divorced persons. There was a slight change in the canons, but of very little importance. So we see that the convention which was to be the greatest in the history of the Anglican Church had no results of importance.

Let us now look at the present position of the English Church. We often hear from her most prominent bishops, both abroad and in this country, that this age is the turning point of the Church; she is now at her most critical period, and she must either advance or fall back. Many say that she will continue to become more ritualistic until the movement will result in a

second Reformation. She finds that hundreds who were once her most influential and zealous members are now adherents of the Roman Communion, while her converts are becoming fewer every year. It is a fact clearly seen that the Low and the Broad Church parties are growing smaller and weaker, while the Ritualistic and the High churchmen are rapidly increasing. Only five years ago Cleveland had ten Low churches, while to-day she has not a single one; two of those which were the extreme Low are to-day the most Ritualistic. Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, who is their presiding bishop in America, compares tne Anglican Church to the pendulum of a clock. It keeps swinging backward and forward. After the Reformation it was so Low that many wished to do away with the ceremonies and vestments worn by the so-called priest, and a High Church was not to be found. It gradually began swinging in the opposite direction until to-day a Low Church party is seldom found.

As in the case of every organization, the future of the Church depends upon the rising generation. The outlook for the Anglican Church, judging from this standpoint, seems very weak indeed. Fifty-one dioceses out of the ninety-eight into which the United States is divided, are not giving a single young man for the ministry, while many others have only one or two. Many of the divinity schools, especially in the West, are being closed, and many dioceses in the East are uniting in one school, as the place for educating their ministers. Every year the numbers are becoming fewer to supply the mission fields and the home districts, while, in a parish of twelve hundred, few more than a hundred and ninety-five are enrolled on the Sunday-school registers. The young men are losing interest in the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and the Order of the Holy Cross, so that these two orders, which were once so strong in the missionary fields and the slums of our large cities, are now so weak that many of their houses have been closed. The two organizations for young ladies wishing to lead a religious life—the Sisters

of Bethany and St. Margaret's Society—have lost their old strongholds in this country. In many instances, churches, which were once the most thriving and prosperous in the diocese, have been turned into mission chapels, and matins are daily recited by a lay reader. Indeed, we find this state of affairs throughout the entire Church, and it is noticed by its leaders to such an extent that Bishop Tuttle asked every church throughout the land to offer up prayers that the number of laborers might be increased. The month of October, 1903, was chosen for this purpose, and special prayers were said in every cathedral church daily.

Pronounced opposition, even hatred, has risen between the Ritualistic and Broad Church parties. In many instances parishioners have to go as far as six miles to a church where they can worship as they wish, while perhaps only in the next block from their home is a church of their own denomination; because it is too Low or too High they refuse to attend. The Ritualists are discarding the Episcopal ritual and vestments almost entirely, and are adopting ceremonies used in the Roman Catholic Church. The change is so great that a Broad Churchman can follow the service no better than a Baptist or a Methodist. On entering a Ritualistic church, one sees the sanctuary lamp burning before the high altar, and statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, to say nothing of the numerous candles which are kept constantly burning before some sacred picture or image. They celebrate on Sunday what they term a *Solemn High Mass*, in which they entirely adopt the Catholic ceremonies and prayers.

The Anglican Church is to-day a new study to her bishops and clergy; they are beginning to realize that their Church has not one spark of true Catholic life, and that she is simply a sect founded like Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, without the least claim to divine organization. The religious spirit of the Church is being lost, and, as many of her adherents admit, all that keeps

up the Church is the wealth of America and the aristocracy of England. It is sad to see people of intelligence and zeal wasting their energy in the service of a sect that has not in it even a vestige of Catholicity.

JOSEPH ANTHONY STRONG, '09.

An April Thought.

The earth had lost its emerald hue,
White snow had covered hill and dale;
The sky, bereft of its deep blue,
With mists and clouds grew leaden-pale.

When Spring came with a myriad flow'rs
Deep gloom quick blushed to rosy light,
With music rang by day green bow'rs,
All Nature dreamt of love by night.

When Death had laid her icy hand
On Christ, His Mother shed sad tears;
Deep darkness spread o'er all the land
And overwhelmed the earth with fears.

But when our Lord, on Easter-day,
Rose from the dead in glory clad,
Earth's face at once turned bright and gay;
All eyes spoke joy, all hearts were glad.

Our days in one sad tenor run,
They form a chain of toil and care,
They'll end with tears as they've begun;
Yea, bitter tears flow everywhere.

Both Winter's gloom and Death's grief end;
Thine too, O pilgrim, will pass by:
With Christ who suffers, must ascend
With Christ for aye to reign on high.

STAN. J. KOLIPINSKI, '05.

American Contributions to English Literature.

The rivalry, so bitter and so intense, between the two great English-speakihg nations of the world, is an inexhaustible theme, as well as a worthy motive, for numberless articles from the pens of all classes of writers. This feeling found its beginning on the field of battle, in a sanguinary but just revolution, which brought glory, freedom, and prosperity to our forefathers, and, through them, to us. After the termination of that great struggle, England rapidly lost ground in her endeavors to regain political ascendency and to retain her prestige as mistress in the domains of science, art and literature.

During the past century of almost universal intellectual progress, many great writers have lived, and written in their respective languages, but none surpass the English, either in the quality or the quantity of their productions. And now the question arises: Has America produced her share of good English literature? has she really contributed anything of value? Many Englishmen say not, while we Americans, point to a long list of brilliant poets, successful novelists, able historians, and remarkable humorists, as an unanswerable argument against these insinuations, and we emphatically declare that many of their works are on a par with the best that the British have produced during the same period of time; and, moreover, we assert that to-day we can boast of writers in all branches, equal to any existing in England.

The state of the times, the country's rapid growth, its mixed and ever changing population, have prevented us from attaining anything like a National Literature, nor can we boast of any masters such as are Shakespeare, Pope, Tennyson, and Ruskin, but we can give that very breadth of views and works, resulting from this combination of circumstances, as a national characteristic indicative of the broad-mindedness of the people. To say that we have masters such as has England, would be an exaggeration. That country has been a center of civiliza-

tion and of learning for ages; her channels of thought have been perfected, and all the ways prepared for men of genius to devote that profound application necessary for the production of master-pieces. Authors in this new land of ours, whose mind and thoughts are of more recent formation, have had to break ground, as it were, to discover what would please a people formed, as they are, into an energetic and bustling whole, out of such various nationalities and descents. The government of the nation is practically a new experiment in political science. All this has rendered the national thought, if such it may be called, unsettled and unstable, and has allowed few very deep works on any subject. Considering all these disadvantages under which the mind of American genius has been laboring, the amount, the strength, and the beauty of our literature, are truly wonderful.

Before the Revolution, little of value was written. The large number of worthless publications treating of sectarian strife in the colonies can scarcely be called American. We understand by American something pertaining to the United States; hence, all the productions of that era of our history were essentially British.

The first really American writer, whose name is worthy of mention, is Benjamin Franklin. Although he is far more famous as politician and patriot than as author, he has left us some very able manuscripts on various subjects, which already show that breadth which characterize all American writers. Surrounding and associated with him we see such men as Hamilton, Brackenridge, Jefferson and Otis, whose work on independence revealed a spirit, beauty and force, which augured well for the accomplishments of the American pen in a more mature and peaceful time.

Soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century, works which showed the qualifications necessary to withstand the ravages of time, began to appear, until now we have a formidable array of great writers on this side of the Atlantic. To speak at any length of them all would

require volumes, but to point out a few of their salient characteristics will be sufficient to convince a fair-minded person with literary tendencies and critical capability, of their relative merit.

Chief among our novelists, appear the names of Cooper, Hawthorne and Crawford. Cooper, especially, treats subjects almost as truly as Dickens, although in an entirely different sphere. His feeling is as tender, his pathos as deep, his discriptions as strong and realistic; in every way he is the Englishman's equal, except, perhaps, that Cooper's works were not aimed to correct abuses and brought about no political uphearals.

Prescott and Bancroft, together with Irving, are historians, whose equals it would be difficult to find among the English of the last century. Prescott, by the breadth of his work, by his concise yet elegant style, and by his accurate veracity, is a universal authority on all matters touching the history of the Western Continent, and he has also left us much valuable matter on European subjects. Irving is also an historian of undoubted worth, but it is chiefly as an essayist and descriptive writer that we know him. As a word-painter, he falls little short of Ruskin, either in variety of subjects or in delicacy of treatment, and he is far more extensively read by all classes, on account of his beautiful simplicity. Emerson is thought by many to be even a better essayist. He is widely known, both here and in England.

For deep, beautiful and tender sentiment, and for metrical movement, Poe's poems, especially his *Annabel Lee*, are unsurpassed. Many other works from the pen of that strange man have become famous. Brownson, in his search for the true faith, and in his finding and subsequent following of it, as well as in his great political struggles, has produced works not far inferior to Newman and Manning; and his essays have created a national interest.

Speaking of men such as Franklin, Garrison and Dana, we cannot admit to mention the line of work

which made them famous. This branch of literature, which is often overlooked in treating this subject, is that which appears in magazine form. In this, at least, the most partial Briton must concede us supremacy. Since the founding of the *Saturday Evening Post* by Benjamin Franklin, in 1728, the number of periodicals has steadily increased, until now every large city in the country can boast of several. Many are written for the general public, with articles of interest to all classes, while others are devoted to some particular class. We have literary magazines, scientific publications, and papers gotten up especially for the people of different trades: every considerable society and every sect has its own organ, while publications of the Church, replete with the most beautiful and select Catholic literature, are found in all parts of the country. Every large newspaper has in its Sunday edition a magazine section, an editorial section, a political, a scientific, a theatrical, and a literary review; the best books are criticized, for the most part truly and elegantly, and are thus introduced to the reading public. These periodicals are within the reach of all, and are extensively read by the people. All our greatest writers have contributed and still contribute to them, and thus every American becomes acquainted with the writers of his own day. Many of these writers have been the editors of the papers which their names and contributions have made famous. Besides Franklin, the most famous have been William Lloyd Garrison, with his great work against slavery in the "Liberator," and Charles Dana, the editor of the *New York Sun*. However, since the time when Addison and Steele were editors of the *Spectator* and other such papers, England can boast of few authors who have become famous as contributors to their own papers.

Had America produced no other writers except Longfellow, Whittier and Riley, her literature would be worthy of consideration. Without doubt, Longfellow is a greater favorite in England than any other poet of this century. He is Scott's equal in the production of musical poetry

and in descriptions, and, unlike that poet, he never allows himself to be carried away by narrow-mindedness or prejudice. His descriptions of foreign lands, and his varied works on so many subjects are a source of constant admiration. Taken all in all, he may be regarded as the most successful poet of the age. James Whitcomb Riley is a writer of rare beauty and originality in his quaint, homely, heart-touching style, and he easily surpasses any English poet of to-day. Austin, the Poet Laureate of England, is little known, either here or in his native land, and he has no worthy contemporaries. Clemens, Holmes, and Bill Nye, as humorists, have found no equals. Numerous other names might be mentioned, whose greatness cannot be doubted, such as are Noah and Daniel Webster, Halleck, Bryant, England and Spaulding. Daniel Webster's speeches and sayings have become common property in every household. Noah Webster's *Dictionary* was the first complete work of that kind published since Dr. Johnson's had become antiquated, and all dictionaries used to-day are based on it.

On the other hand, we find very few British writers whose ignorance and bigotry have not rendered comparatively worthless many, otherwise, beautiful works, and lowered their own general standard as poets. It is an undeniable, and, to us a most pleasing, fact, that we are rapidly overtaking England, yet we must admit that she has, in a measure, surpassed us during the past century with such men as Scott, Tennyson, Newman, Dickens, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Manning, Byron and numerous others. Still it would be very hard to conclude that America has not contributed even more to English literature than could be expected from her, if we consider the men who have written, the times in which they wrote, and the English writers of the same period.

F. J. Neilan, '05.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

A resolution follows on religion in the schools:

"In the terms of our resolution of last year, we observe again with deep satisfaction the gradual growth among our non-Catholic fellow citizens of the conviction that religious instruction of some sort in the school is absolutely necessary for the welfare of our Country. Witness the discussions of the National Education Association, and of the Religious Education Association, both of which fully justify the position maintained by Catholics for the past half century. We note with pleasure that while the pupils of our Catholic schools receive a thorough religious training, their proficiency in secular studies is not inferior, but in many cases superior, to that of public school children. Convinced that we are not called upon to suggest plans for the various non-Catholic denominations, we propose this solution of the educational problem, so far as we are concerned:

"First—Let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; second, let the educational per capita tax be disbursed for results in purely secular studies only, in our Catholic schools, our teachers receiving their salaries as other teachers receive theirs; third, to ascertain these results, let our schools be submitted to State or city examinations. Thus will the great principle of our Government: 'No public moneys for sectarian purposes,' be preserved intact."

All-absorbing for many years, in the most civilized lands, has been this great problem of education. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down, because as the Declaration of Independence says, no question is settled till settled aright. Certainly, the solution is difficult, because it is impossible to please all, and politicians like to please all. Catholics will not be satisfisd till justice be done them, and certain parties will spontaneously oppose any attempt to give them justice: fortunately, this latter spirit—especially among the people at large—is daily decreasing, and in many large cities is even practically null. Nearly all measures have opponents, and the important matter is justice, truth and the general good of the country. We know and believe and earnestly profess that God is the God of nations as of individuals, but our public school system is not logical: we intend to respect consciences, and our system ignores consciences. It gradual-

ly begets the idea that faith and religion have no place in public. Whereas children necessarily give so much time and attention to school-life that men refer to early life as school-boy days, our schools exclude religion or force upon the child the idea that all beliefs are equally good and equally defective, which is, in practical experience, as in sound philosophy, the high road to indifferentism and infidelity. Empty churches are the despairing watch-word of Protestantism. Catholic thinkers forewarned them and they scoffed at the warning. Now they begin, for the sake of self-preservation, rather than from candor, to admit its realization and its cause. The writer is fully convinced that nothing can do more than the public school system to disrupt Protestantism, to disintegrate it rapidly, fundamentally, irreparably: it may for that be providential. A system which admits the name of Christianity and a little Bible-reading, leaves the rest to private judgment, hushes all definite statements of anything religious while professing respect for all belief, is essentially Protestant, scientifical Protestantism. It runs headlong to the precipice pointed out for it by scientific theologians of the Catholic Church—infidelity; and it runs much more rapidly than Protestant church systems because its course is unimpeded by such hurdling as Y. M. C. A. basket-ball, ladies' euchres, and other social ideas such as accompanying an escort to the services, hearkening to a lauded soloist warbling a few platitudes or to a preacher dilating on some such advertised theme as: Did Christ have moral courage? The ethics of foot-ball; Why the Anglo-Saxon is destined to control the earth; Was St. Paul a Christian? St. Patrick was a Methodist. Our churches are filled to overflowing three or four times a Sunday, as a rule. It is useless to assert Protestants are willing to attend, but do not consider there is any obligation to go to church every Sunday. The majority of them are not even baptized, and hence neglect the first obligation of a Christian. The need seems to be to invent social attractions and "sermons" on

subjects of profane and wordly interest with a slightly religious flavor or fringe.

Public opinion is stronger than private opinion, and to expel religion from public education inevitably conduces to render public persuasion and influence irreligious. Protestants used to inveigh against the denominational system and rave with the A. P. A. about the sanctity of the public school, mostly because the former apparently favored Catholicity. This reason is a mistake, since all Christian belief would profit of a denominational system; but it became prevalent, because Catholic foresight discerning the shoals ahead while non-Catholic assuredness did not, the divergence led the latter to suspect we were weak where they were strong, and that it might be easy to surpass us by upholding what we found undesirable. Actuality forces the admission that we wax stronger and the hold of various denominations upon the public mind is daily less. Yet our motive was not enthusiasm for variety, not any tendency to cause disturbance, not disaffected patriotism, not the yearning for advertisement; it has always been the conscientious conviction that our public school methods practically, albeit unintentionally, induce agnosticism, and do not favor religion, whereas agnosticism merits no favor, is false, ruins the moral power of any nation and finally means nothing, and is nothing.

Education—the public school education—was formerly looked upon as a reliable antidote for every criminal tendency. Our penitentiary records proved the supposition incorrect. Then, critics hastened to philosophize over the situation, and, of course, arrived at the conclusion that education without a religious basis of moral conduct is a very considerable addition to the criminal's resourcefulness. What rectitude is given by mathematics, geography, languages, botany, and the ordinary curriculum? History has as much bad as good in it, and is not necessarily a moral guide unless interpreted by one who has a moral standard to begin by. Literature, shorn of

religion, is deprived of its most glorious passages, its finest inspiration. Nor would the perusal of Sacred Scripture as mere literature—though honestly proposed by well-meaning Christians—be advisable. Some teachers do not believe in the Bible. Jews do not believe in the New Testament. The mere reading of a Bible has been adjudged unconstitutional by Supreme Courts in three or four States. Besides, the Book is theological before all else as everyone knows, and to view it otherwise is so to diminish its authority, that Huxley, Renan and a host of atheists advise the allotment of Holy Writ to literary departments. Disraeli, of England, could not express his disdain for the idea that a reading of the Bible "without note or comment" could profit even adults.

England, Germany, Belgium, Holland and other lands have a satisfactory system: this does not mean Catholics do not complain there, but that we would be satisfied with their system. If an Anglican and a Lutheran government have a system satisfactory to us, why could not the Land of Liberty, which is bound to no sect? The Catholics of England saw the Government try the undenominational system for thirty years and then forsake it. Its ablest statesmen agreed that no Church or State can invent an undenominational system. In Germany, Malinckrodt cried out in Parliament: "Undenominational schools form undenominational scholars," pupils of no belief, nameless. The secret societies of atheism labor especially to produce undenominational schools. These neutralize the work of the Church. Is the child a metaphysician analyzing the influences of church and school, and allotting to each fair proportion? No, but they being illogical, jar on the puerile consciousness. Hence the desolation of irreligion. President Eliot, of Harvard, is a leading educational authority of the land in the present system, because he is leader in the Massachusetts System, and our States in general copy from Massachusetts. Sometime ago, he proclaimed: "It is indis-

putable that we have experienced a profound disappointment in the results thus far obtained from a widely diffused popular education." Hereunto he appends a list of crimes and defects in our public life. President Schurmann, of Cornell University, declared a year ago: "It is time for all honest Americans to recognize that there is really no moral education in our public schools, and, of course, no spiritual or religious instruction." Professor Coe, of Northwestern University, lecturing at Chicago, January, 1903, said: "The position of Roman Catholics in regard to religion and education and their policy in the establishment of parochial schools are absolutely correct." The National Educational Association and Religious Education Association are referred to in the resolution, and we may conclude that our best and most influential non-Catholics agree that religion is necessary for the land, and that the public school system being inadequate, denominational schools are necessary for the moral elevation of the people as also in justice to the rights of conscience. The above resolution also broaches a plan which is not only feasible and just but practiced already in other lands where there is certainly no more love of truth and justice than we can perceive in the United States.

THOMAS A. GIBLIN, C. S. Sp.

OBITUARY.

John F. Miller, one of the well-known members of the Allegheny County Bar, died on March 13, at his home 3926 Liberty Avenue, from a complication of diseases. He was born in this city in 1868, and entered Pittsburg College in September, 1880. Of studious habits and rare receptivity, he took the lead in several of his classes and graduated with honor in 1889. Three years later he was admitted to practice law in the Allegheny County Courts. In the college debating societies he had acquired an unusual facility of speech, readiness of retort, and a wide range of knowledge of historical and political subjects. In the Courts and on the political platform, he had few equals in arguing a point of law, in supporting a plank with variety and force of proof, fitness of camparison and aptness of illustration, or in overwhelming an adversary by close reasoning, brilliant flashes of wit and withering sarcasm. His old classmates showed their appreciation of his devotedness to his *Alma Mater* by making him third President of the *Alumni* Association. His aged father and younger brother, Frank, have our most sincere and profound sympathy. *R. I. P.*

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EDITORIAL.

The Catholic Encyclopedia.

At last the English-speaking Catholic world is on the eve of having a long-felt need supplied. We certainly "hailed with delight" the news that "a great Catholic encyclopedia in the English language was soon to become an actuality." It is hardly necessary to dwell on the importance of such a work, and its necessity is obvious. Every one knows that Catholic subjects have never been given fair treatment in the various encyclopedic works of England or America. The *International* and *Appleton's* try to be unbiassed, and they deserve credit and patronage; but even these well-meant attempts fall far short of what the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, needs—a thorough,

scholarly and unprejudiced handling of all subjects relating to the history, constitution and doctrine of the Catholic Church. Although she is the "city built on a mountain," still most men are content to view her at a distance, and give out exaggerated and incorrect reports about her. But we think we perceive a tendency growing up amongst men of all shades of belief to examine her closely. The projected encyclopedia will be their guide-book and interpreter. "It will present," according to the circular sent out by Mr. Condé B. Pallen, "in concise form, authentic statements of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, historical facts, correct accounts of individuals, equitable judgments on events, situations and controversies." Not a single question of interest, social, political, educational, philanthropic, philosophic, or theologic, is omitted from the programme mapped out by the board of editors, which is made up of the following well-known Catholic scholars and authors: Charles G. Herbermann, Ph. D., LL. D., Editor-in-chief; Edw. A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D.; Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D.; Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., and John J. Wynne, S. J. The business ability and experience of the publishers and directors promise well for the ultimate success of the great undertaking. The encyclopedia will comprise 15 volumes, quarto, each containing 832 pages, 100 text illustrations, 10 half-tones, 3 colored plates, and several maps. The binding and typography will be of superior quality. The first volume will appear in one year, and the entire work will be finished in five years from the appearance of the first volume. The BULLETIN wishes the editors and directors god-speed in their noble labors in the cause of truth.

Assisting the Emigrant.

Of late an organization has been formed by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, for the purpose of assisting Catholic emigrants to secure good lands and all possible facilities of Church and School.

At present, we are receiving a different class of emigrants from any that have previously landed on our shores. Croatians, Russians, Ruthenians, Greeks and Northern Italians are pouring into the "land of the free." It is a fact of history that all these are sturdy peasants, and would add immensely to the prosperity of the United States if they were carefully looked after. They would make excellent farmers; they are sober, industrious, and likely, in a few years, to become independent. Most of these emigrants are Catholics, who leave their native country from poverty or religious persecution. Ignorant of the language and customs of their adopted country, they are imposed upon by land agents, or "sharks," or by scheming men who say they are priests, and defraud them of their money, and often of their faith. It would be an incalculable benefit to these people if they could be located near a church and school, in which they would find their own tongue spoken. It would be an additional advantage if they were given the opportunity of buying their lands directly from the owners, and spared the necessity of paying an exorbitant price to the middle man. All these facilities will be given by the projected society. It has already formed an information bureau for the purpose of assisting prospective Catholic emigrants. The good it will do, if given the hearty approval of all, can hardly be over-estimated. It is, without doubt, a move in the right direction; and had it been instituted years ago, the number of Catholics in the United States to-day would be much larger.

The incorporators of the company are: Archbishop Glennon, Very Rev. O. Hoog, Very Rev. J. Connolly, J. C. Kenny, and J. M. Huber. We have no doubt that, under the leadership of so eminent and well qualified a man as Archbishop Glennon, and with the co-operation of such able business men as Mr. Kenny and Mr. Huber, the enterprise will prove a grand success and a lasting benefit, not only to Missouri, but to the whole country.



The Rationale of Sodalities.

Tne formation of sodalities for the young of both sexes has always been encouraged and favored by the Church. *Exempla trahunt* is an old proverb and most true, especially in the case of the young. The spring time of life is the season of ideals—the young man, the child even, feels a consciousness within him of aspirations which must have an object. He must have some hero to look up to, to admire and imitate; "and he creates," as Cardinal Newman says, "if he cannot discover an object for his veneration." If this be so, if youth must have heroes to worship, it is of the highest importance to guard him against the false, pernicious hero-worship of the world, and to hold up to him true heroes and high ideals alone worthy of his admiration and emulation. To do this, is the end of every sodality.

The Christ-child of Bethlehem and of Nazareth and of the Temple—here is the ideal of every youth; here is his hero, his model, his friend—a friend supremely worthy of the ardent and fresh love of his young heart. Real, personal love for the youthful God—a love like that which the Baptist must have had for Him, and which drove the Beloved Disciple to His bosom, and which made St. Peter leap into the sea,—behold the answer to the yearnings of the heart of every noble Christian child, the object of his aspirations. Love begets imitation. It is the aim of the Sodality of the Infant Jesus to arouse, foster and intensify in the heart of the young student this fruitful love for the Child-God.

The Angels of God, those pure Spirits endowed with intelligence, will, power and beauty far surpassing that which is most perfect in man, have ever been an endless source of admiration and love for the care-free mind and sin-free heart. To make the young student a devoted client of the Angels, an imitator of their purity, their humility, their obedience and their charity, is the end of the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

From the contemplation of the Holy Angels, the student is led up to the throne of the Queen of Angels, to marvel at the mysteries of her Immaculate Heart. "Mary's very image is a book in which we may read at a glance the mystery of the Incarnation and the mercy of the Redemption; and withal her own gracious perfections also, who was made by her divine son the very type of humility, gentleness, fortitude, purity, patience, love." What Christian youth can look upon her without praying for the gifts of simplicity, modesty, purity—such as hers?

By Mary the student is conducted to her heavenly Spouse, the Holy Ghost, in order that the Spirit of wisdom and love, of knowledge and understanding, may inflame his heart with a thirst for true learning, and instil into his heart a wholesome fear of God as a safeguard against the dangers of a world which he is about to enter

and which "desires to have him, that it may sift him as wheat."

We append the titles of the Sodalities and the names of the officers.

Holy Ghost	Director	V. Rev. M. A. Hehir...
	Prefect	R. L. Hayes
	First Assistant	C. M. Keane
	Second Assistant	F. J. Neilan
	Secretary	T. F. O'Shea
	Treasurer	C. F. Gwyer
	Librarian	J. M. Kilgallen
	Standard Bearer	A. C. Bejenkowski
Immaculate Heart	Director	Rev. T. A. Giblin
	Prefect	J. B. Keating
	First Assistant	F. J. Stack
	Second Assistant	J. McGovern
	Secretary	E. F. Jackson
	Treasurer	D. R. Dowling
	Librarian	F. McCaffrey
	Standard Bearer	C. A. McKenna
Child Jesus	Director	Rev. J. J. Laux
	Prefect	B. G. McGuigan
	First Assistant	C. W. Puhl
	Second Assistant	P. A. Dugan
	Secretary	G. J. Bullion
	Treasurer	C. E. Haley
	Librarian	H. J. Zimmer
	Standard Bearer	C. J. Duffy
Holy Angels	Director	Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld...
	Prefect	J. Sonnefeld
	First Assistant	G. P. Parker
	Second Assistant	J. G. Smisko
	Secretary	T. S. Gillespie
	Treasurer	W. J. Scanlon
	Librarian	J. F. Gillespie
	Standard Bearer	H. V. Cray

GYMNASTICS.

Under the able direction of Professor Koch, the gymnasts are making wonderful progress. The boys all take to his system of training, and the result is that he experiences little difficulty in handling the large classes. It is the professor's intention to pick a select team in the near future, and begin a special course of training for the annual exhibition to be given on the night of the drama "William Tell," which is to be presented in the early part of May.

The gymnasium apparatus has been valuably supplemented by the arrival of a new horse (Chicago model), adjustable parallel bars, jumping uprights, and sixty pairs of Indian clubs and dumb bells. The Narragansett Machine Co., Providence, R. I, filled the order.

LOCALS.

Lecture on Total Abstinence.

On Wednesday, March 1, the students were assembled in the entertainment hall to hear Rev. Father Siebenfoercher, of Kenton, Ohio, deliver a discourse on Total Abstinence. The Rev. Father spoke interestingly on the bad effects of intemperance and the great benefits of total abstinence; by many excellent examples and anecdotes he showed how the man of temperate habits is always the most successful in life. He afterwards announced that a Society would soon be formed in the College, with Rev. Thomas Giblin as president. Throughout the discourse the interest of the students never flagged, and the sayings of the speaker were received with great applause.

Forty Hours' Devotion.

The Forty Hours' Devotion began in the College on the first day of March, and closed on the first Friday of the month. All the students approached the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. Donations of flowers and candles were received from Mrs. X. O. Werder, of the East End, Mrs. J. Duffy, of Oakland, Miss B. Wrenn, of Youngstown, Ohio, Mr. Edw. H. Kempf, of Main Street, Mr. Clement J. Staud and Mr. Claude Puhl, to each of whom we beg to convey our sincere thanks.

Alumni Smoker.

Many of the past students assembled in the college hall on the evening of March 6, the attraction being a Smoker. After a thoroughly enjoyable time, during which a substantial lunch was served, the gentlemen present proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year. The voting resulted as follows:

President, Eugene S. Reilly; Vice President, Frank T. Lauinger; Treasurer, Lawrence M. Heyl, and Secretary, Rev. Henry J. McDermott. J. V. Dunlevy presided.

Mr. Reilly was born in this city in 1874. On the completion of his college course he became associated with the West End Traction Company. During the last four years of the ten he was connected with this company he acted as general manager. On its absorption in 1901 by the Pittsburg Railways Company, he became an incorporator of the Fort Pitt Malleable & Grey Iron Company and lately succeeded his father, J. C. Reilly, as President. He has also been President of the American Steel Company, a Pennsylvania corporation, since its incorporation in 1903. He is associated with William Burns, another past student, doing a general stock brokerage and real estate business under the name of Burns & Reilly, at 326 Fourth Avenue.

Mr. Lauinger attended the College from 1883 to 1892. Intending to adopt the profession of law, he attended the lectures for two years in Georgetown University, D. C. The death of his father, who had been in the real estate business in McKee's Rocks, caused him to assume the business of his parent. In 1899 he entered into partnership with H. P. Haas, with offices at 432 Fourth Avenue. In 1903 the firm changed its name and was incorporated as the Freehold Real Estate Company. Mr. Lauinger is its Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Heyl attended the College when it was situated in Wylie Avenue. He is a member of the firm of M. Heyl & Sons, wholesale tobacco merchants, 965 Liberty Avenue.

Father McDermott has been a member of the Pittsburg College Faculty since 1887.

Annual Alumni Banquet.

Soon after the Smoker, Mr. E. S. Reilly invited the following gentlemen to meet him in the Hotel Henry on March 14, for the purpose of discussing the coming *Alumni* banquet: J. V. Dunlevy, L. M. Heyl, J. E. Kane, J. P. Kelly, F. T. Lauinger, Rev. H. J. McDermott and P. B. Reilly. The opinions of all were freely expressed, and committees were appointed to make the necessary arrangements. All the members of the committees are energetic young men with a wide social connection. Their ambition is to make the coming banquet an unprecedented success. It will be held in the Hotel Henry on April 29.

New Statues Blessed.

On Wednesday morning, March 22, after Mass, in presence of the whole student body, the Very Rev. President blessed the statues of SS. Thomas of Aquin and Anthony of Padua. These statues have been erected in memory of Rev. Father Frommherz, C. S. Sp., who died in 1902, and of Mr. Fred. Rausch, who died in 1897. They are the gifts of the parents of these two *Alumni*.

Previous to the blessing of the statues, the Very Rev. President spoke of the honor paid to the statues of saints, as authorized by Holy Scripture, by tradition, and the general practice of the Church. He then gave a brief account of the lives and works of these two great servants of God. After directing the attention of the students to the heroic virtues practiced by each of these saints, and how they have been honored in the Church for the last six hundred years, he urged all to take them as models and to honor them as patrons, particularly St Thomas, whom Leo XIII. has made the patron of all Catholic schools, colleges and universities.

BASE-BALL.

'Varsity Base-Ball Schedule for 1905.

April	8	Wilkinsburg Independents	College Campus
"	15	Mt. Washington A. C.	College Campus
"	26	Open	College Campus
"	29	East End Lyceum	College Campus
May	4	Westminster College	College Campus
"	6	Indiana Normal	Indiana, Pa.
"	8	McKeesport	McKeesport, Pa.
"	9	W. U. P. Medical College	College Campus
"	13	California Normal	California, Pa.
"	16	Open	College Campus
"	19	Bethany College	College Campus
"	20	Waynesburg College	College Campus
"	22	California Normal	College Campus
"	23	Allegheny College	College Campus
"	27	Turtle Creek	Turtle Creek, Pa.
"	30	Wilmerding (two games)	Wilmerding, Pa.
June	3	Indiana Normal	College Campus
"	9	West Virginia University	Morgantown
"	10	West Virginia University	College Campus
"	12	Open	College Campus
"	15	Open	College Campus
"	17	Pittsburg Lyceum	College Campus
"	19	Slippery Rock Normal	College Campus
"	22	Open	College Campus
"	24	Beaver Falls Athletics	Beaver Falls

'Varsity Gleanings.

Long before the cold and dreary days of Winter gave way to the sunny days of Spring, the eagerness of the many base-ball artists for the arrival of this pleasant period of the year manifested itself, and we were treated to some excellent exhibitions very often when snow covered the ground.

That we have bright prospects for a first-class team this year, may be easily seen by reading over the list of candidates. Nine of last year's famous team will again don the pads and jump out to do battle for the red and blue. The batteries will, without doubt, give an excellent account of themselves, and for the infield the prospects are much brighter than in any previous year. Duffy, Hayes, Harrell, Brennan and Gastmeyer are a combination hard to improve upon. The out-field will be exceptionally strong, and there is not the least reason why our representatives should not eclipse last season's enviable record. The schedule which has been arranged calls for

twenty-six games, most of which will be played on the college campus, and we are pleased to note that all the leading colleges in Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia will pay us a visit.

Mr. Keating, the enterprising and practical manager, deserves the highest praise for preparing the finest schedule in the history of the 'Varsity team.

The following is a list of the candidates who responded to the call of Captain Hayes early in March: Catchers, Daly, McCaffrey; Pitchers, Collins, Kummer, Engel, Donaldson, Kilgallen, Smith, Howard; Short-stop, Gastmeyer; First, Duffy; Second, Brennan; Third, Hayes; Right, Dougherty, Neilan, Sweeney; Center, Keating, Manager; Left, Harrell, Cleary, H. Collins.

A Disappointment.

To the great regret of the students, the annual games with St. Vincent will not be played this year. The St. Vincent team was always a great favorite here, and the local patrons are quite disappointed. Negotiations with W. & J. also fell through.

The Reserves.

The Reserves have again been organized, and the material presented bids fair to make a strong combination of players. Of last season's team Baum, Rankin, Toohill and Whelan will be again on hand, and several of the newcomers have shown that they are capable of holding their own in the Reserves' class.

Carl Baum was chosen Captain, and W. J. Fandraj, Manager, at a meeting held on March 13. The candidates are: Fandraj, Baum, Brown, Rankin, Toohill, Nickel, Heilman, Gough, Hanley, McMahon, Lawler, Millard, Haley, Pugher and Howard.

Games have already been scheduled with Washington H. S., South Side H. S., and Shiloh A. C.

The Juniors.

The Juniors, as usual, have a little constellation of diamond stars to pick from, and the manager will experience little difficulty in choosing an aggregation fit to uphold the honor of the youngsters who won so many victories last season. Carraher and McKnight, the two juvenile slab-artists, are ready for the words "play ball," when, they declare, they will evolve all kinds of curves from the ordinary outshoot to the famous "spit ball" of Jack Chesbro. The following is a list of the candidates:

Bishop, Bravender, Cain, Carraher, Carney, Cregan, Ellmore, Daly, Fay, Gwyer, Groff, Haley, Harrigan, Kelleher, Lhota, McCarthy, McGeehin, McNally, McNulty, McVean, O'Conor, O'Riley, Schneider, Statler, Szabo, Troxell, Tucker, Tugman, Wackerman, Ward, Zimmer.

The Junior League.

On St. Patrick's eve, the Pittsburg College Junior League, comprising four teams, was organized among the younger students of the Classical and Commercial Departments. The teams are about evenly matched, and some very close and exciting contests may be expected. A beautiful pennant will be given to the champions. Each member of the winning team also will receive a prize.

The list of players is as follows:—Kvatsak, Pieczynski, Randig, Werder, Coyne, Gast, Zetwo, McAfee, Dunin, Ferkany, McMahon, Daley, Laux, R. Drake, F. Drake, Conway, Berry, McKenna, Gillespie, Scanlon, McCabe, Welsh, Tugman, Kress, Dugan, Szabo, Schultz, Luta, Malburg, McGonigle, Moorhead, Joyce, Connelly, Ley, Madden, Schmitt, Piorkowski, Sampson, Carr, Stybr, Lokar, and Schaill.

The Minims.

Even the smallest boys in the College have base-ball aspirations. They have pluckily got together and count on having an excellent team chosen from the following candidates:—Carroll, Cwiklinski, Dignan, L. Drake, Dunn, Feeney, Frommherz, T. Gillespie, Locke, Parker, Peyronny, Smisko, Smith, Steffens, and Strako.

His Little Heart Hath Ease.

A lissom sprite
With wealth bedight
Of memory's magic store,
A restless mite
But e'er so bright
Robed in fantastic lore.

This elfish mite
With cloak as bright
As dew-besprinkled leaves,
To lips or pen
Doth fly, and then
His little heart hath ease.

H. J. LAWLER, '09.

THE REMINGTON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Cape *Times* (South Africa), December 20th, 1904, devotes a column in describing the annual prize distribution of the Remington Business College. The report of the Principal shows that the class entries for the various subjects amounted to a total of 683. The report shows that the school is in excellent condition and doing splendid work from which we learn that the Remington is as popular in South Africa as it is in Pittsburgh and other large American cities.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

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May Lispings.

' Tis May, and the blossoms are breathing
The fragrant distilment of Spring;
The children are joyously wreathing
The garlands they promised to bring
To their Mother's fair shrine,
To the Altar divine,
Where she stands aloft with the King!

She bore Him! The heavens still wonder—
Dull earth needs to hear it resung—
The Voice from on high was like thunder,
Proclaiming the Son from her sprung:
If the Fruit like the tree,
Ask your Faith, what is she?
Reply poses thought well as tongue.

But simple affection heaps flowers
Around the high virginal form,
While confident pleading draws showers
Disarming, not charging, the storm:
In the children's fond way
We can hope yet to say
Some truths that pass speech's best norm.

The roses, the first of the season,
And lilies that hastened to bloom,
The violets lingering with reason—
For they at her feet should find room—
And daisy's gold eye,
And carnation's rich dye:
Love figures with them in its loom.

They speak and our hearts add the meaning,
They fashion the hue of our mind;
The bend of their heads is our leaning
To worship a Sovereign most kind;
All the nectar they bear
Is an incense of prayer:
Their chaplets sweet fetters can bind.

O Mother! O Queen! be our maying
An odor of sweetness to thee,
Our lisping thy greatness a praying
Effective to make us full see
That the love of thy Son
But through thee may be won,
As Saints in their teaching agree.



The Germans In Pennsylvania.

"Wise men have enough to do with things present and to come;" nevertheless, it recreates, it delights, now and then, to cast a glance over the past. This is especially so with the German passing in review the history of his people in our vast Republic. The German element at present is powerful, numbering, as it does, one-third of our entire population. But this was not always the case. There was a time when Germans were glad to possess even the privilege of settling in any of the colonies established in the New World. We find them with the Dutch in New Amsterdam, with the Spaniards in Florida, with the French in Louisiana, with the English in Virginia and the Carolinas, but especially with Penn and his Quakers in our own Pennsylvania.

In payment of a debt, the English crown had offered to William Penn a large tract of land in America. Although delighted with the project, the latter still hesitated, not knowing where he should find settlers to populate his domain. In this perplexity Penn set sail for Germany in 1677, and it was during his stay there that he finally accepted the offer in 1681. He had gathered around him in Frankfurt on the Maine friends, such as Spener, who took a lively interest in his enterprise. These friends combined, and formed in 1682 the Frankfurt Society, which purchased 15,000 acres of Penn's land, and pledged itself to lend a helping hand in its colonization. Already in 1683 it redeemed its pledge, and sent to the Quaker colony thirteen German families headed by Frank Pastorius. Shortly after their arrival, these Germans founded Germantown, at present one of the most flourishing parts of Philadelphia.

But what brought these emigrants to our land? They did not come with the desire of hoarding up riches in the then fabulous Phania Island, as Pennsylvania was called; they did not come merely to enjoy themselves and

feed upon the fatness of the land; no, they came to till our soil, to do the hard work of draining morasses and leveling forests, and that for the sole benefit of being allowed "to lead a peaceful, Christian life."

Freedom was all they desired, and this boon they received at the hands of Penn, who welcomed them as a tender brother. They knew what it was to be oppressed, and their hearts ached whilst beholding the degradation and the sufferings of the poor negro slave. They saw in him a human being, and as such they deemed him fit to enjoy freedom as well as themselves. Accordingly they raised their voices in protest against the infamous slave-trade, when scarcely established five years in America.

In 1694, the settlement of Germantown received its first increase, when John Kelpius conducted thither from Germany a band of forty men and women. They came to America with the rather quaint intention "of awaiting in the forests of America the second coming of the Lord." It was their leader that built the famous Germantown Blockhouse, which scarcely a century later was to give the English so much trouble.

German settlers now flocked in from all sides. Some of the colonies had passed stringent laws excluding them; others, although allowing them to settle, treated them so badly that they were glad to lay hold of the first opportunity to seek another abode. Pennsylvania alone welcomed them, and invited them to build up a new home on its soil. These emigrants in their correspondence with the Old Country naturally lauded the kindness of Penn towards them, and censured the treatment meted out to them by the various other colonies. Thus every day brought more Germans to ask for a homestead in Pennsylvania.

At length Pennsylvania also began to fear lest the German element should become too powerful, and as early as 1717 we find Governor Keith expressing his anxiety on this point. He trembled lest the German emigrants, recognizing their strength, might attempt to

set up a colony of their own in Pennsylvania, or usurp the jurisdiction of that province. To hinder this, a law was enacted in 1727 whereby every captain that brought German emigrants to Pennsylvania was bound to keep a strict register of their names. In spite of all this, the Germans in 1730 numbered 50,000 in Pennsylvania, and in 1775 this number had risen to 125,000.

This enormous increase of emigration was largely due to the social and political conditions of Germany at that time. Benjamin Franklin writes: "The peasants subject to the German crown are usually overburdened with taxes, and, what is worse, cannot even cultivate their lands sufficiently, owing to the wild animals that continually devour their crops. This game, catering as it does to the enjoyment of the nobles, they are bound to spare. Consequently the peasants often leave in despair the fields of their fathers, to find the necessaries of life and prolong their wretched existence in a strange country. People of this stamp are continually crowding to America." Germany was rent and torn asunder by successive wars, and what war had left intact the rapacity of the nobles devoured. In 1697, Durcas was sent by France into Germany. His mode of warfare was anything but civilized. Whenever a village skirted his march, he ordered the peasants to leave it even in midwinter. Then their houses were pillaged and burnt, their verdant gardens were rooted up, and not even the vineyards and cornfields were spared. The devastation that Durcas carried on was so complete that the Margrave of Baden was forced to exclaim, that he came from Hungary but to see the Christian rival the Turk in barbarity. This war had scarcely died away, when the dispute over the succession to the throne of Spain brought with it a more terrible one. The beautiful Tyrol became the prey of the French and Bavarians; one State of Germany revolted against the other. August of Saxony declared war on Charles XII. of Sweden. This mighty king swept everything before him. The Turks also harrassed Germany,

and Prince Eugene was sent against them. Then Prussia claimed Silesia, and seven more years of war resulted. The misfortunes that these wars inflicted on Germany were but increased by the small German courts that sought to imitate the magnificence of the courts of France, and, being poor themselves, the poor peasants had to bear the burden. Such was the misery the fatherland offered to its inhabitants. Pennsylvania, on the contrary, held out to them freedom and peace. Can we then wonder that the Germans flocked to our ports?

The German emigrants prospered in their new homes. To understand their importance in Pennsylvania better it is necessary to examine the reports of contemporary statesmen. In 1751, Benjamin Franklin, exasperated at the success of the Germans in Pennsylvania, wrote:—"Why should we suffer these clowns from the Rhenish Palatinate to force themselves into our settlements, to live together in herds, and to put on a firm basis their language and customs to the prejudice of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, which was founded by Englishmen, become a colony of strangers, who will soon be so numerous that they will germanize us instead of our making good Englishmen of them, and who, on the whole, are little inclined to adopt our language and customs?" The motives that gave rise to the insult may be clearly discovered if we take into coesideration that Franklin published a German newspaper in 1732, but the Germans, knowing his hatred towards them, did not patronize it. Again we learn that the Germans of those days possessed two-thirds of the printing establishments then in the United States. Of course this was prejudicial to the printer Franklin. Besides, as Franklin himself affirms, the Germans were so powerful in Pennsylvania that when they appeared at the polls they decided the vote. Burke, the great English statesman, only strengthens the report of Franklin, when he declares in 1765, that Pennsylvania is in danger of becoming wholly European,

i. e. German, in language, customs and perhaps even in politics.

Not only misery but also deception helped to increase the German population in Pennsylvania. Dutch merchants persuaded them that America was an Eldorado, where everything was to be had in abundance. They sold their estates and all they possessed, and when the money thus obtained did not suffice for the journey, these merchants advanced the necessary money to them under the condition that they sign a contract which doomed them to serve for this advance in America. Under such conditions they embarked for a long journey of six months, a journey full of trials and sorrows. Many of them succumbed before they reached their destination. Frequently water and food gave out, and diseases made their appearance. Of the treatment these emigrants received Benjamin Franklin writes:—"Many perish on the way hither, either because they are considered as malefactors, or because the captain of the vessel on which they sail, maltreats them, regarding no one as a human being unless he is born in England." A still more cruel lot awaited the emigrants upon their arrival. As soon as the ship that bore them appeared off port, it was announced in the papers that German emigrants were to be sold for their freight. Those of them that had the necessary money to pay their way were released. The rest were then sold and bound to serve for a fixed term of years. Happy was he who received a kind master! The old and infirm among them were not desired. If however they had children, these were made to serve for them. Thus children were torn from their parents, never to see them again. And what became of the parents? They begged from door to door in Philadelphia. Add to this the fact that the emigrants were imposed upon in every possible way, and you have an exact picture of their fate. They lamented and cursed the Dutch merchants, but what did that avail them? To relieve the sufferings of these poor beings, the

Germans of Pennsylvania instituted the German Society (*Deutsche Gesellschaft*) in Philadelphia in 1764.

Of all the early Pennsylvania Germans, Conrad Weiser was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished. Indian life, with all its simplicity and wildness, delighted him, and in his heart was implanted an insatiable love for his red brothers. He loved to tarry in their wigwams. He was acquainted with their language and their customs, and with all his might he strove to better their lot. He taught them how to till their lands; he assisted them in every possible way. Pennsylvania was not slow in recognizing the usefulness of such a man. It made him its agent with the Indians. In this capacity, Conrad Weiser negotiated many treaties and established trading-houses far and wide. When at length the Treaty of Versailles, in 1763, gave to the United States the immense West, he it was that undertook its conquest at the head of a small body of Pennsylvania Germans, not with bullet and sabre, but by peaceful negotiations with the various Indian tribes. Weiser loved the Indian, and the Indian loved him in return, and when death snatched him away, year after year, the Indian strewed flowers over his grave, thus verifying the words of the poet:—

> "'Tis but the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

During the Revolution, the German emigrants of Pennsylvania did not forsake the cause of their adopted country. They defended her independence in their papers, and their poets already sang of the great future of the infant Republic. Not in word only did they defend her liberty, but in what speaks louder, deeds. They flocked to the standard of Washington, they fought and laid down their lives for our country. One of them, the young Mühlenberg, will always find an honored place in our history. As a colonel we find him fighting at Charlestown. Later on he is given charge of a Virginia regiment. In this capacity he is engaged in the battles

of Brandywine, Germantown, White Marsh, Valley Forge, and Monmouth. He lent aid to Wayne in the capture of Stony Point, and was a brave participator in the last great battle of the Revolution. In return for his services, he received at the close of the Revolution the title of Major-General.

The most prominent men that the Pennsylvania Germans can boast of during the last century were undoubtedly Professor Kunze, Dr. Halmuth, Frederick List and Anthony Graeff. The first two of these, Professor Kunze and Dr. Halmuth, were celebrated professors at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1827, there appeared in Philadelphia a book published by Frederick List entitled: *Outlines of a New System of Political Economy.* It was in this admirable work that Protective Tariff was first advocated. The merits of this man may perhaps be better understood, if we take into consideration the fact that through the adoption of Protective Tariff our Nation attained the prosperity it to-day enjoys. To Anthony Graeff we owe the "pride of Philadelphia," Fairmount Park.

Not long ago a famous German poet wrote:—

"Pflegt die Deutsche Sprache
Hegt das dutsche Wort,
Denn der Geist der Vaeter
Lebt darinnen fort."

This is exactly what the Germans did in America, and especially in Pennsylvania. Shortly after their arrival upon our soil, they began to build schools, and it may be interesting to know that Pastorius himself taught school for twelve years in Pennsylvania. In 1786, the famous German high school known as Franklin College was established at Lancaster. To obtain still better results in the training of the emigrant, a Convention was called at Pittsburg in 1837, whose chief aim was the establishment of new schools and the improvement of those already existing. Newspapers and literature which emanated from their printing offices helped to keep alive

the German spirit among them. The German Bible published by Christoph Sauer in 1745 in Pennsylvania preceded by forty years the first English one edited in our country. Although the Pennsylvania Germans applied themselves earnestly to the preservation of their mother tongue, they by no means neglected the study of English. English offered many difficulties to them, and this gave rise to a language, if so it may be called, which has poets and writers, and is known under the euphonious title of "Pennsylvania Dutch."

In the preservation of the German language and spirit on American soil, a large share no doubt must be given to the German Catholics of Pennsylvania. They have made heroic efforts in building and equipping schools, in which the study of German plays a predominant rôle. German Catholic priests have also taken pains to keep alive an interest for the German language. But it is not only the German language that must survive, but also the German spirit of thrift and honesty, good fellowship and charity. The German Catholics are aware of this, as their numerous charitable institutions certify.

The Germans at present are more powerful than ever in Pennsylvania. There is no village however small throughout the State, which has not Germans prominent in religious, social, political or commercial circles.

Such is in brief the history of the Germans in Pennsylvania, and from it we may learn that it is not an impossibility to be an American, and still to love and cherish the language and customs of our fathers.

J. A. Simon, '05.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

"Dan Chaucer the first warbler whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."—*Tennyson.*

From the time in English literature known as the Middle English Period, from 1350 to 1580, owing to the extraordinary intellectual development which at that time took place throughout Europe, the English language can be said to have taken new life, and to have resolved itself into a consistent unity from what before was but a mixture of discordant ingredients. During this period arose such writers as Sir John Mandeville, John Gower, John Lydgate, and Geoffrey Chaucer. Of the last named of these this paper will treat.

To really appreciate the value of Chaucer's writings, we must consider the difficulties he had to surmount in climbing the ladder of literary fame. Chaucer might be said to have made the language in which he wrote, for it was necessary for him to draw on the French and Latin for such words as the English language of the day could not supply, and it is to his credit that not over one hundred of the words he grafted on our language have become obsolete. He had no predecessor in his art as great as himself in all England, and had consequently no precedent to follow. Chaucer is therefore justly styled the "Father of English Poetry," the "Morning Star of Song."

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London in the year 1340. His father and mother were vintners. We possess no positive information as to his having received any extraordinary education. However, from the finish and diversity of his works, his numerous allusions to Seneca, Plato, Juvenal and Boethius, we can safely assume that he received a liberal education. In 1357, Chaucer entered the service of Lionel, Earl of Ulster, second son of

Edward III., and in 1359 accompanied his master to France. During the war he was captured, but ransomed at the Peace of Bretigny. In 1336, Chaucer married Philippa, a lady in attendance upon Philippa, Queen of England. In 1367, he became a valet in the King's household; in 1368, he was granted on his wife's account a yearly pension equivalent to about thirty-four dollars, and in 1374, another pension of twenty dollars by his patron, John of Gaunt. In this year, through the same friend, he obtained the position of Comptroller of Customs of Wools, which put the poet in affluent circumstances. From the year 1370 to the year 1380 he made seven diplomatic journeys to the courts of France, Italy, and Flanders, and it was while residing in Italy on one of these missions that he came under the influence of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, two of whom were living at that time. In 1386, he was elected Knight of the Shire of Kent. In 1387, owing to the loss of court favor by his patron, John of Gaunt, Chaucer was deprived of his appointment as Comptroller of the Customs; and, in 1388, being in distress, he found it necessary to sell his two pensions. To add to his afflictions, his wife died in the following year. Shortly after these misfortunes, his old patron obtained favor at court, and some time before he died his pensions were restored to him. This is the only gleam of brightness cast over the last days of the great author. He died on October 25, 1400, as is recorded in an epitaph near his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Of Chaucer's personal appearance we have no account except what can be drawn from his own works and a portrait painted on a manuscript by Occleve. As a young man he must have been comely to have served before the throne of England. Chaucer describes himself as being "stout of body, with small, fair face" and his eyes were glazed by much study. He confesses that he was fond of good fellowship. He was a hard student, often sitting up late at night pondering over old MSS., Latin, French, English, and Italian. His love for Nature, how-

ever, exceeded his love for books, as he himself says:

"Whan that the month of May
Is comen and that I here the foules synge
And that the floures gynnen for its sprynge
Faire well my boke and my devocioun,"

Chaucer calls nature "the vicar of the Almightie," and throughout his many works can be perceived his sensitiveness to the gladness of out-door beauties.

Chaucer reads people of every class like an open book; and by some he is thought to be the best portrayer of character in the English language. We can plainly see the grossness or the refinement of the persons he depicts. He praises virtue, whether he finds it in the knight or the poor parson, and never fears to condemn vice. However, he chides all faults with a good-humored severity, and never becomes bitter. In fact, it is the delightful freshness and kindliness which pervade his works that make Chaucer a pleasure to read. He never loses his happy countenance, and we feel that we are communing with a great heart that sympathizes with the weaknesses of mankind.

Chaucer was a Catholic and a serious student of sacred literature as his many allusions and quotations attest. He had a tender, child-like devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and it is in her honor his translation of the *A. B. C.*, or *Prayer to Our Lady*, was made. A stanza is here quoted and it well expresses the beautiful faith of the great author.

"Queen of comfort, jit whan I me bethinke,
That I agilt have bothe him and thee,
And that my soul is worthy for to sinke,
Allas! I, caitif, whider may I flee?
Who shall unto thy Sone my mene be?
Who, but thyself, that art of pitie welle?
Thou hast more reuthe on our adversitee
Than in this world mighte any tunge telle."

Chaucer was born of the middle class, the people who made England, and though he served for years at

foreign courts, he never lost his attachment for those among whom his early lot was cast. His ideals are pure and noble, and he often severely censures the license and luxury of the time in which he wrote.

Chaucer's writings may be divided into three periods; namely, that in which he came under the influence of French literature, from the time he entered active life until 1372, when he made his first visit to Italy on the king's business and came under the influence of Boccaccio, Dante, and Petrarch. From this date until 1384 may be called his Italian period, which is most prolific of his works. This period it was that developed the poet, and from Italy he came home a changed man. From 1384 until 1390 may be called his English period, and from the latter date, the period of his decline, during which he published only fugitive pieces and compiled his *Canterbury Tales.*

The *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer's masterpiece, the *Prologue* of which is one of the most perfect compositions in English literature, is written in a fashion then prevalent. Chaucer is supposed, however, to have received the idea from Boccaccio's *Decameron.* Twenty-nine pilgrims of all ranks "that toward Canterbury woulden ryde the holy blissful martir for to seeke," that is, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, meet at the Tabard Inn, near London Bridge, and, to pass the journey pleasantly, at the suggestion of their host, decide to tell each two stories going and returning. There are but twenty-four stories, as the *Tales* were never completed. The *Canterbury Tales* were not composed continuously, but at different times. Some of them the author himself joined in their proper order with introductions to each, and others were arranged by the persons who collected his works. On these *Tales* he labored for over twenty-five years, and, as we know, the work was not completed at his death. There is evidence that Chaucer compiled the *Tales* as late as 1392 or 1393, as there are many references to events which took place within that time. He uses alliteration

and rime in all the tales except the *Parson's* and the *Tale of Melibeus;* the latter the poet himself is supposed to tell. That this work was popular is evidenced by the number of MSS. still extant.

It is into the *Canterbury Tales* that Chaucer's magnificent character work enters. In telling his stories he has a grasp of the dramatic, which was so well appreciated by the master, Shakespeare, two centuries later, that he based a play upon one of them. The *Canterbury Tales* extend through all the periods of Chaucer's writings, and it is possible to trace the distinguishing marks of each.

The chief works of the time called his French period are his translation of *The Romaunt of the Rose* and *The Cuckow and the Nightingale,* in which "Chaucer dreameth that he heareth the cuckow and the nightingale contend for excellence in singing."

Speaking of 'the birdes in hir boures' he says:—

> "They coud the service all by rote
> There was many a lovely note.
> Some song loud as they had plained
> And some in other voice yfained
> And some all out with the full throte."

Other works of this period are *Compleynte to Pitie* and *The Book of the Duchess,* a funeral poem written on the death of the Duchess of Lancaster. During the period of 1372 to 1384, under the influence of Italian art, he wrote the *Life of Seynte Cecile* incorporated afterwards into the *Canterbury Tales, The Assembly of Foules, Compleynte of Mars, Anelde and Arcite, Boece, Former Age, Troilus and Cresseyde,* which he dedicated to his friend, Gower, and which Shakespeare afterwards converted into a drama; *The House of Fame,* which inspired Pope to write his *Temple of Fame,* and a translation of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae,* a prose work. During the periods following, from 1384 to his death in 1400, he wrote a *Treatise on the Astrolabe,* for little Lewis, his son; *What is Gentlenesse, ? Lack of Steadfastnesse* and *Compleynte to His Purse.* It is believed that the *Parson's Tale* was the last

written of the Canterbury series, and though composed during the period of his decline, it is in the author's best style. The *Parson's Tale* really pictures the ideal churchman of Chaucer's mind, and the entire story is a beautiful sermon.

All of Chaucer's creations are distinctly the product of a master hand. His style is simple and unpretentious, but fresh and vigorous, and he writes with keenness of perception and deliberation. He sometimes becomes vulgar, but only in dealing with low characters, and this may be partially excused on account of the looseness of morals and speech of the time in which he wrote. Again, he deals with the principles of humanity, the fundamental virtues and vices, and it is a noteworthy fact that most powerful men who are brought into contact with raw human nature have used strong, plain terms not sanctioned by a polite code of morals. Some of his works he regretted having written, and to his *Canterbury Tales* penned a retractation of them. "I revoke in my rettraccioun alle thilke tales that sounen unto synne," and it is said that his dying words were a regret for having written anything that might do evil.

Chaucer is worthy of our serious study and appreciation. As Spencer wrote of him, he is "a well of English undefiled," and none appreciated this more than Washington Irving. The great American studied Chaucer's works diligently for years after he left school, and never tires of quoting from his writings. We owe much to Chaucer, not only for having given us so many and such delightful songs, but for having preserved the good, strong terms of the sturdy Anglo-Saxons, at a time when they were threatened with being supplanted by foreign importations.

H. J. LAWLER, '09.

Letter From An Alumnus.

LAOAG, ILOCOS NORTE, P. I.,
February 22, 1905.

Dear Father McDermott:

It is now over a year since I left the venerable institution that crowns the Bluff. I can scarcely realize that more than twelve months have flitted by since I bade you good-bye.

Have you heard of Philippinitis? It is an old disease with a new name. No white man visits these realms without succumbing sooner or later. Spaniards here have had it since their occupation of the Islands, but have thrived on its effects apparently, probably because they are consistent with the Spanish motto for doing things, *Manana.*

My excuse will be carried no further than to say the malady has attacked me in a vital place, the limb of correspondence. Its presence is made certain by the symptom of procrastination.

Our schools were closed for a two weeks' vacation during the holiday season, as is customary in the States, and some of us took advantage of the time by visiting new towns and some of the mountain tribes who yet lack the blessings of civilization and Christianity. Some of these tribes, though very hostile to each other, show a spirit of friendliness towards the whites who visit their villages. These non-Christian tribes live in the mountains near the centre of the Islands. The enlightened and Christianized Filipinos have their towns near the sea. It is remarkable to see the wonderful advancement the Spaniards have made in a few centuries with a race that was sunk to the lowest depths of ignorance and barbarism. And all this was done by the much-maligned Friar, who went barefooted into the pathless jungles with no other weapon than the Cross, and built towns for the

rude savage, clothed him, taught him the alphabet, and instructed him in the peaceful arts of agriculture and manufacture, frequently making them the text of his sermon from the pulpit. Instead of finding a half-naked, semi-barbarous people to instruct, I walked into a school of well-dressed, proud, but polite and eager, children. They clamor earnestly for all the knowledge we have to give them, and learn English with a surprising rapidity. For a race that lacks an educated ancestry, they display a remarkable aptitude, which augurs a bright future for the rising generations.

Of course the Malay has many inborn evil characteristics, which condemn him forever in the eyes of the white man, but it must be remembered, that though these evils are indigenous to the soil, there are other races in the Orient, boasting of centuries of civilization, who are far beneath him in the scale of honesty and morality.

Whatever of virtue the Filipino has is owing to the Spanish *padre*, and the more one goes about, and the longer he lives among them, the more unjustifiable appears the unsparing abuse heaped upon the Friars in the Islands.

The Aglipay Schism is a most unfortunate thing for the people, but, even here in this Province, where the movement is strongest and had its birth, the Protestant missionaries and their pernicious doctrines do not seem to be making any headway. The word *Protestante* is to the native *Independiente*, or *Romanista*, a term of reproach. A few energetic and zealous priests could counteract the work of a whole army of Protestant missionaries.

The school year was broken by the Normal, which began January 9, and will cease February 10, making a period of five weeks. Then the American and native teachers will return to their respective *Pueblos*, and will finish up the school year of 1904–1905 in the latter end of March.

It was customary in former years to hold the Normal Institute at the beginning of the term, but during the

months of December and January most of the children accompany their parents to the fields, to assist in the harvesting of the rice crops, thereby causing a tremendous decrease in attendance for that period. Now the children begin their studies five weeks earlier, thus saving so much time, which otherwise would have been lost.

There are about two hundred native teachers in the Province, and all of them are being drilled by the twenty American teachers in the English branches and in the art of pedagogy. I have the three highest grades in English Grammar and Composition. The highest grade would compare favorably with the first year's high school class at home.

Many of the older teachers are proficient in Spanish, some of them having attended colleges in Manila; the question, they put to the American professors sometimes make matters exceedingly lively and interesting: the American professors make matters *very* interesting sometimes.

Well, Father, it is growing late, the hour for good boys to be thinking of their nocturnal snooze. My eyes are growing weary because of the dull light. You don't suppose, of course, that we have arc lights away out in this corner of the globe, do you?

Give my most sincere respects to all the reverend gentlemen at the College, also to the lay professors, scholastics and students. Tell the boys I am extremely happy and doing well; that the country is most delightful, and that what is needed most here is good Catholic teachers who possess in abundance such qualities as courage, perseverance, and a personality that will dominate inferiors without the use of verbiage.

Yours most sincerely,

EDWARD G. CURRAN.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

The Church in the Philippines has evoked a resolution this year also:

"It is a matter of gratification that the negotiations for the purchase of the Friars' lands in the Philippines have been terminated in a manner satisfactory to both parties; that our fellow-countrymen now recognize the great work and merit of the Friars, and are repairing by public expression of esteem the defamation of their character, We are happy to learn that the Aglipay Schism is dying out, and that the late ruling of Governor Wright has checked to some extent the seizure of ecclesiastical property. We regret however that, contrary to the Treaty of Paris, churches and other ecclesiastical properties are still unlawfully seized and held by followers of Aglipay under the protection of the courts and constabulary of those islands. Fully convinced that the school system in the Philippines is neither just nor satisfactory to the Catholic people there, we demand that they be permitted to give their children adequate religious as well as secular training in their schools according to the plan agreed upon by their Bishops. We take this occasion to express our gratification in the salutary influence exercised by the American Bishops in the Archipelago and to lament the death of Bishop Guidi in the midst of his usefulness."

Since the demise of Bishop Guidi, whose last official act was the issuance of a letter inviting the Aglipay Schismatics to conform to the directions of Holy Church, three events particularly in reference to the Philippines have attracted public attention; namely, the installment of a successor to Bishop Guidi in the person of Archbishop Agius, of Malta, now Apostolic Delegate, a man of wonderful energy, tact and linguistic ability; the address of Secretary Taft at Notre Dame University on the Philippine situation, and the case of Mr. Sutherland and the Filipino students he brought to the United States.

What may be styled the vernacular of Archbishop Agius, is the English language: with him are coöperating several English-speaking bishops from this country in the chief sees of the Archipelago. A doubtful forecast as to their success might have at first appeared reasonable, but

their work is eminently successful. Chief Justice Cayetano Arellano, in audience with Pius X. on the Aglipay Schism, lauded the American bishops highly. Just a little over a year ago, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, of Rochester, Bishop of Cebu, informed us that the Agilpay movement was dying, chiefly since the American bishops entered the Philippines. Before Bishops Rooker and Dougherty occupied their sees, the Aglipay leaders of their prospective dioceses sent them telegrams of adhesion and submission. Archbishop Harty, of Manila, who went there January 16, 1904, confirmed 100,000 in six months, and said he had twice that number awaiting the Sacrament. He was happy over his reception, and said his flock was docile and cultured. The bishops are cautious. Anyone who wishes to go there as a priest must apply through his actual bishop to the Apostolic Delegation at Washington: thence a private letter must be sent regarding his standing to the bishop of the diocese in which he undertakes to labor.

The utterances of Secretary Taft relative to the Philippines are valuable, as he represented our Government in this matter before Rome, and was also Governor of the Islands. His address, October 5, 1904, still allowed too much importance to the Aglipay movement. This was an attempt of secret societies to oust the Friars and secure their lands, and, if possible, their influence. They were never one-fourth of the people in the widest possible acceptation: the vast majority regarded and treated them as excommunicated. They made an uproar, especially in the ears of our officials, but a man of Taft's experience should know how to discern a rude and unjustifiable clamor from the popular cry for justice. Yet he speaks of the movement as "popular" at the same time that he practically admits its injustice. He says at least three-fourths of the Friars' land had been held by them for periods ranging from 50 to 200 years, and that only after the Revolution of 1896 did the "popular" feeling against the Friars make the collection of rents impossible. The

bishops and clergy and countless others deny the popularity of the movement. However, Secretary Taft has recognized the justice of the Friars' claim. He arranged to buy their holdings. Rome did not withstand the arrangement. Rome always, when it can justly be done, conciliates her peoples to the legal government and even builds her ecclesiastical government on lines not likely to cross those of civil administration; hence, the introduction of our bishops after the war and the sale of the Friars' lands. Such measures are based on the principle which induced Leo XIII. to bid Catholics of France to rally round their Republic, and to forbid Catholics of the United States to introduce Cahenslyism here—full harmony, where moral order is not contravened, of religious with civil administration. Consequently, the removal of the Friars was not an admission of any charges against them—indeed they were indignantly denied by Rome, but a measure of civil and church polity. The history of the Friars is, of course, sufficiently known in Rome, and is beginning to be learned and appreciated here, even by non-Catholics. They, as Secretary Taft admits, were invaluable to the Islands: he says: "So great and complete became the control which the Friars exercised over the natives by reason of their sincere devotion to their interests, that Spain found it possible to police the Islands with very few troops. "From 1828 to 1896, the Spanish forces were from 1,000 to 3,000 officers and men for a population over 6,000,000. Catholic authorities maintain that the natives always venerated the Friars, and never would have revolted, and that the sole cause of trouble was a large influx of adventurous Spaniards who came to seek their fortune at the opening of the Suez Canal. Governor Wright blames the Aglipayans for the trouble, and they are led by designing Spaniards. At all events, the Friars are not robbed. The American Government has given a fair price. Secretary Taft first offered a sum under six and a half million dollars: the offer was rejected; a sum over seven and

a half was named, and the United States, through Governor Taft, agreed with the representatives of the Holy See on this sum. In five years, the Friars have decreased from 1013 to 246, thus: Augustinians, 346 to 67; Dominicans, 233 to 83; Franciscans, 107 to 43; Recollects, 327 to 53.

The third important question relative to the Philippines, is a school question. Before entering upon it, a remark might be made on the general school situation in the Philippines. We make no objection to the introduction of American teachers who know enough Spanish to be able to address the natives. These teachers pass examinations equivalent to our city and county examinations for teachers, and obtain salaries varying from $900 to $2,000 yearly, superintendents receiving $1,500 to $2,500. But we do think it quite natural that special facilities should be made for the religious education of the schools. People there are not as here, of all beliefs: they are a Catholic people: a school system which ignores a fact of this kind is fundamentally objectionable. If England and Germany support Catholic schools, why cannot the United States do the same for the Filipinos out of their own taxes and in their own Catholic schools? Yet Secretary Taft says: "Under the limitations of the Constitution and the instructions of President McKinley, requiring us to keep Church and State separate, one could not expend the public money for the teaching of religion." In the following matter, however, Secretary Taft set matters aright.

Dr. Tavera, representing the Filipino Federal Commission, formed a plan, acceptable to our Government, of sending Filipino students to our colleges. As he was neither fluent in English nor conversant with our colleges, he secured the agency of Mr. Sutherland, formerly instructor in Spanish at the University of New Mexico. A hundred students were chosen, with a purse limited to $500 for each yearly, to obtain education in academic and special branches. In the spring of 1903, Mr. Sutherland

opened correspondence which ended in all the Filipinos', except two, being sent to non-Catholic colleges. Those who know the gentleman say he is not bigoted, and he disclaimed any religious bias; he even interested priests in the boys; but he is blamed for neglect in failing to learn that many Catholic colleges would have readily accommodated the boys for less than $500 a year, and that it would have been more befitting to send at least a fair proportion to such colleges. Mr. Joseph A. Weber, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Catholic Societies, undertook to unfold the situation to public attention. He wrote to Secretary Taft, Mr. Sutherland and the Catholic colleges. He discovered that several of these would have been available. The boys were all good Catholics and good students, soon in close contact with others of their faith and with their priests: the schools they attended did not seem to have at all conspired in proselytizing. The idea simply was to educate the youth to our national views and spirit, and thus to help to spread our sentiments and customs among Filipinos. However, Secretary Taft admitted that Mr. Sutherland had not acted wisely. He made the argument that our public school students are such only for a few hours daily, and may have religious direction at home, but that the Filipinos had been taken 7,000 miles away from home, and that, therefore, the Government was acting in the name of the parents, and hence was supposed to locate the boys amid such religious influences as the parents would desire. He made a ruling of this nature for all boys under twenty-one, and said that, even if the parents were indifferent, the boys should have religious surroundings similar to those at home. This regulation has met full Catholic approval, and shows a broad spirit in our Honorable Secretary of War.

T. A. GIBLIN, C. S. SP.

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EDITORIAL.

Concise Writing.

As ought to be well-known, Breviary lessons are called *legends* because they are to be read (*legendae*), and not, as false *English* is made to insinuate, because they are untrustworthy. As a matter of fact they are of quite unusual authority. They also tell much in few words. Take an example from an office concerning a subject that will occupy many devout souls during the present month:—

"The fourth year after the dogmatic definition of the Blessed Virgin's Immaculate Conception, she, the Virgin, repeatedly let herself be seen by a poor young girl of up-

rightness and piety, whose name in the vernacular was Bernadette. 'Twas in France, in the diocese of Tarbes, near the town of Lourdes, on the bank of the river Gave, in a hollow of the rock above the cave of Massabielle. The Immaculate Virgin presented a youthful and benign aspect. She was clad in snowy dress and snowy mantle, and was girt with an azure girdle: her bare feet were each adorned with a golden rose. On the first day of the Apparition, which was February 11, 1858, she showed the girl how to make the sign of the Cross correctly and piously, and then excited her to the recitation of the Rosary by passing through her own fingers the beads which before hung loose from her arm. She did the same in the other apparitions. But on the second day that the Virgin appeared, the girl, in simplicity of heart, fearing a diabolical delusion, sprinkled her with holy water. Smiling gently the Blessed Virgin showed her a still more benignant countenance. Appearing the third time, she invited her to the cave every day for fifteen days. Frequently thereafter she spoke to her, encouraging her to pray for sinners, to kiss the ground, and to do penance. She then commanded her to tell the priests that in that place there should be erected to her a chapel which would be frequented for solemn exercises of supplication. Moreover, she ordered her to drink and wash from a fountain that yet lay hid under the dry ground, but was soon to burst forth. Finally on the Feast of the Annunciation, when the girl was insistantly asking the name of her whose vision had been so often vouchsafed her, the Virgin, with hands drawn to breast and eyes raised to heaven, replied: 'I am the Immaculate Conception.'"

Other lessons follow, on the concourse of people, the miracles, the fervor, the Shrine, the pilgrimages, etc.

CONDOLENCE.

We desire to convey to William C. Loeffler, Jr., the expression of our cordial sympathy in the loss of his wife, Agnes Collins Loeffler, who died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., on April 22, and was interred from the Sacred Heart Church on April 26. *R. I. P.*

CARD OF SYMPATHY.

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the brother of our fellow-student and companion, Frederick A. McVean, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

RAYMOND L. MCVEAN,
JOHN MOORHEAD,
J. LEO MCMAHON,
FRANK MCCAFFREY.

ATHLETICS.

The baseball season is now on, and the numerous college teams in the vicinity are getting down to good, solid work.

The make-up of the 'Varsity is as follows:—Catcher, Murray; pitchers, J. Collins, Welsh, Kummer, Engel, Kilgallen; 1 b., Duffy; 2 b., H. Collins, Dougherty; 3 b., Hayes; s. s., Harrell; l. f., Keating; m. f., Hoban; r. f Neilan.

The inclement weather of the past few weeks caused the cancellation of some of the scheduled games. We are pleased to announce that Murray and Hoban will be in the game again this season, so that we are represented by practically the same strong team as last year's.

April 15. P. C., 15; Mt. Washington, 1.

The season opened with an easy victory over the Mt. Washington A. C. In spite of the cold weather, the collegians played hard, snappy ball, while both Kummer and Engel pitched superbly, each allowing but one hit. Murray caught an excellent game, his throwing to bases being better than ever as no less than seven would-be stealers were caught in the act. The score:

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	Mt. Wash.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s.....	1	1	1	3	1	McAvoy, s.....	0	0	1	1	2
Keating, l.....	1	2	2	0	0	R. Grif'h, 1.....	0	0	6	1	0
Kennoy, 2.....	3	1	3	1	0	Munn, c.....	0	0	5	1	2
Hoban, m.....	1	1	2	0	0	T. Grif'h, 2.....	0	0	2	3	1
Duffy, 1.....	2	2	9	0	0	Linn, l.....	1	0	2	0	0
Hayes, 3.....	2	1	4	2	1	Burke, r.....	0	1	1	0	0
Murray, c.....	3	2	6	7	0	Orris, m.....	0	0	0	0	1
Doug'ty, r.....	1	2	0	0	0	J. Kennoy, 3...	0	0	7	2	0
Kummer, p.....	1	1	0	2	0	Smith, p.....	0	1	0	0	0
Engel, p	0	0	0	1	0	Barrett, p-m....	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	15	13	27	16	2	Totals.....	1	2	24	8	7

Three-base hits—Kennoy, Harrell. Two-base hits—Hayes, Murray, Keating, Hoban, Burke. Struck out—By Kummer 5, by Engel 3, by Barrett 3, by Smith 2. Umpire, Keefe, South Atlantic League.

The Reserves.

The Reserves opened their season at Bellevue, and won easily from the High School team of that place. Owing to the cold weather the pitchers did not exert themselves, so that a slugging match was

the result. Sweeney and Captain Baum excelled at the bat, while Jasinski demonstrated his ability as a twirler. Score by innings:

										R.	H.	E.
P. C. Reserves	8	0	0	2	1	0	4	4	4—	23	20	2
Bellevue H. S.	0	0	3	2	1	0	1	0	0—	7	8	6

Batteries—Reserves, Jasinski and Fandraj; Bellevue, Barrett and Langbitter.

The Juniors.

Resplendent in their new uniforms, the Juniors opened the season with Bellevue H. S. on April 18, and won an easy victory. Score: P. C. Juniors, 15, Bellevue H. S., 2. Eddie McKnight was on the firing line, and Haley took in his benders most gracefully. Cain at third, and McNally at first, made some star plays that elicited repeated applause. The Juniors have some hard games ahead of them, and they expect to win them all.

The Junior League.

The Junior League season opens immediately after the Easter holidays. All things are in readiness, and a hard struggle for the pennant is anticipated; as all the teams are evenly matched, it will be no easy matter to pick the winner. All make a fine appearance in their new uniforms, and, besides, put up a rattling fine article of ball.

Gymnastics.

Professor Koch has selected the different classes for the gymnastic exhibition to be given in the Gayety Theatre on the evening of the presentation of the drama, *William Tell*, May 17. Special hours have been assigned for each division, and, from present indications, the exhibition will be a success in every particular.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

The *Alumni* held their annual banquet in the Hotel Henry on the evening of April 26. The gathering was thoroughly characteristic of the cultured professional and successful business men that claim our college as their *Alma Mater*. Amongst the more than hundred past students might be noticed worthy representatives of the Church, the army, the medical fraternity, the banking and manufacturing establishments of our progressive city, and the office-holder of trust and emolument. The Right Rev. Bishop was there to grace the occasion with his presence, and, together with a brilliant array of eloquent speakers, to enhance it with his justly appreciated oratory. Weis's orchestra, from behind a screen of palms, discoursed a choice and varied programme, and often struck up a popular air

which was sung with enthusiasm by the united guests. The banqueting hall was hung with the college colors; copious flower decorations, and two immense American flags, draped behind the President's chair, added to the color effect. The menu cards bore the college colors and the initials of the college emblazoned in gilt.

In a few well-chosen words, Eugene S. Reilly, President of the Association, introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Attorney J. V. Dunlevy. In neat and appropriate speeches enlivened with witty allusions and set off with poetic gems, he called upon the several speakers, first amongst the number being the Rt. Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, "the first bishop of Greater Pittsburg." Bishop Canevin delivered an eloquent and impressive address on "Religion, the Foundation of True Patriotism," in the course of which he said:—

"As Christian gentlemen and Christian scholars, I welcome and congratulate you. Christian men are the foundation of society. There is no real patriotism without religion, which in some form or other has always been the foundation of every form of patriotism. If there is anything good or great in such a meeting as this, it is in the fact that men go forth from it better men than they entered it, with better resolutions, closer friendships and more unselfish ideals.

"The patriotism of the old world, which produced the classic heroes that have come down to us in history, gave us men whose characters were founded on the basis of religion. In all the history of the world you can not name a single man worthy of holding up as an ideal man who was not devoted to the service of God, who had not drunk deeply of some form of religion, though it might be of the God to whom the altar was erected in Athens and inscribed as being erected to the unknown God. And this is the advantage of the religious education you have enjoyed. You are gathered here to renew the friendships of your youth, and this is a joyous occasion.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the work of your preceptors, who have performed their duties well and turned out men who are a benefit to themselves, their church and their country. They have taught you that no man can be a true patriot without being a lover of justice, truth and human right, and there is no truth, justice or human right without the knowledge of God.

"Recently I received a letter from the Holy Father, Pius X., congratulating us on the showing the students of the United States made in the recent examinations which were open to the world and in which 3,500 students took part. Among the successful was one of our own students and a worthy representative of Pittsburg College."

Judge Francis J. O'Connor, of Cambria County, spoke on "The Law." Judge O'Connor was witty and devoted considerable time to entertaining the gathering with stories, but in part he said:

"There is no other country where it can be so truly said that the laws are made by the people. This may be hard to believe in our

own State at times, but a law which does not meet the approval of the people remains a dead letter on the statute books. Laws are enacted in accordance with public sentiment, although it is often a long time before they are carried out."

Judge O'Connor then diverted to the subject of the increasing obligations that are falling to the Catholic clergy and church people, as the years go on, declaring that the eyes of the world are on the Catholic church.

He congratulated the college on the number of its distinguished graduates, dwelt on the duties they had to perform, and concluded by expressing the wish that he might return at some future time and see the same enthusiasm lighting up the faces of the banqueters.

Dr. C. A. Wingerter, of Wheeling, was next introduced by the toastmaster as the "scholarly and eloquent doctor." He certainly bore out the description. In eloquent periods, interspersed with quotations from poets and statesmen he portrayed the "Ideal Citizen." He showed how a thorough Catholic education, as imparted in our colleges, alone aims at making the youth of the country ideal citizens, in as much as they are taught to reverence and obey the laws of God and of the State; to uphold the sacredness of the marriage bond by protesting against the plague of divorce; to bring the classes into harmony by mutual charity and justice between the capitalist and the laborer, and to advance the cause of true liberty by preventing it from degenerating into license, and by making more than mere "cold-blooded business men" of our bankers and merchants.

Charles M. McNally, the first student to sign the college roll, indulged in recalling interesting and amusing reminiscences connected with the classroom and recreation hall in the days of Fathers Power, Graf, Quinn and Dunn. His recital was relished and evoked many a peal of laughter.

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir reviewed the unsuccessful efforts in the cause of higher education in Pittsburg previous to the coming of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and traced the growth of the college that they founded, maintained and developed by steady, persevering efforts, heroic self-denial, and the conscientious discharge of their onerous duties. Continuing he said:—

"The internal work has been constantly improved and perfected, so as to keep the college abreast of the times and equal to any educational institution of its class in the country. The Preparatory, Commercial, Scientific and Classical Departments are complete in every detail. Twenty-seven members constitute the present Faculty—men as devoted and conscientious in the discharge of their daily duties as any President could desire. God seems to bless the college and its work; the number of the students has been doubled in recent years, and three hundred and fifty

have been registered this year. Of its three hundred graduates, almost a hundred have joined the ranks of the secular or religious clergy. As many more have embraced the learned professions, whilst thousands of the college students hold lucrative and responsible positions in this and other cities."

He encouraged the *Alumni* to foster their association, as a means to promote their own interests and the interests of the college; and, in conclusion, he reminded those present of the moral influence they should exercise. With truth on their side—truth which had been put before them in every form during their college years—with power for doing good created by their college training, and by contact with experienced and superior minds, their moral influence, if properly directed, should make itself felt in every part of the city, even in every quarter of the Greater Pittsburg; and that influence should make for the elevation of their fellow citizens, the diffusion of the principles of righteousness and justice, the growth of the Catholic Church, and the extension of God's kingdom among men.

Among those present were Rt. Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburg; Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College; Eugene S. Reilly, President of the Association; Frank T. Lauinger, Vice President; L. M. Heyl, Treasurer; Rev. H. J. McDermott, Secretary; Judge F. J. O'Connor, Presiding Judge of the Forty-seventh Judicial District; Dr. C. A. Wingerter, Attorney A. V. D. Watterson, Rev. D. Devlin, D. H. Barr, J. P. Barr, W. R. Berger, W. M. Brown, J. A. Burns, W. J. Burns, Rev. J. A. Callahan, J. J. Clunan, R. E. L. Coughlin, T. F. Coyle, M. J. Crowe, Rev. J. P. Danner, C. A. Dillon, Professor M. F. Dolan, Attorney J. V. Dunlevy, P. C. Dunlevy, Rev. J. F. Enright, J. P. Enright, Patent Attorney H. C. Evert, J. T. Ferrick, J. Flannery, C. B. Frost, C. J. Geary, Rev. T. A. Giblin, G. J. Giel, Rev. T. P. Gillen, P. C. Gillespie, J. A. Grant, Rev. J. Griffin, R. E. Hampton, J. A Hanlon, E. Hartman, J. Herron, Dr. W. J. Hickson, J. G. Holzheimer, B. Johnston, J. S. Johnston, J. E. Kane, L. Kane, Major E. L. Kearns, J. P. Kelly, M. B. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, F. X. Klein, Rev. M. Krupinski, F. J. Lanahan, F. T. Lauinger, Rev. J. J. Laux, Rev. G. Lee, J. Mackrell, R. J. Maloney, A. W. Merz. Rev. L. L. Meyer, C. E. Mitchell, J. P. Murray, Dr. F. D. Murto, F. H. McCarthy, M. McClafferty, W. H. McClafferty, J. E. McGann, Rev. M. A. McGarey, W. McGeehin, P. J. McGervey, Attorney J. F. McKenna, P. McKenna, Rev. W. J. McMullen, C. M. McNally, E. F. McNulty, H. G. O'Brien, Rev. L. A. O'Connell, E. G. O'Connor, P. J. O'Connor, J. J. O'Sullivan, Dr. J. L. V. Oldshue, Rev. J. M. Quinn, Attorney P. B. Reilly, Rev. M. Retka, F. C. Rodgers, E. M. Seibert, Rev. J. J. Schroeffel, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, Professor J. B. Topham, F. Toohill, P. F. Toole, W. Totten, C. L. Urben, J. Voelker, J. P. Wall, J. L. Walsh, Dr. E. A. Weisser, Rev. A. J. Wigley, J. J. Wilson, E. B. Yellig, J. P. Zimmerman, and representatives of the *Dispatch*, *Post*, *Times*, *Commercial Gazette* and *Observer*.

EXCHANGES.

The current issue of Mr. De Menil's *Hesperian* is replete with good things. The essay on "Radium and Radiant Energy," is a very clear and concise statement of all that is known about the wonderful new substance. Especially interesting are the various experiments recorded of the prodigious energy of radium.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* presents its usual amount of solid and highly instructive reading. The discussion concerning the "Living Wage," is a valuable addition to economic literature.

The *High School Journal* for March is full of delightful short stories. We think the prize was deservedly given to the touching narrative, *Two Generations*. "The Manufacturing of Paper Money" will interest any young reader.

The *Rayen Record* is always a welcome visitor and never fails to amuse. The reading matter is usually light, but enjoyable, perhaps for that very reason. The Hiawatha metre is all right, but it will not suit every subject. The "Minstrel Show" bears this out.

The April number of the *Spectator* offers an abundance of serious, reflective sketches. The articles on "Diligence" and "Blind Ambition" remind one of some of the philosophical papers of the *Spectator* of two hundred years ago. They are all well written and well worth perusal. We agree with the writer of the latter essay, that "without question, it is safer to act with deliberation and never allow blind ambition to gain control, for blind ambition quite mistakes her road."

The *Western University Courant* for March opens with an article on a branch of knowledge which may be said to be only in its infancy, namely, Experimental Psychology. We are pleased to see that the University intends to make a specialty of this study, and great results can be looked for. The Editorials are well and fearlessly written.



LOCALS.

Examination Results.

The Third Term Examinations were held during the week beginning April 3. They were written in all subjects, and oral in mathematics and sciences. On April 11 the results were proclaimed in the college hall. First place in their respective classes was obtained by the following students: E. M. Morales, C. F. Fehrenbach, F. J. Toohill, M. J. Friedl, S. J. Laux, J. H. Layton, C. A. Mayer, J. H. McGraw, S. G. McLaughlin, G. P. Angel, F. C. Lefevre, J. Sonnefeld and J. Kraus. One hundred and nineteen honor cards were awarded, a fact which goes to show most satisfactory application to study.

Recent Successes of Past Students.

The following letter was received on April 5, from Mr. Patrick J. Sweeney, '84, Principal of the Manhattan Reporting Co.,

150 Nassau Street, New York City:—

Very Rev. President:

I have received word from the Board of Examiners of the Department of Education that at their meeting last Friday they voted to regard me as eligible to teach Commercial Branches in the High Schools. Therefore, I hasten to tell you the good news.

I again assure you of my hearty appreciation of your great kindness and very valuable help. Please the Lord, it will not be long until I shall be able to reciprocate.

Respectfully yours,

PATRICK J. SWEENEY.

We congratulate Mr. Sweeney, and thank him for a copy of his lecture entitled, "The Demands upon the Shorthand Schools in the Large Cities." By unanimous vote this paper was printed and distributed among the members of the National Shorthand Teachers' Association, an honor which has never been accorded to any other paper delivered before this Association.

At the graduation exercises of the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy held on April 12 in the Allegheny Carnegie Hall, a certificate of proficiency in materia medica and chemistry was conferred on Theodore D. Kvatsak, and the degree of Ph. G. was awarded to Frank Aaron and Andrew C. Wesolowski.

Coming Entertainment.

On May 17, the students will give their annual dramatic and gymnastic entertainment in the Gayety Theatre. Both Mr. Chambers and Mr. Koch predict a grand success. The play selected, "William Tell," by J. Sheridan Knowles, is one that never fails to interest a cultured audience. William Tell has become a kind of world-hero, and the cause for which he fought is the cause of mankind in all ages; add to this the intrinsic merits of the play, the ackowledged ability of the collegians in the noble Thespian art, and a successful affair is assured.

THE REMINGTON IN EGYPT.

The Rev. Chauncy Murch, of the American Mission at Luxor, Egypt, writes under date of February 25th, as follows:

"My Remington was sent to me in Egypt in 1884. The one I am now using is my second one. I took it with me to Egypt in 1894. Never before with either machine have I had a break, but occasionally I have had to work an hour or so to adjust something that went a little wrong; in all such cases I have succeeded in keeping the machine in good working order. If you knew what a dusty country Egypt is you would consider my experience a good recommendation of the Remington; but recommendations are things you have long ceased to need."

Pittsburg College Bulletin

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June.

Fair June upon the stage of time,
With singing birds and blossoms gay,
Comes tripping, tripping to the chime
Of nature's bells, the lilies' lay.

No more the cold pervades the land,
But with its warmth the sun has sent
Rich roses' blush in beauty grand—
The graves of all the flow'rs are rent.

Like winter, coldness and neglect
Did chill the hearts of Christian souls,
And they who were God's own elect
Seemed now as dead as fun'ral knolls.

Anon, a vivifying flame
From Jesus' Sacred Heart above
Did fill the breasts of men with shame,
And then converted them to love.

Throughout the present month so fair
Let each one zealously take part
In spreading round him everywhere
Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

JAMES J. GOUGH, '06.

Honored By the Right Rev. Bishop.

A ceremony of special beauty and significance occurred at the college on the first Friday in the month of May. Right Rev. Bishop Canevin had been invited to perform the ceremony of enrolling the members of the four sodalities of the college and graciously accepted. The four sodalities, yearly enrolled about this period, are named after their patrons, the Child Jesus, the Holy Angels, the Immaculate Heart and the Holy Ghost. All the students, according to classes, belong to one or other of these. His lordship delivered an eloquent discourse appropriate to the occasion and embodying the spirit and purpose characteristic to each sodality.

Bishop Canevin likewise inaugurated the Pittsburg College C. T. A. U. Some months ago the president of the Priests' League of the United States, Rev. A. S. Siebenfoercher, of Kenton, Ohio, addressed the students on total abstinence and proposed the formation of a society. The college President agreed, but postponed its organization to give the students ample time to consider so important a matter, and secure the presence of the bishop. When the students had assembled in the chapel, the *Veni Creator* was intoned, and sung by a select choir. Having dilated on the advantages incidental to membership in religious sodalities, the Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke strongly in favor of total abstinence. His arguments were incisive and convincing; they brought to mind the benefits of total abstinence in moral, mental and physical resourcefulness, as also in the uplifting of society, the dignity of the Church and the glory of God. The majority of the students at once entered the association till the age of twenty-five. With them knelt also members of the Faculty and the Very Rev. President himself. Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp., will continue the organization of the College C. T. A. U., as director, and have it immediately affiliated to the Diocesan Union.

After the ceremonies, Bishop Canevin was tendered a reception in the College Hall, where his eloquence was replete with humor. The orchestra succeeded admirably in some difficult renditions and then the following address was read by R. L. Hayes, '05, in the name of all the students:—

"The Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburg. Welcome to Your Lordship: On this auspicious occasion it is an exquisite joy to express the sentiments of veneration and gratitude with which we hail in our midst the presence of one of the satellites of Christ's Vicar. It were ill-befitting the students of our institution who salute their *Alma Mater* with the encomium of 'College of the Holy Ghost' to lack any of the spirit which should animate the faithful towards their bishops, or to forget those powerful and honorable words of Holy Scripture: 'The Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God.'—Acts xx., 28. Well indeed are we aware from the perusal of history, sacred and profane, that no other line of officials of any age or clime, of any sphere soever of activity, can, we do not say surpass, but compare with the hierarchy of Holy Church.

"That we may then revere in you a worthy member of this noble dynasty in the spiritual kingdom of God on earth is our pride. We know your apostolic zeal. We know that you ably and with daily self-sacrifice cope with the duties and trials of this ever-expanding diocese of now 325,000 souls. Providence has made you the first Bishop of Greater Pittsburg. May the Church grow rapidly under your prudent and devoted guidance. We expect it shall, we almost forsee it. How we rejoice to behold the walls of your great cathedral and ours rising, massive and elegant, to long-desired completion.

"But you are interested in us to-day. Your previous visits have shown your love of education. Your Truth Society and Lyceum show your love of youth and truth at once. Your presence and words of eloquent encouragement at our last two Commencement Exercises have

further impressed this on the public mind. May they be repeated at our next Annual Commencement in June.

"To-day you inaugurate our sacred sodalities, so solemn and touching in their varied significance. They shall be the more endeared to us as you confer the privileges of membership personally. To-day you enroll the applicants for membership in the Catholic total abstinence society. Who is more fit to do this than our beloved bishop? But the fitness is trebled by the fact that our bishop is likewise the National President of that organization. For the sake of example to our fellow-countrymen, and to preserve the better that dignity which best becomes the sons of Catholicity, we reflect, that this society must do incalculable service. In every manner we shall strive to wax wiser, abler and nobler citizens, scholars and Catholics.

"As you noticed and amiably appreciated in your address at our Alumni Banquet, the college has already formed men of culture and prominence in divers walks of life, even giving scores of sons to the priesthood; we hope never to prove degenerate from such traditions. Such visits as this will confirm our progress in the right path. Once again may we express how deeply they are cherished. Long may you live to repeat them!"

The Parable of the Good Samaritan Illustrated.

(Extract from a letter of Rev. P. A. McDermott, Missionary in Southern Nigeria.)

As I am far removed into the interior, away from the Central Mission House, and living alone here in the pagan town, the only white man in the very midst of the pagan Blacks, I needed a native who might be a trustworthy servant as well as interpreter. So from the midst of the 120 boys, constituting my school, I picked Ejogo

and asked him to come and live with me, to lay the table, make my room, and then go to school during the day with the other boys. He is a finely developed boy of about 19; tall and strong as a giant, and belonging to one of the best families of the country. He had picked up a little broken English and is in the 1st standard of our little school. I must here explain that one of my most important duties is (every day) to bandage up and wash the wounds and sores of poor unfortunate wretches that flock invariably to all our Mission Stations in the sure hope of getting some relief from their sufferings sometimes otherwise unbearable or incurable. As for me I never paid the least attention to practical medicine, still less to surgery, having a natural horror of wounds or cuts and sores. Besides, my stock of drugs is of the poorest description and extent. But is no use in my alleging either poverty or incapacity; the poor unfortunates will come, anyhow, and they have an implicit confidence in the *Uko Tshuku* (Servant of God), the Priest. So every morning I must roll up my sleeves, take out my scissors (happily I bought a pair at Bunney's in Liverpool before coming away), unroll my heap of old linen (in lieu of bandages), uncork a bottle or two of primitive and simple drugs, such as Tincture of Iodine, or St. Jacob's Oil.

Now, one day after I had dismissed the other patients and was preparing to start off for the school-house which is about three quarters of a mile distant, I saw, coming up the steep and narrow path leading to the house, a boy about 10 years old hobbling along, mostly on one foot, and dragging the other after him as in fearful pain. The poor child wore a most piteous look. He had come a mile and a half in that way, spending hours on the weary journey, his right foot, across the sole, one gaping, festering, bleeding sore! Seeing him sit down on the path when only 10 yards from the door, I suspected the reason; and going down to meet him I took him up in my arms and set him down on the steps of the verandah. The smell from his sore was fearful, combined with the

unsightly rags saturated, for days, and probably weeks, with blood. It took me a long time to wash him thoroughly and clean out the wound with a simple preparation made up for myself—for a cut in the hand—some time previously by the local Army Surgeon. A more bright, brave, earnest and cheerful little fellow I never met; though he had such a wistful look on his curiously tatooed face! But it was worth going to all that trouble to be repaid on his part by the smile of simple gratitude that spread over his features, as after he knelt down and kissed the ground, he looked up from his bandaged foot to my face. I got him a big stick in the form of a crutch, and he hobbled away, satisfied and apparently relieved, to his distant home. Next day he was to return, and in order to be in time was to start early from his hut. But, while others came to be treated, there was no sign of our little patient, until the very last moment, when I saw him struggling along as before, but this time, with a little more courage and self-reliance. That morning there had been a frightful storm of thunder, lightning and rain; and the poor little fellow had made several ineffectual attempts to leave his hut, but failed. Not only had the wound broken out afresh, but his wretched parents, tired of seeing him so helpless and unfit to work or go to the farm, had gone off and left him half starving with only one cob of hard, dried Indian corn for his day's food. Again I repeated the cleansing operations as before. But I had not the heart to let him trust again to his own feeble resources—and looking round I beheld my big boy Ejogo standing behind me with his books and slate, along with my own bundle on his head, ready to accompany me to the school; for it was time, and one of the native teachers was down with fever. He had upon his face a look of unutterable disgust; for besides the appearance of the wound there was the all important fact, which no high-born Black can ignore, that the child belonged to one of the poorest and lowest of slave families, and therefore was to be despised. It was

Wednesday morning and Ejogo was to be baptized on the coming Friday—the first Friday of March—on which day we were to have, for the first time in its history, in our little thatched chapel of the forest, under the big palm trees, Mass, Devotion and Communion, and Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. All looked forward to it with anxious and happy anticipation, especially the Catechumens. Besides, the king was to be there contrary to all precedent, which forbids him to leave his palace of huts except on Sunday and to preside over the Court on big occasions. The seven Catechumens had been carefully and repeatedly instructed in the Catechism; and the chief thing upon which I had been insisting for weeks, was the necessity, as we say in the native language: *nevè ezi obi wè-nata Baptisma*, to have true heart to receive Baptism; *o bu, nevè ezi èbèlè maka njo anyi*, that is, to have true sorrow for sins our; and, *imè opipia nime obi anyi*, to make punishment (reparation) in heart our, &c.—"Now," said I to my big Catechumen, "you have often asked me how you are to have *ezi obi* (true heart) and how to *imè opipia nime obi ngi* (make punishment in heart your) like our Blessed Lord did for us on earth. Well here is a chance for you to do so—to show if you have *ezi obi* to receive Baptism! Alas! to my astonishment, his face hardened, his eyes glistened, and his whole body stiffened up as haughty and erect as a palm tree; and he turned away saying: "It is impossible! You must not ask me to do such a thing! I no go take *mili Tchuku* (water of God, *i. e.* Baptism) for go carry dirty slave pickin' dat smell so bad" "Well," said I (with a certain mixture of disappointment and indignation at seeing the sudden collapse of my theoretical teachings about Christianity)—"Ejogo, I be sorry too much; but you can no get *water of God;* you no sabe what Christ our God go do—He no fraid touch 'm leper. Now I be Him priest, and God servant, and I be white man, and you be black man, and you no wish carry black man for house; and I go carry him myself! But

wait I go show you something''—and I ran into the house, and brought out the little ''Bible Picture Book'' by Lady Amabel Kerr which I bought one day at the Catholic Times' Store in John Dalton St. There, opposite page 101, I showed Ejogo the picture of our Lord as the good Samaritan, taking up the poor man wounded by robbers; and opposite page 129, the picture of St. Peter curing the lame man; and the sight of the bandaged leg on the last mentioned page, gave additional and irrefutable force to my lesson. I could see that his fearful pride was softening and breaking down, and coming out I took up the boy in my arms; he was a mere skeleton and not hard to carry, though, for the moment, I forgot about the distance, in my determination to teach Ejogo a lesson. Scarcely, however, had I done so, than the poor but proud catechumen fell on his knees and wept and begged me to let him carry the boy home. But I was inexorable, and started off with my strange burden, with big Ejogo following me at a distance like a big St. Bernard dog, the most dejected looking individual I ever saw; and the children and women all along the village running out of their huts to stare at the unusual sight of the ''Big White Father'' carrying the black boy: they all know me well and call me *Ogonogu* (big), a name given to me years ago when I was up here, before going down to Old Calabar. Easy to imagine how hard I blew, and how heavily I perspired, until we finally reached the miserable hut where I deposited my human freight.

That morning at school when I called out the names of the catechumens to be baptized on Friday, there was surprise on every face, at not seeing Ejogo advance with the rest. Seven were to be called! Now there were only six. Even *Charley Anthony Abasi*, (the *Farnworth* boy as he calls himself) was surprised. There was gloom at my house all that day as may easily be judged. But it could not be helped! So, in the evening, I was fixing up the requisities for Baptism, and was counting out the six medals, the six rosaries, and the six badges of the Sacred

Heart; when, looking up, I saw my big boy coming up along the verandah with a most penitent air, and, suddenly throwing himself on his knees, crying out piteously: "Oh! Father! them boy be sick too much! He can no go come to-morrow for see you for him leg. I go run and catch him, and carry him, so!" stretching out his brawny, ebony arms. I understood at once! His pride was broken, and I said: "Well, Ejogo, if you do them thing and bring him again from house, God go give you *ezi obi* and *mili Tchuku!*" He rose up full of joy, with face beaming, and eyes alight with the resolve to do so on the morrow. And lo! when I finished my Mass, on Thursday morning, there, on the stone steps, lay the wretched boy with the sore foot, still hideous to look at, and staring wonderingly up at his big friend, not knowing how such a sudden and seemingly impossible change could have taken place. For, *he* had understood the *first* repugnance! And, once more, after the poor child had been attended to, he was picked up gently and tenderly, placed high upon the towering shoulders, and carried back triumphantly to his hovel, amid the surprised looks and abundant comments of the big catechumen's own neighbours and relatives; to whom, however, he vouchsafed to speak no word of explanation, to show no sign of reluctance or repugnance. For I had impressed upon him that it would be of no avail to do this act of penance (*opipia*) outwardly, but that he must do it joyfully, in his heart. There was no happier man in all the town that day than the future Charles; and I verily believe that if I had told him to do like St. Peter Claver, to kiss the festering sore, he would have done so.

Evening.

The shadows grey steal slowly forth
From tall, majestic trees;
The soft, light winds are whispering
Among the rustling leaves;

Responds the river as it moves
In gentle, purling sigh,
To vesper hymn of choiring hills
That lift their forms on high;

In blessing holy stands the sun;
Gold-kissed, the cloudlets smile;
With sober mien and sable garb
Approaches night the while,

And day, but late so bright and glad,
Afaint keeps on its way,
Till, meeting, they embrace, to part
And say farewell for aye.

H. J. Lawler, '09.

Did the Conquest Benefit England?

(Speech on the Negative Side of a Debate.)

The Norman Conquest, which so deeply affected the affairs of England and the lives and interests of her people, took place in the year 1066, when the brave Saxon army, under its gallant leader, King Harold, met humiliating defeat in the Battle of Hastings at the hands of William the Conqueror and his host of invaders. From this event onward, for over three hundred years, the Normans held sway in England, and the Norman kings all

ruled with more or less severity toward the conquered Saxons.

William the Conqueror, the first Norman king, ruled from the very beginning with a heart of stone and a hand of iron; his will was as unyielding as the unbending oak; no man in the land, high or low, dared oppose or gainsay him in any thing: he would brook no interference, but ruled in his own cold way and according to his own stern policy.

From time to time the undying and unquenchable spirit of patriotism smouldering in the breasts of the Anglo-Saxons, blazed forth in revolt and in open rebellion at the galling and humilating yoke of the hated foreign invader, but always the outcome was the same—the stern warrior William crushed them and their hopes, and they were in each instance compelled to bow to his rule.

During the reign of the Conqueror, the Norman was everywhere and in every way honored and elevated, while the vanquished Saxon was disgraced and degraded; the richest and most influential among them were robbed and despoiled of their wealth and possessions, which were at once given over to the Conqueror's Norman friends. Vain and useless were the protests to the king of those whose property had thus been confiscated. All the high and important offices, both secular and ecclesiastical, were filled with the Norman king's own favorites, who were in most cases men unfit to hold such offices. In the year 1070, William aimed a blow at religion when he despatched a company of soldiers to the monasteries and abbeys for the purpose of seizing their property and holdings; this was done. Among other valuable articles which the ransackers carried off, were a number of old charters granting ecclesiastical immunities. At the same time these monasteries and abbeys, which until now had been free and exempt from military exactions, were compelled by order of the Conqueror to furnish a specified number from their communities for military service.

Besides these reprehensible features of William's

government, there was yet another and by far the worst and most blameworthy feature, his oppression of the great body of the poorest Saxons. William the Conqueror was a cold, stern and avaricious ruler; not only did he take away from the Saxons all their dearest and most ancient rights and liberties; not only did he make severe laws against them, but he was also responsible for the great sufferings and distress of his unhappy subjects whom he crushed under the weight of heavy taxes. This, then, was the beneficial and felicitous rule of William the Conqueror; this, the manner in which he advanced the interests of England and the welfare of the Saxon people. Whatever may have been the personality of this man, whatever may have been his good qualities, however beneficial the results of his rule may have been to England, certain it is that his reign was far from being either pleasing or satisfactory to the Anglo-Saxons; certain it is, that on all sides there were loud murmurings and numerous complaints from the vanquished. The one great and significant fact which we learn from the Conqueror's rule, the one great fact which stands forth more boldly and more prominently than all others, is that he was greatly feared, and most heartily, most bitterly, hated by all classes of Saxons. What then do we see in this? What does it show? Does not it alone speak most plainly for itself? Does it not alone tell us much in regard to William's rule in Britain? Can we point to one single instance in history where a good king was feared or hated by his subjects? Can we point to any one single instance in history in which a king who governed his people wisely and well, who improved their condition, promoted their welfare and advanced their interests, was hated by his ungrateful and disloyal subjects?

Coming now to the next Norman king, William II., son of the Conqueror, or, as he was called, William Rufus, we find that the evils of misgovernment which existed in the reign of the father increased and were aggravated during the reign of the son, by greater misery and greater

distress among the people, and rank injustice everywhere. William Rufus has probably the worst record of all the Norman kings for tyranny and misrule. His very first act after he had become king was one of base perfidy and unusual meanness. That he might secure their help against his brother Robert, Duke of Normandy, who was menacing the safety of his throne, William Rufus gave back to the Saxons all the old rights and privileges of which they had been deprived by the Conqueror; but, as soon as his object was gained, and when danger to his throne no longer threatened, he at once suppressed the very rights and privileges he had granted so shortly before. The reign of this king was one of the cruelest, most merciless and shameful, and withal most burdensome to all down-trodden, suffering and afflicted England. From all parts of the land at once rang out a mighty wail of distress; loud were the lamentations of the people, strong their protests and appeals, and numerous and just their complaints against the heartless oppression of this unfeeling king. To all these, however, the tyrant listened unmoved and untouched, or, if he sometimes answered, it was with a frown or threat. Not only did the harsh William Rufus harass and persecute the Church by disgracefully selling her bishoprics to the highest bidders, putting the ill-gotten and unholy proceeds of these sales into his own royal pocket, but he also further increased the already great misery and hardships of the people by imposing upon them additional taxes, going farther in this respect than his gruff old father, the Conqueror. Nay, so great was the avarice of this king, and so insatiable his greed for gold, that he mutiplied the means of increasing his revenues, and by every scheme and pretext strove to enlarge his incomes. Dark, indeed, and sorrowful were England's days at this time; nowhere was there justice or mercy, nowwhere redress or satisfaction for grievous wrong and outrage, but everywhere reigned sadness, oppression, wretchedness and grief. This depressing condition of affairs continued through William Rufus' reign,

until at last the hand of God touched him, the fate of the wicked overtook him, and he was accidentally killed, being struck full in the breast by an arrow aimed at a frightened deer by one of his companions while he was out hunting with a party of his knights. Thus died William Rufus, perhaps the very worst of all the Norman misrulers—at any rate, a king who has left a most infamous record as a tyrant and oppressor.

Let us now give another and last example—one of those brilliant and glorious samples of the Norman's tender, loving and efficacious rule in Britain. When the Norman King Henry I., brother and successor of William Rufus, died, he left behind him contending for the throne his daughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen; their contention waxing gradually warmer at length broke forth into a fierce civil war, and poor unhappy England at once fell a prey to all its accompanying evils and ravages, to all its savage barbarities, horrors and awful crimes. Gloomy, alas! and mournful were the days that had once more fallen upon the poor Saxons; dark, foul and bloody were the deeds then committed; slaughter, pillage, burning, destruction of life and property and general desolation reigned throughout the land; everywhere the unfortunate and ill-fated Saxon was the victim. In the midst of the warring factions, tossed about between them, he was killed whenever and wherever he showed himself or was met.

No one knows the number of those thus cruelly murdered. No one knows how many were the hapless creatures who thus lost their lives in this dreadful time of carnage and wanton bloodshed. Such was the grievous state of affairs in England at this lawless period, during this awful civil war; it is no exaggeration, no overdrawn picture of horrors, no wild wandering or output of a too vivid imagination, but the plain, the simple, truth, a faithful portrayal of the deplorable condition of the Saxons at this time. And as it was in the three instances just mentioned, so it was for the most part with all the

Norman kings of England; few, if any, of them did real good for the Saxons, or brought them real happiness or contentment; the Saxons throughout the reigns of all these kings were constantly compelled to bear the burden of heavy taxation. Much more might be advanced, but already enough has been said to show their general manner of ruling the English.

In conclusion, then, let us sum up in short all that we have seen of Norman sway in England. We have seen first of all how the Church herself suffered, how she was grievously wronged by tne scandalous selling of bishoprics, and how the ungodly money thus obtained was appropriated by the king; we have seen how the monks of the various monasteries and abbeys were unjustly forced to give military service; secondly, we have looked upon the sad condition, the pitiful sufferings, the mournful distresses and sorrows of the poor Saxon people. We have seen how vain, how useless, how wholly and utterly unavailing, were their honest protests and complaints against enslaving taxation and against the general oppression and injustice of their hard-hearted rulers; we have seen the bloody horrors and awful scenes during the civil strife; we have beheld the land laid waste and the taking away of the lives of many men; again, we have beheld the avarice and greed of the Norman kings, their heartlessness, their cold indifference, their entire lack of either pity, sympathy or feeling for the wretched and unhappy people over whom they ruled. In the face then of all these things—in view of all these proofs, can we do anything else but conclude that the Norman rule in England was a failure—a dismal, inglorious failure; that it was hurtful—not only hurtful, but even disastrous and destructive to that fair isle.

Need I say more—need I further dwell on the affairs of the luckless Anglo-Saxon—need I go deeper into those unhappy events of the long dead and silent past, or shall I linger still amid those sad and mournful scenes, or deal further with the misfortunes and woes of this poor unfortunate, misruled and much-wronged people? No, after all that has been said, I feel that you are convinced, I feel that you are now quite ready to agree with me that the day of the Norman Conquest was to the Anglo-Saxon a black and woeful one, and that the Norman rule itself was to England a bitter misfortune.

J. A. Carlos, '08.

Catholic Federation Resolutions.

(CONTINUED.)

Next comes the resolution on Sunday observance:

"The Commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day has not been abrogated, and while it is right that Sunday should be a day of rest from labor, and of legitimate recreation, it is imperative that it should be recognized also as the day prescribed for special service of God. We commend the action of public and private employers who are striving to arrange their work so as to lessen the necessary labor of their employees on Sunday. We deplore the growing disposition among many of the American people to treat Sunday as a day meant only for pleasure, and not to be distinguished from the other days of the week, except as it conduces to opportunities for enjoyment."

We openly profess to be a Christian nation. We know that God ordained that one day each week be dedicated to his honor. That law was given to Moses and has been confirmed by Christianity. On account of the unfaithfulness of the Jews, and because Christ triumphed over his enemies by His Resurrection on Easter Sunday, because moreover the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, descended on Pentecost Sunday, the day has been changed from Saturday to Sunday. Can anything make a grander impression than the full and universal observance of one fixed day given to God's honor and glory?

The proper observance is negative and positive—rest from work and assistance at divine service. The work is manual. Purely or substantially artistic or intellectual labor is not forbidden. Therefore study, music, poetry, eloquence and the like are not unbecoming on Sunday; indeed, they rather tend to elevation of heart and mind, which is the quality of appropriate Sunday observance. Many are obliged by peculiar circumstances to do even severe manual labor, and against necessity there is no law. The criticism falls upon such as labor unnecessarily, or needlessly oblige others to labor merely to grasp some slight increase of lucre. Even those who must work should be on the lookout for a betterment of their condition. Meanwhile, too, if at all convenient, they should arrange to have a Sunday off now and then—say, at least, once in three months. To assist at church a few times

yearly is far different from allowing a year's Sundays to pass unobserved. Yet some never think of arranging anything in the matter, though perhaps they may arrange more frequently to have a day off for very worldly reasons. He is a hard employer who will never allow a day free to a good laborer. Laborers should force employers to arrange some free days for such as have labor Sunday and every other day. It is an abnormal condition, against Providence, against human dignity, against liberty, against social and religious life and against health, that a man have no days of respite.

Games and pleasure are not forbidden on Sunday. The contrary is a Puritan cynicism. These are a means of rest and distraction from labor. One of our bishops has lately had occasion to bring this before the public mind. Of course, such sport as football or boxing which are about the most strenuous manual labor possible, would ill befit the Lord's Day, a day of peace. But even the best of sports and the mildest could not alone constitute Sunday observance. The positive duty of devoting time to God's honor is incumbent on all. Catholics certainly fulfil it best, for they know it is a mortal sin not to assist at divine service if they can. Our Protestant friends admire the throng of Catholics flocking to Mass on Sunday mornings. Imitation would be better than admiration. Perchance they would feel the same inclination to attend had they the same Church and service. Any Catholic who neglects to attend Mass on Sunday, misses instruction and many graces; he fails to give the example he owes to others; he sins, and must admit, to his shame, that he was certainly not in conditions as noble, dignified and elevating while he exempted himself from the assemblage of the faithful. In New York and Pittsburg--probably elsewhere—a Mass is offered in a down-town Church shortly after midnight for such as may find it convenient. For all who have leisure, the High Mass is the Parochial Mass, at which the heads of families especially should assist and where a more

elaborate sermon is delivered. In German churches, this idea is carried out remarkably well, probably because it has been very much insisted upon by some of their prominent theologians, notably Lehmkuhl. On the contrary, French Free-Masons do all in their power to alienate the Catholic public from the regular, public and solemn service. For a time, they tried to abrogate Sunday itself and have the day of rest on a week-day, but they failed miserably. Catholics should strive to so influence public events that the tendencies will all favor Sunday observance as far as possible. It must have a good effect on all. What an effect must have, even upon the careless of Pittsburg for instance, the fact that Sunday here brings a cessation of the din and rush of mill-work, a consequent absence of smoke, and further, a vision of green hills, smooth waters, snow-white clouds and azure skies hidden for the rest of the week!

THOMAS GIBLIN, C. S. SP.

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, John L. Buerkle, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

M. J. BRENNAN,
H. N. GASPARD,
H. H. MALONE.

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EDITORIAL.

Memorizing Master-pieces.

"Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory?"
—CYMBELINE, II., 2.

The Greeks represented the Muses as the daughters of Jupiter and Memory, thus intimating that memory is the fountain-head of all the arts and sciences. And so it is. "Memory is the purveyor of reason." Without memory there could be no progress in knowledge. But memory, like every other faculty, must be trained and developed, and becomes perfect only by constant practice.

Tennyson advised a young man to memorize a verse of the Bible and some lines of Shakespeare every day.

"By studying the Bible," he says, "you will learn how to speak to God, and by reading Shakespeare, you will learn how to speak to your fellow-men."

The number of books written in our times is well-nigh infinite, and so is the number of those who devour them. This is one of the chief defects of our age: men read too much and think too little. Too much that is superficial is read, and too little time is given to the perusal of what is really of lasting value. And yet it is not the reading of a book, but the becoming intimate with its spirit that is of use to us. The best way, undoubtedly, to gain lasting benefit from the reading of an author is to memorize what is best in him. By making our own the highest and noblest thoughts of the master minds of the world, we become truly the "heirs of all the ages." Why waste our time in swallowing pages upon pages of trash, when we can just as easily make our memories the storehouses of treasures which surpass the wealth of "Ormuz and of Ind?"

The memorizing of master-pieces has a beneficial influence in character-building. Just as what is gross has "weight to drag us down," so what is noble and good will elevate us and make us think and act from its high plane. Then what a pleasure to have always at one's command the beautiful thoughts and the beautiful words of great poets and orators. They will be our companions through life and lighten many a heavy hour and brighten many a gloomy prospect.

We need not learn by heart a whole play of Shakespeare or the Bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse, or all of the "Paradise Lost." Any good hand-book of literature, or any teacher acquainted with our literature, will point out what is "worthy of memory," and to that we ought to confine ourselves. What a vast amount of good and beautiful things we can store up in our memories if we set about it in an orderly, persevering manner! And certainly what labor it will cost, will be amply repaid by the pleasure which will flow from it.

Our Entertainment.

We heartily congratulate all who took part in the entertainment given by the students in the Gayety Theatre on the evening of May 17. The handsome and spacious theatre was filled to the limits of its capacity; the actors, gymnast and musicians elicited marked and repeated applause, and the programme was carried out without the slightest hitch from the moment the curtain rose at 8:15 until it was rung down at 11:20. That we may not lay ourselves open to the reproach of exaggeration in speaking of the success achieved, we shall content ourselves with quoting from the columns of the *Pittsburg Gazette.*

"Every seat was filled at the Gayety theater last evening when the students of Pittsburg College put on the drama, "William Tell," by J. Sheridan Knowles. The play is a difficult one. The young actors were fortunate in having an audience that was sufficiently cultured to appreciate this really high class bit of dramatic work. As to the rendition of the piece, it is enough to say that its production was away above that of the average college students' efforts. Every man in the play knew his part perfectly, and, without an exception, handled it as an actor who had had considerable experience in tramping the boards.

"In such a galaxy of bright young people it would be difficult to select any who deserved special mention, for they were all good. John F. Chambers, with all the appreciation of a true artist, gave a finished interpretation of Tell, the noble Swiss patriot; his bearing was dignified, his voice clear and melodious, his gestures appropriate and graceful, and his elocution perfect. The sympathies of the audience naturally went out to little Eugene Ley, who took the part of Albert, Tell's son. Joseph J. Creighton, who played Emma, the wife of Tell, performed his difficult task in a masterly manner. Percy Tull, as Gessler, the tyrant, won the highest applause any villain looks for—the hisses of the audience. The other characters were admirably handled.

"At the conclusion of the drama the gymnastic class of the college gave an exhibition, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the big audience, the opening wand and dumb-bell drill, in which 88 of the students took part, being a most attractive feature. Altogether, the night was one of which the students of Pittsburg College have a right to be proud, for its every number was a success. Music was furnished by the college orchestra, and this organization also covered itself with laurels."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Gesler, Austrian Governor of Switzerland, . Mr. Percy A. Tull
Sarnem, Gesler's Lieutenant, . . . Mr. John A Dekowski
Rodolph, Lutold, Gerard } Austrians . . . . Mr. Charles A. Fehrenbach, Mr. Howard J. Lawler, Mr. Joseph N. Whalen
William Tell, Swiss Patriot, . . . Mr. John F. Chambers
Albert, Tell's Son, ... Master Eugene Ley
Melctal, Erni's Father, ... Mr. Amos G. Johns
Erni, Furst, Verner } Patriots in League with Tell . . Mr. Chester A. Sierakowski, Mr. John D. Victory, Mr. Frank A. Hipps
Michael, Pierre, Theodore, } Swiss Burghers . . . Mr. Joseph L. Jaworski, Mr. James R. Cox, Mr. Martin J. Brennan
Emma, Tell's Wife, . . . Master Joseph J. Creighton
Savoyard, ... Mr. Raymond V. Conway

Austrian Soldiers:—Messrs. W. F. Mertz, A. B. Bejenkowski, P. J. Dooley, T. A. Calnan, N. L. Hoffmann, R. L. McVean.

Swiss Peasants:—Messrs. J. J. Gough, D. P. Murphy, P. G. Misklow, J. J. Millard, F. A. Burlaga.

"William Tell," by J. Sheridan Knowles, has ever been deservedly popular amongst theatre-goers. The historical incident on which the tragedy is founded, is a familiar one; and whether the story of the apple is apocryphal or not, it is generally believed that Tell was the chief instigator of the revolution, which delivered the Swiss Cantons from the Austrian yoke in 1307. The play skillfully combines all the elements of the drama. It abounds in touches of pathos, in instances of genuine passion, and in passages of high poetical merit. We sympathize with the people in their sufferings; we burn with indignation at each act of tyranny exercised by the cruel Gesler; we admire the noble hero who keenly felt each wrong inflicted on his countrymen, and generously staked his life to set them free; and in the end we rejoice with Switzerland that freedom has been restored to her by the hand of the patriotic Tell.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Tell's Cottage.

In the opening scene Emma thanks God for the gift of a new day. She questions Albert on the performance of his morning duties, and tells him that only the good can be contented. Whilst Albert practises with his bow, Tell enters, and, admiring his skill, expresses the hope that his little son may yet be instrumental in pulling a

sinewy tyrant from his seat. He instructs the youthful archer to fire each dart as if 'twere aimed at the heart of Gesler, who envies them their liberty and fain would wrest it from them. Recalling the courage of the Rhetian women, who would not live beneath the Roman yoke, he prepares Emma for the news that he is one of four that have staked their lives upon the fall of Gesler. As Tell is about to communicate his share in the plot, Albert appears, leading Melctal by the hand. The eyes of the old man had been plucked out by the order of Gesler as a punishment for his son's having defended his yoke of oxen against two soldiers who would have seized them. Tell promises to avenge him, and offers him the hospitality of his house. Albert is sent to the hiding Erni with means for his defence.

ACT II.

SCENE 1—A Mountain with Mist.

Gesler is lost in the mountains, and is overcome with fear of the death that threatens him at every step. Albert discovers him in a fainting condition. He offers to be his guide to Altorf. While on the way, Gesler endeavors in vain to know who is the father of this courageous and noble child.

SCENE 2—A Mountain Pass.

The three patriots, Verner, Erni and Furst, name the friends they can count on, and decide that the next aggression of the tyrant will be the signal for his overthrow.

SCENE 3—The Gate of Altorf.

Arrived at the gate of Altorf, Albert would be gone on his errand, but Gesler, failing to discover his father's name, and fearing that the father of such a boy may one day strip him of his power, calls on his guards to imprison Albert until he hit upon

> "Some way
> To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,
> And harrow it!"

He orders Sarnem to send his soldiers through the mountains and drag before him any father that expects his child.

To test the submission of his subjects, he commands his lieutenant to set his cap on a pole in the market place, and see to it that one and all do bow before it; he who refuses or pays the homage sullenly is to be cast into prison.

SCENE 4—The Market Place.

The peasants make merry to the surprise of Tell. Sarnem, accompanied by soldiers, advances to the market place, and, fixing in the ground a pole with Gesler's cap upon it, calls upon the people to bow before the emblem of their master's power and dignity. As, one

by one, they pay the tribute of their homage, Tell gives vent to his feelings of righteous indignation. Michael, alone, scorns to bow before the cap and is about to be seized by the soldiers, when Tell rushes in and puts them to flight. Sarnem speedily returns with reinforcements, overpowers Tell, and hurries him off to prison.

Act III.

Scene 1—A Chamber in the Castle.

The rumor that his soldiers have been routed, excites the gravest fears in Gesler. However, he is reassured by Rodolph, who informs him that only four had fled, but that, reinforced, they had returned and captured their sole opponent.

Tell, in chains, is brought into his presence, and winces not at the threat of tortures. Nay, he beards the tyrant in his halls, and defies him to do his worst. He boldly declares that every blessing Heaven bestows upon his countrymen is withered to a curse by the mere thought of the tyrant that rules over them; they never smile but when they talk of vengeance.

On discovering that Tell has a son, Gesler suspects his relationship with the fearless little mountain guide, and dispatches Sarnem to bring him forth. Tell dreads lest a glance of recognition may involve the child in his father's ruin. Albert sees his father, and wisely resolves not to own him. He starts, however, when he hears that the headsman should be raady, and his involuntary movement confirms the tyrant's suspicion. Tell entrusts to the boy a message for his wife and child. As a last means to make them betray their relationship, Gesler now declares that the two must die together. Tell is so much affected that concealment is no longer possible. He acknowledges Albert as his son, and his name as William Tell. This magic name suggests to Gesler an exquisite vengeance. He has heard of Tell's extraordinary skill with the bow, and will have him give an exhibition of it even at the imminent risk of the boy's life. He promises life and freedom to both on one condition—that Tell, at the distance of one hundred paces, should hit an apple resting on his son's head. The father is astounded at the cruelty of the tyrant, who would have him murder his own child. Should he refuse the condition, he knows that certain death awaits them both. In this harrowing predicament, he is encouraged by the confidence of the boy, and finally consents to make the trial.

Scene 2—Without the Castle.

Citizens express their astonishment at the approach of Gesler and his minions, together with Tell and Albert. Pierre informs them of the tyrant's grim condition.

Tell objects to shooting against the sun, and rejects several apples

as being too small or too light-colored. Having selected one, he tells Verner, that, whatever be the issue of the trial, the morrow's sun must not set on the tyrant's banner. He asks if his son shows courage to stand the ordeal, and is assured that he trembles not. He gives his last directions to his faithful friend. The latter leads the boy from the embraces of his father to the appointed spot, and Tell prepares to stake his all upon the bow which never failed him yet. He rejects the defective arrows that are offered him, picks out one himself, and conceals another in his breast. Asking prayers for success, he wings the arrow straight to its mark, and falls fainting to the ground. When his breast is opened to give him air, Gesler sees the arrow and asks its purpose. Tell fearlessly declares:

"To kill you, tyrant, had I slain my boy."

The soldiers are ordered to seize him. Tell snatches a sword, and, confronted by the tyrant, strikes him to the earth. The Austrians are driven from the scene, and Switzerland is freed from the yoke of a hateful tyrant.

"A country's never lost, that hath one man
To wrestle with the tyrant who'd enslave her!"

In the gymnastic entertainment the following students participated:—C. J. Baum, R. A. Berry, L. C. Bishop, E. C. Blundon, E. E. Brennan, A. W. Briggs, J. Burg, F. A. Burlaga, J. J. Cain, J. D. Carr, S. F. Carraher, J. A. Carroll, W. J. Carroll, C. E. Clair, M. Connelly, R. L. Connor, S. Conway, F. Cwiklinski, M. J. Daley, J. A. Dignan, C. D. Doherty, D. B. Dougherty, J. J. Doyle, F. G. Drake, L. F. Drake, R. J. Drake, J. Egan, W. P. Fay, T. A. Feeney, D. Fleinick, B. Gerlowski, H. J. Gilbert, J. F. Gillespie, L. Grendiski, W. Groff, C. F. Gwyer, J. Habrowski, C. B. Hannigan, G. Haughey, P. N. Heilman, E. H. Kehoe, T. N. Kellerman, G. Kraus, E. V. Kvatsak, J. A. Lafferty, S. J. Laux, T. M. Laux, J. H. Layton, F. C. Lefevre, E. Ley, E. E. Locke, J. J. Lokar, F. McCaffrey, R. L. McCue, J. P. McGonigle, J. H. McGraw, E. A. McGuigan, J. L. McMahon, J. E. Madden, E. A. Mertz, J. J. Millard, J. Monahan, T. W. Noonan, M. F. O'Connor, J. O'Reilly M. C. O'Reilly, G. P. Parker, N. J. Picard, J. Piorkowski, C. W. Puhl, B. F. Schneider, F. A. Schwab, J. Smisko, J. J. Statler, C. J. Staud, J. P. Strako, J. A. Stybr, A. J. Szabo, R. Telerski, R. Truxell, F. Tucker, J. L. Tugman, V. P. Vieslet, F. J. Wackerman, H. J. Weber, O. Werder, J. Wisniewski, J. F. Woda, W. C. Ziegler and L. J. Zindler.

Exercises.

1. Wands and Dumb Bells.
2. Indian Club Swinging.
3. Gymnastics—Apparatus.

4. Modern Gladiators.
5. Buck Vaulting and Pyramids.
6. Fencing—Grand Salute, Assault.
7. Military Drill.

Programme of Music.

The College Orchestra rendered the following selections during the entertainment:

Overture,	The Silver Bell,	*Schlepegrel*
Waltz,	In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,	*Redfield*
. .	The Radium Dance, from "Piff Paff Pouf,"	*Schwartz*
March,	Sweet Little Caraboo,	*Kelly*
Intermezzo,	An Afternoon Tea,	*Keiserl*
Waltz,	My Lady of the North,	*Blanke*
Exit March,	Pittsburg College.	

Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests.

The annual elocutionary and oratorical contests were held in the College hall on the evening of Monday, May 29. The hall was beautifully decorated and brilliantly illuminated. A very large audience attended and appreciatively applauded the meritorious efforts of the young elocutionists and orators. The college orchestra and vocal and instrumental selections added to the enjoyment of the evening. Following is the programme rendered:

OVERTURE — From Dawn to Twilight — *Bennett*
COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

DIVISION III.—SILVER MEDAL.

GEORGE P. ANGEL . "How He Saved St. Michael's"
SAMUEL G. MCLAUGHLIN . . . "Crippled Ben"
EUGENE LEY . "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night"
EDWARD A. MERTZ . "The Collier's Dying Child"
VOCAL SOLO — The Wanderer — *Schumann*
E. M. MORALES

DIVISION II.—SILVER MEDAL.

RALPH J. DRAKE . . . . . "Jet"
GUSTAVE J. WANDRISCO . . . "Sheridan's Ride"
WILLIAM C. ZIEGLER . . "The Swan Song"
ALBERT HICKEL . . . . "Fate of Virginia"
VIOLIN SOLO — Stradella — *Flotow*
FRANCIS J. STACK

DIVISION I.—SILVER MEDAL.

JOHN D. VICTORY . "Jugurtha's Prison Thoughts"
NICHOLAS M. SZABO . . "The Wounded Soldier"
HOWARD J. LAWLER "Mark Anthony over the Body of Cæsar"
HENRY N. GASPARD . . "Asleep at the Switch"
CHORUS with Orchestra accompaniment
Under the American Eagle *Ellis*
SELECT CHOIR

ORATORICAL CONTEST—GOLD MEDAL.

EDWARD F. JACKSON . . "A Plea for Ireland"
FRANCIS A. SCHWAB . . . "Our Nation's Hero"
JOHN A. DEKOWSKI . "The Cross and the Crescent"
JOHN M. KILGALLEN "Catholic Interest in the Philippines"
CORNET SOLO The Commodore *Chambers*
FRANCIS J. NEILAN

Decisions of the Honorable Judges

FINALE Gala Parade *Le Blanc*
COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

The judges on the occasion were Rev. E. Griffin, of St. Mary's of the Mount; Rev. P. J. Hesson, of St. Patrick's; and Mr. E. G. O'Connor, one of the first graduates of the college. The medals for elocution were awarded to E. A. Mertz, R. J. Drake, and J. D. Victory. J. M. Kilgallen carried off the honors in the oratorical contest. The decisions of the judges met with general approval.

ATHLETICS.

Out for the Championship.

The predictions made in the last issue of the BULLETIN about the strength of this year's 'Varsity team, bid fair to be more than fulfilled. In fact, our own are conceded to be a very strong factor in the race for the college championship of Western Pennsylvania. That is the opinion of Mr. Richard Guy, of the *Commercial Gazette*. In a review of the base-ball situation (May 14, 1905), after eliminating Grove City, Westminster and Allegheny from the race, owing to their recent poor showing, he continues: "It now looks as though the championship lies in the southern end of the circuit, with Pittsburg College, W. & J. and Waynesburg, to battle for it. The 'Bluffites' are playing a fast gait at present and are capable of making the best in the business travel. Their victory over the Braddock team last week was brought about through superior general playing. Kummer,

who pitched the game, performed well, and really pitched shut-out ball." Engel, too, has been pitching excellent ball. His greatest feat so far was performed at California, Pa., when he shut out the Normals, allowing them but four singles.

Team-Work and Good Nature.

"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," said old David Garrick. We might improve on this and say that fellow-feeling on a base-ball team makes it very strong. We venture the statement that no body of college ball players are better disposed towards one another, or have the interests of the team more at heart, or are more cheerful, even under defeat, or freer from that ugly turn of mind called "knocking," than the twelve young men composing our 'Varsity team. This is the secret of their excellent team work, and the secret also, in great measure, of their many victories.

Supporting the Team.

That peculiar ingredient, which makes college life so savory and healthy—college spirit—has every chance of coming to the fore during the base-ball season. It is easy to be loyal to a team when it is winning. It does not require much effort to encourage the players, and urge them on to victory, when they are in the lead—but when things are going the other way, when ill winds blow, then comes the test of the loyalty of the student body. Most of the players are young and need encouragement and cheering, both in victory and in defeat. Under defeat every true wearer of the red and blue should say with *Edmund* in *King Lear*, "I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore."

Record to date:

Since April 28, the 'Varsity team has played twelve games winning nine. Both pitchers and players showed up strong in nearly all the games and can be proud of their record. We append the box-score of all the games played thus far.

April 28, College Campus—P. C., 14; Pittsburg Labor Lyceum, 2.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s.....	2	2	2	0	1
Keating, l.....	3	3	0	0	0
Hoban, m.....	2	0	2	0	0
Duffy, l.....	1	3	9	1	0
Hayes, 3.....	3	1	1	2	1
Dougherty, 2...	2	1	3	0	0
Murray, c.....	0	3	10	6	1
Welsh, r.....	0	1	0	0	0
Engel, p.....	1	1	0	2	0
Neilan,.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	14	15	27	11	3

Pgh. La. Ly'm	R.	H	P.	A.	E.
Smith, l.....	0	0	1	0	0
Tragesser, 2.....	0	1	2	4	1
Bryan, s.....	0	0	2	0	1
Reiff, r.....	0	1	2	0	1
Closs, m.....	0	0	1	1	0
Gray, l.....	0	0	8	1	1
Goudy, 3.....	1	0	4	1	1
McGeary, c.....	1	1	4	3	1
McKee, p.....	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	2	4	24	11	6

Pittsburg College	4	3	0	1	5	1	0	0	x—14
Pittsburg Labor Lyceum	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0— 2

May 2, at Braddock, Pa.—Braddock, 6; P. C., 10.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	1	1	2	4	2
Keating, l	2	1	2	1	0
Hoban, m	3	1	3	1	0
Duffy, 1	0	1	16	0	0
Murray, c	1	4	4	1	2
Hayes, 3	2	1	1	5	0
D'gherty, r	1	2	1	0	1
Trag'ser, 2	0	0	0	2	0
Kummer, p	0	1	1	2	1
Totals	10	12	30	17	6

E. T.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Edm'ds'n, 3	1	1	2	1	0
Brisbine, l	1	1	2	1	0
Unruhe, r	0	1	0	0	0
Porter, 2	0	1	2	1	2
Demoss, s	2	2	2	1	2
Sweeney, m	1	1	0	0	0
Chamb'rs, 1	1	0	7	0	0
Crawford, c	0	1	14	1	0
Burkett, p	0	0	1	1	2
Emerick, r	0	0	0	2	0
*West	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	8	30	8	6

*Batted for Burkett in ninth.

Pittsburg College	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4—10
Braddock	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	0— 6

May 4, College Campus—P. C., 11; W. U. P., 0.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	0	1	0	2	0
Keating, l	0	2	1	1	0
Hoban, m	0	0	0	0	0
Duffy, 1–c	2	0	6	1	0
Murray, c	1	0	7	2	0
Hayes, 3	4	3	1	4	0
Dough'y, r	2	1	0	1	0
Trag'ser, 2	1	0	2	1	1
Engel, p	1	2	1	3	0
Baum, l	0	0	8	0	0
Neilan, m	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	11	9	27	16	1

W. U. P	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
F. Dou'y, s	0	0	1	1	1
Sims, 1	0	1	8	0	0
Latshaw, 3	0	1	1	2	0
Kennedy, 2	0	1	3	0	1
Daley, c	0	1	6	1	3
McKee, l	0	1	1	0	0
W'd'n r–m	0	0	0	0	0
Jenkins, r	0	0	1	0	0
Whit'yer, p	0	0	3	1	1
Johns, m	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	5	24	5	6

Pittsburg College	0	3	3	1	2	2	0	0	*	—11
W. U. P. Dentals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

May 6, at Indiana, Pa.—Indiana, 6; P. C., 2.

Phg. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	1	0	3	0	2
Keating, l	1	2	3	0	0
Hoban, m	0	0	1	0	1
Duffy, 1	0	3	8	0	0
Murray c	0	0	6	1	0
Hayes, 3	0	0	0	3	0
Dougherty, r	0	1	1	0	0
Tragesser, 2	0	0	0	2	1
Welsh, p	0	1	2	3	0
Totals	2	7	24	9	4

Indiana	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Campbell, 3	1	2	1	2	1
Moffitt, 2	1	1	4	1	1
Hosack, m	2	1	4	0	0
O'Leary, c	1	0	7	1	1
Huber, l	0	2	1	1	0
Goheen, r	0	0	2	0	0
Hammers, 1	0	0	7	1	0
Marlin, s	0	1	0	2	0
King, p	1	1	1	2	0
Totals	6	8	27	10	3

Pittsburg College	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—2
Indiana	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	x	—6

May 8, at McKeesport, Pa.—McKeesport, 11; P. C., 4.

McK'sp't	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Orbin, r	3	1	1	1	0
Soffel, 2	2	1	2	2	1
G'b'ner, l–p	3	3	1	0	0
Hartm'n, 3	1	4	0	3	0
Piper, l	1	1	12	0	1
Crum, m	1	0	0	0	1
M'Clar'n, s	0	2	2	2	1
Mehl, c	0	2	9	1	0
Ja'ks'n, p–l	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	11	14	27	15	4

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	0	2	4	2	0
Shellady, 2	1	0	2	2	0
Keating, l	2	1	0	0	0
Duffy, 1	0	0	9	0	2
Murray, c	0	1	6	1	0
Hoban, m	0	0	0	1	0
Brown, r	0	2	2	2	0
Hayes, 3	1	0	1	0	0
Collins, p	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	4	6	24	11	3

McKeesport	5	2	0	2	1	1	0	0	*—11
Pittsburg	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	0	0— 4

May 10, College Campus—P. C., 7; Braddock, 2.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	0	0	5	3	1
Keating, l	2	2	2	0	0
Brown, 2	2	2	2	0	2
Duffy, l	1	2	14	0	0
Murray, c	0	2	2	0	0
Hayes, 3	0	1	0	9	0
Engel, m	0	0	2	0	0
Neilon, r	1	2	0	1	0
Kummer, p	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	7	12	27	16	3

Braddock	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Edm'son, 3	1	1	0	0	0
Kellar, 1	0	1	7	0	1
Porter, 2	0	0	1	2	1
Unrue, r	0	1	2	0	0
Bailey, c	1	1	7	1	0
Sandherr, s	0	2	1	3	0
Sweeney, m	0	1	3	0	1
Brisbine, l	0	0	3	0	0
Bennett, p	0	0	0	0	0
B'miller, p	0	2	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	24	6	3

Pittsburg College	3	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	*—7
Braddock	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—2

May 13, at California, Pa.—California Normal, 0; P. C., 2.

C. N.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Coulson, l	0	0	1	1	0
M'Don'd, c	0	0	9	1	0
M'Cle'y, m	0	1	0	0	0
Cree, 2	0	1	2	0	0
Harmon, s	0	1	1	0	0
Dewar, 3	0	0	0	5	0
Hall, r	0	1	0	0	0
Grey, 1	0	0	11	1	0
Abbott, p	0	1	0	2	1
Totals	0	5	24	10	1

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	1	1	1	3	0
Keating, l	0	1	1	0	0
Duffy, 1	0	0	11	0	1
Murray, c	0	1	9	2	0
Hayes, 3	1	0	2	3	0
Doug'ty, m	0	0	0	0	0
Nickel, 2	0	1	1	2	0
Neilan, r	0	0	2	0	0
Engel, p	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	2	4	27	14	1

California Normal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Pittsburg College	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	*—2

May 19, College Campus—P. C., 2; Bethany College, 1.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s.	0	2	6	3	1
Keating, l.	0	1	0	1	0
Duffy, 1.	1	1	16	0	0
Murray, c.	0	0	4	5	0
Hayes, 3.	0	0	0	0	0
Hoban, m.	0	1	0	0	0
Dough'y, r.	0	0	1	0	0
Nickel, 2.	0	0	0	3	1
Engel, p.	1	0	0	7	1
Totals	2	5	27	19	3

B. C.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Joost, m.	0	0	0	1	1
L. Merc'r, 2.	0	1	1	0	1
McHenry, s.	0	0	1	3	0
Maldoon, 3.	1	1	1	3	0
Tustin, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Fowler, c	0	0	8	2	0
Archer, r.	0	0	0	0	0
Place, l.	0	2	2	0	0
E. Merc'r, 1.	0	0	11	0	0
Totals	1	5	24	10	2

Pittsburg College	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	*—2
Bethany College	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

May 20, College Campus—P. C., 4; Waynesburg, 3.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s.	2	2	1	2	2
Keating, l.	0	1	2	1	1
Duffy, 1.	1	1	11	0	0
Murray, c.	0	0	9	4	0
Hayes, 3.	0	0	1	2	0
Hoban, m.	0	0	1	0	0
Dough'y, r.	0	0	0	0	0
Nickel, 2.	0	0	1	1	0
Kummer, p.	1	0	0	2	0
Totals	4	4	26*	12	3

Waynesburg	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Cowen, 3.	0	0	0	4	0
Barb, 2.	0	0	3	2	1
Ganiear, m.	1	0	2	0	0
Weber, s.	2	3	1	0	0
Philips, p.	0	1	2	2	0
Buchanon, l.	0	0	1	0	0
Ray, r.	0	0	0	0	0
Coll, c.	0	0	6	3	1
Rheinhart, 1.	0	0	9	0	0
Totals	3	4	24	11	2

*Barb out by batted ball.

Pittsburg College	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	*—4
Waynesburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1—3

May 22, College Campus—P. C., 1; California, 5.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s.	0	0	2	2	0
Keating, l.	0	0	2	0	0
Duffy, 1.	1	2	11	0	1
Hayes, 3.	0	1	1	1	0
Hoban, m.	0	1	0	0	0
D'gherty, r.	0	1	2	0	0
Nickel, 2.	0	0	2	6	0
Murray, c.	0	1	6	0	1
Engel, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	1	6	27	11	3

C. N.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Coulson, l.	1	2	0	0	0
M'Don'ld, c.	0	0	6	2	1
M'Cle'ry, m.	0	2	0	0	0
Dewar, 3.	1	0	4	2	1
Harmon, s.	1	0	1	2	0
Hall, r.	1	1	0	0	0
Cree, 2.	0	1	4	3	0
Gray, 1.	1	0	11	0	2
Abbott, p.	0	1	1	3	0
Totals	5	7	27	12	4

Pittsburg College	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
California Normals	0	1	0	0	3	0	1	0	0—5

May 23, College Campus—P. C., 6; Allegheny College, 1.

Pgh. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Harrell, s	1	1	2	1	1
Keating, l	1	1	3	1	0
Duffy, 1	0	1	10	1	1
Dough'ty r	2	1	1	0	0
Hoban, m	0	0	1	0	0
Hayes, 3	0	1	0	6	0
Nickel, 2	1	3	1	1	0
Murray, c	1	1	9	1	0
Kummer, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	6	9	27	12	2

Ally. Col.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Fink, 3	0	1	0	4	0
Wynne, 2	0	0	5	2	0
Comfort, 1	0	1	7	0	1
Kennedy, m	0	0	1	0	0
Davenport, c	0	1	4	0	1
Horn, l	1	1	3	0	0
Nelson, s	0	0	1	2	1
Mitinger, p	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, r	0	2	2	0	1
Totals	1	6	24	8	4

Pittsburg College	0	1	2	1	1	0	0	1	*—6
Allegheny College	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Notes of the Diamond.

George Nickel is surprising everyone by his fine showing. The Commercials are always out in force to root for him.

Neilan is another new man, who plays like a veteran.

Every man on the 'Varsity team has furnished some sensational play during the season.

Murray is still leading the batters, with Duffy and Keating right after him.

The prize for the first home run is still in the manager's possession.

The 'Varsity team has scored 95 runs to their opponents' 38.

Harrell furnished the sensation in base-running by stealing home in the face of the pitcher.

Murray holds the record of hits in one game. He got four at Braddock.

Captain Hayes is there with the goods as of old.

Manager Keating saved the day against Waynesburg by a most difficult piece of fielding.

Dougherty is wielding the bat with great vigor. He had two two-baggers at Braddock. But Duffy leads the team in big hits.

Hoban made a double play from center-field, at Braddock, that was cheered to the echo.

Field Day.

The College Field Day will be held Saturday, June 17. A great crowd is expected and some college records bid fair to be smashed.

Pittsburg Lyceum will try to lower the college colors on the diamond the same afternoon.



The Novitiate at Cornwells in Spring Time.

(Extract from the letter of an Alumnus, J. F. Malloy, '04.)

The warm air, freshened by yesterday's rain, is redolent of the odors of cherry and pear blossoms. Robins, thrushes, black-birds and wood-peckers are chirping away while they work at their almost finished nests. Now and then I hear the moan of a disconsolate cow or the crowing of a cock in the neighboring farmyard. The long grass is thickly strewn with violets and dandelion flowers. The nearby wood, but lately gaunt and bare, now wears a mantle varying in hue from the white of the wild-cherry blossoms to the brownish green of the maple leaves. The very evergreens are greener than ever. Where last year we harvested potatoes, a field of winter rye three feet tall waves responsive to the breeze; and in the old cornfield new wheat is just appearing above the ground. The strawberry blossoms give promise of an early crop. Faint pink balls, ready to burst open, dot the apple and peach trees. The oak, that clung to its old brown leaves till quite recently, is putting forth tender green leaflets now. Nearly all the brothers are busy in the fields, some setting potato seed, some gathering fresh lettuce or onions. A lover of nature like me takes delight in all these things. Oh, I hope I have not made you homesick for Cornwells!

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LUMBER

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

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To the Graduates of '05.

Like a wave that swells up in the ocean
And breaks with spent force on the shore,
'05, with its joys and its sorrows,
Has passed, to return no more.

Unlike to the wave that leaves nothing
To mark the short span of its life,
This year has been rich in equipment
To harness the student for strife.

His training at college completed,
The bugle now calls him to fight
For honor, preferment, position,
Undaunted, for knowledge gives might.

In thwarting the plots of his foemen,
In straining each sinew to win
A name for himself amongst heroes
That wage deadly fight against sin,

That struggle for riches and power
As means to do good not an end,
Let him strengthen the strong by example,
To weaklings a helping hand lend;

Let him tenderly lift up the fallen,
Assist fellowmen in distress,
Soothe the sad in the hour of misfortune,
The hopeless encourage and bless

With speech that infuses new daring,
With smiles that put sorrow to flight,
As the sun flashes out on a landscape
And scatters the darkness of night.

'Bove all, let him snatch up the banner
Emblazoned with God's holy name,
By many disgracefully trodden
Whilst striving for riches and fame;

Let him bear it aloft ever proudly
And fling out its folds to the breeze;
A true Christian knight never falters—
'Tis only the craven that flees.

H. J. McD.

Right Rev. Bishop Canevin's Address to the Graduates.

(Substantially Reproduced.)

A great deal depends upon the education of men, as both the law of nature and the law of God teach us. Man is the origin of social union in family, Church and State.

To be truly good, education must reach these three factors in our social organization. Education begins in the home. There the mother plays the most important part; still, great importance attaches also to the one who with her forms the home.

After home education comes the school. Here there is a most important duty to perform. If there is one being who should be carefully selected out of thousands, it is the individual to whom the training of youth is entrusted. It is one of the most sacred of all offices. Fathers are teachers, mothers are teachers, we all are teachers in some way or other, either by the instruction

we give or by example. Therefore, we see how important it is that all should be educated thoroughly.

If there are failures in life, if American society is defaced by a large number of criminals, if men and women are sunk into social degradation or fall behind in the march of progress, it is due in a large measure to the education these have received.

Education in the home, and then in the school, has a great deal to do in the formation of character for good or for evil.

Our present system of education brings a very perplexing problem before the American people. Out of one thousand criminals you will scarcely find fifty that have been reared in respectable Christian homes and have received a Christian education in the schools. There are exceptions, but they are rare, and they only prove the rule.

Among believers in positive Christianity there is no question as to the nature of the education the child should receive. In theory all agree, both Catholics and non-Catholics. But a great number outside the Church go astray in the question of practical education. There is no education without morality, and there is no morality without religion.

If the child is to fulfil its end in life it must be educated. The greatest and only real good of life is life itself, and the higher and better the life, the greater the good within the reach of the child. It has a right that cannot be taken away, to the highest life, to a life that extends beyond this universe, an eternal life; and, therefore, the child has a right to the highest and noblest education that God has made known to man—Christian education.

Boys and young men are met by great difficulties on going out into American society—a society seared with unbelief, and rotten with the worst forms of immorality. Corruption sits almost at the very cradle, watching for

the awakening of the intelligence and of the animal passions.

We may give to our youth the very best form of education; we may pour into their souls all the grace of the Sacraments, and yet the monster of iniquity lies in wait for those young souls to drag them down to the depths of hell itself. Our youth cannot face these perils without a solid moral training whose basis can only be Christian revelation. Hence the importance of Christian education.

Here we see why the Church has selected the very fairest and choicest of her womanhood, and has brought them up in the practice of the counsels of perfection, to form them into the teachers of her schools to take the place of Christian mothers. And, on the other hand, she consecrates the noblest and most self-sacrificing of her manhood as instruments for the betterment of society and as worthy teachers of present and future American manhood. There is nothing more difficult than to form a man. There is no instrument so delicate as the human heart and mind and life.

Every badly educated man is a weak spot in the world, and society is not stronger than its weakest places.

The Fathers of the Holy Ghost take their young men and place them as sentinels in the world. All society is stronger by their character and their conduct. They are as a chain of strong and well-worked links that holds together the whole fabric of American society. For all society, both of Church and State, is cemented together by Christian morality. The young men fashioned by the College are sent out for the benefit of society and as a bulwark against invading evil.

St. Aloysius Day, 1905—Baccalaureate Sermon.

(Rev. George Lee, C. S. Sp.)

'They shall be as the Angels of God in Heaven.''—(St. Matt. xxii. 30.)

My Brethren, dear Boys:

This day rises on us bright and joyful. 'Tis a day rich in present grace and splendid in sacred promise. This twenty-first of June offers at once to our veneration a singularly great Saint and to our sympathy a number of his very special clients. St. Aloysius Gonzaga, most gracious, most powerful, cannot fail to recognize here this morning many reflexes of his own purity and fervor, nor fail to impetrate an increase of happy virtue for souls who so much desire to resemble himself. He would live again and serve God in those who are his—and you, boys, are his, for the Church has proclaimed him model and protector of Catholic youth. His predilection, even, may be claimed by students whose circumstances are those of his earthly life. He knew books, and class, and college; he was a scholastic; he was in Minor Orders, an aspirant to Holy Orders; he felt all the solemn import of being young in the world of God, with a prospective work to prepare for and an endless future to keep in mind. In reverent confidence, therefore, we may assume that out of—or rather in—the Vision of God he looks down on these proceedings to-day and is interested in all the participants. Hence I find it natural to connect his name and feast—the day offering the occasion—with this college graduate instruction and Communion. If for a few moments we turn our eyes to him, to his virtue and his glory, we may draw on ourselves some of the blessed light that marked his life here below and that now emblazons his throne in Heaven.

I.

Aloysius Gonzaga was born in the north of Italy the same year that St. Stanislas Kostka died at Rome, that is in the year 1568. His lot was cast in what the world calls its high places. Name, wealth, rank, command—a crown, were his by right of parentage. These earthly advantages came to him in a country and time in which he could Christianly use them, perhaps even piously enjoy them. He just made their acquaintance sufficiently to render their relinquishment meritorious. It does not appear that he was naturally indifferent to the attractions of a fine world. Military and court display could shine for him—at least in early childhood—and the respect, esteem, affection of men were pleasant. But he turned from all. He was, as he expressed it, converted about the age of seven. To unspiritual people it may not sound very serious to speak of such a child's conversion. To Aloysius the change was serious: it was decisive. He already had intelligence enough to recognize God and the world, and to recognize that between that God and that world he had to make a choice. He made his choice quickly: he declared absolutely for God. He was practical too. He perceived that his great smiling world might be found standing between him and God: he said it should stand aside. He knew it might oppose him: he said it had to be conquered. This was Aloysius's seven-year conversion. He then began to look entirely to God. He meant God, only God, but in a way, boys, which we may not easily understand. That angelic child—he had been called an Angel from his infancy—felt and saw that God *is*, that He is near us, that He is in us, that He is ours; and in noble simplicity he began to consider how great is this our God, how beautiful, how loving, how lovable. Thus thinking of God and speaking to Him, the boy learned to pray well. Prayers, indeed, and holy names had been the first words he was taught to pronounce; and the invocation of Our Lord and His Mother had come with almost incredible precociousness.

Naming the name of Jesus and grasping the truth that the Son of Man is the Son of God, the pure-souled child was ravished. His virginal affection sprang up also to the Virgin who could be fit to bring down God to us, and his love of that Immaculate Mother grew rapidly and intensely. Then seeing that she in her spotlessness was so pleasing to God whom he also wanted to please, he was inspired at the age of nine to make before her altar a vow of perpetual chastity. Yet he was the eldest son of a princely house; he was being trained according to his rank; he lived in courts and followed their functions. Obediently and dutifully he took all that his good family outwardly imposed; but his mind and heart remained immovably fixed on God.

As soon as he was admitted to the Sacraments, they became a great part of his life: half the week was preparation, the other half thanksgiving. His mingled innocence and penance made him love Confession; and the Bread of Angels was all that he required for his angelic aspirations. As he swiftly advanced in grace he understood that God wished him to be a religious—a vocation which he eagerly welcomed. He would renounce all worldly inheritance and have vows of Obedience and Poverty as well as of Chastity. But his project was opposed—his mother alone approving. His father was enraged at the mere mention of such a purpose; he swore to keep his first-born as heir to the family princedom and estates. Fond friends protested that the boy could not now leave his place, having been already invested by the Emperor with the rights and privileges of a marquisate. Aloysius frankly proposed to transfer all to his younger brother and then go where God called him. He met but refusals and threats. He insisted respectfully, praying and waiting, and saying that the Divine will had to be accomplished. It had and was. After a three-years' life-and-death struggle the young hero conquered. He was allowed to cast off the shackles of earth and enter the celestial militia in the Jesuit Novitiate at Rome. He was

then nearly eighteen years of age, and there followed five-and-a-half years of humble service, of pious study, of almost unbroken prayer. The thought of God to which he had been long and lovingly addicted now became a constant feast. He was immersed in the divine presence and the divine love. But the sweetness of that presence, the fire of that love, seemed to be wearing away, burning away, the frail tabernacle of his body. So he was ordered to cease thinking of God sometimes. He tried but could not succeed, as he met God everywhere. It was evident that he was ripe for Heaven, and thither he was immediately called. His dying was manifestly and explicitly a going home: he took messages for the other world as a boy might take commissions when leaving school to return to his own country. The night of the 20th of June, 1591 (three hundred and fourteen years ago yesterday), on which he bade his earthly farewells and took his angelic flight, is of sacred memory—and most sacredly has it been remembered. The room in which he died was immediately made a sanctuary: it was and is a holy place even in holy Rome. He himself has been these three centuries in the unthinkable glory and bliss of God, of God for whom he had so hungered; and the fragrance of his holiness has been embalming the entire Catholic Church. She is the mighty Mother of Saints, the glorious and stainless Bride of the Lamb, most beautifully pure and sweet; and yet she could be beautified by a lily like Aloysius and sweetened by the odor of his virtues. Thoughtful men have said that if they needed a proof of her divinity, they should find one in the fact that she produced so blessed a child. She is of God since she can fashion and finish such master-pieces of godliness. That her work can compare with the work of Heaven itself, seems present to her mind in the triumph of to-day's festival. All through the Office and the Mass there is a confident assertion that this Saint of hers is a fit companion for the celestial spirits. He is her angelic youth, one as the Angels in Heaven, one Angel-

like in appearance, in tastes, in manners, in mission. And, indeed, what we best know of the Angels is that they are pure and are sent from God. So was Aloysius—a pure message-bearer: and when he had delivered his heavenly lesson and gone away unstained, men felt that in truth an Angel had passed and left a blessing.

II.

Now, dear boys, it is time to glance back at ourselves and try to see what reflection from this luminous figure of a youthful Saint we may catch on our present circumstances and present intentions. Some questionings immediately arise. You may be asking what use there can be in my bringing so angelic a Saint thus prominently before you; and, anticipating this question, I may ask whether you fully understand the significance of your patron's life. Let us see what the questions mean. Aloysius, you would say, was indeed like an Angel in human form, divinely preserved free from mortal blemish, carried by grace through a childhood and boyhood of fervor, and then taken away that he might be regarded and known as heavenly patron of the young. But you hardly consider your case similar. You look on yourselves as ordinary Catholic boys, struggling on imperfectly, hoping to become good men, and preparing to do a man's work in the world. Moreover, the Saint died in youth and—as some may be inclined to judge—when he was merely in course of preparation; whilst you, perhaps, are counting on a long and laborious career, with success proportioned to your efforts. We may let pass the question of years—though not all college boys live so long as did Aloysius: he was past twenty-three: some die younger, and hence need to be ready. But the point to be emphasized concerns his work. He worked manfully, he did a mighty work, a work whose weight and influence is felt to this day on earth and in Heaven. On this matter mistaken views are possible, and some of you, dear boys, may entertain them. People occasionally

speak as if St. Aloysius were just a pious young noble, who liked devotion, said many prayers, kept out of harm's way, and stole into Heaven. The truth is that from infancy he was a soldier, a hero, a conqueror. A hidden martyr, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi called him when she had been given a glimpse of his ineffable glory in Heaven. He was one of the violent who bear away the kingdom that suffereth violence.

His youth most truly was laborious. His studies, covering letters, sciences, philosophy and theology, are not to be forgotten. They were close and thorough, in spite of ill-health and many accidental hindrances. But I refer more to labors that are more likely to be overlooked: his labors to make himself what God wished him to be, and his labors in the exercise of charity. His strivings began early. The moment dawning reason showed him that earthly things could hold him back from God, he struggled to shake himself free. Refraining himself from all things, he would be indeed the unencumbered wrestler and runner. Then he turned fiercely on himself when he perceived that he had been remiss or imperfect before he knew the holiness of the Lord. He lashed himself with a whip, he scourged himself to blood. This he did at first three times a week, then every day, then three times a day. He stinted his food and shortened sleep; he endured cold; he lay on a plank; he put spikes inside his clothes. Even on his death-bed, when Heaven was almost visibly open above him and Angelic influences were felt around, when the priests and religious of the Roman College were kneeling in tenderest reverence by his couch and the whisper began to circle that a Saint was about to depart, he implored to be put down on the ground and lashed with a scourge. Oh, there was no puny weakness in this captain of Christian youth, no pretty softness, no merely devout gentleness! He was a hardy wayfarer. He made giant strides in the narrow thorny road; he was valiant in the good fight; and if he got the crown of life, it was because he won it.

Man's real struggle, as you graduates are already aware, is with himself. If he conquers himself—of course with God's grace—God certainly does the rest. Aloysius killed out self that God might live in him; he put down nature that grace might reign. He so conquered temptation and regulated inclination that he finally succeeded in living practically without motion or thought that was not heavenly: and yet he continued to mortify himself. Whether he needed penance or not, the Divine Passion would keep him in the increasing practice of it. You see him represented with the Crucifix in his hands or before his eyes. He so had it literally. He kept in sight and in mind that God not only loved but suffered: therefore he, too, would suffer as well as love. Never suppose, boys, that a young man who has the Crucifix very present to him, is going to do nothing. He must work. The charity of Christ presseth him—and charity is the most active of virtues, though none are merely passive. In himself he will offer satisfaction; towards others he will exercise zeal. St. Aloysius did both; and, as commonly happens with the Saints, the more severe he was to himself the more generous he was to others. 'Tis reported that in infancy he wept when he saw the poor in want, and that he could not be consoled till they were relieved. As soon as he knew catechism at home, he tried to teach it to the children of his father's dependents. He labored in Spain to keep the young court pages up to the practice of their religion. He industriously turned his fellow-novices to thoughts and words about God and God only. In his scholasticate he wanted to serve every one; and when he walked out in the city, it was—as far as he was allowed—to teach the ignorant and to wait on the sick. The hospitals were his choice resort. But full of most moving pity for those whose souls are sick, for those who do not know God, he asked to be sent on the Indian missions. If he could not yet preach, he gathered the people to the preacher—rushing about on the streets and urging the idlers to come to

hear his companions. He went home but once and it was—besides the charity of seeing his mother—to prevent law proceedings and reconcile disputing relatives. He brought them and many of their connections to better dispositions, inducing more than seven hundred persons to repent and confess on the same day.

When he returned to Rome a noxious fever was prevalent. Having got permission to serve in a hospital, he was laboring there with all affection till the malady caught himself. His immediate impulse was to rejoice—as he afterwards scrupled, immoderately—at the prospect of approaching death. But as the fever in the city was reported to be resulting in a plague, his charity urged on the wish to serve the stricken, and he made a vow to be with them as soon as he should be well enough. Then God took his work as full and called him to his rest. In a short space he had fulfilled a long time.

If, in your fresh ardor, you still want to see work and ask what St. Aloysius accomplished, I suggest that you look out over the Church to-day and back through her history these three hundred years. Immeasurable has been and is his influence. He has drawn countless souls to purity and to penance: great numbers he has attracted to the perfect life. His power for good is vast and permanent; and that power he never acquired without work. Who feels now the influence of most of his contemporaries?—say, of his noble relatives, of his learned acquaintances, even of some high ecclesiastics with whom he came in contact. They passed, making a stir in the world, and their influence passed with them. He passed, loving God, and his influence is undying. What, boys, does this mean, except that laboring to be agreeable to his Creator is man's real work? He who is in union with God does much always, because the power of God goes out from him. To be in touch with God is the condition for effectively touching His creatures. To move the world we must lean on Him and use His grace as a lever. But without Him—as both reason and faith proclaim, and as

you, young philosophers, are now scientifically assured—we absolutely can do nothing.

This truth, dear graduates, I press particularly on your attention. Advancing as you are in life and knowledge, you think now of undertaking and accomplishing. You aspire to do something. The aspiration is good: 'tis one to be commended and encouraged. Your aims may well be wide and high. They can hardly be too eager. The labor of properly educated men is called for everywhere. Your best efforts are wanted. You want them yourselves, your fellow-men want them, your country wants them, your religion wants them; even God may deign to want them for sake of His creatures. So, be up and doing—only, see that you labor not in vain. 'Tis not said to cool your ardor, but to make you wise in time: there is such a folly as laboring in vain. Every day the Holy Spirit warns us against it, and says of many who tried to do a work, that they labored in vain: *in vanum laboraverunt.* Yet their work looked good: 'twas building a house—*qui aedificant domum.* 'Twas just such a work as you, graduates, may be thinking of, something useful, something permanent, something in which you may rest. Nevertheless, they labored in vain—and why? Because the Lord was not in it, had no hand in the building: *Nisi Dominus acdificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam.* The lesson for you, boys, is plain. You want to do a work: let it be one in which God can take part, and be you such that He can be your fellow-laborer. You would not invite Him into a low, crooked undertaking, nor would you expect Him to put His hand where it might touch hands that are soiled. Look well then, to your objects and intentions; keep your hearts—as, indeed, they now are—right with God; and you shall find from the beginning that in Him you can do all things.

A conclusion to which I wished to lead you, dear graduates, is forcibly expressed by the Saint who saw in vision the special glory of St. Aloysius. "Oh certainly,"

she exclaimed, "works that are exterior can bear no comparison with those that are interior!" She was bearing witness to the supereminent value of the youth's efforts at self-sanctification. She would not deny, what some present-day Catholics are so fond of repeating, that *work is worship;* but she would insist that *worship is work, the* work of man. The actual fruits of this interior work we have been considering in our glorious Patron—and he is our exemplar even beyond the span of his earthly career. He is an example of readiness and preparedness in the hands of God. Think what he was when the time for his exterior work might have seemed to be approaching. He was stainless and strong, unselfish and godly—like the Angels to whom he is compared. Had Divine Providence chosen to leave him longer on earth, his work —we may well suppose—would have been in proportion to the excellence of his sanctity. With the purity of the Cherubim and the fire of the Seraphim he would have gone abroad cleansing, comforting, inflaming, elevating, his needy fellow-creatures. Similar, O Catholic graduates, is in its measure the work awaiting you. The sacrifices made for your education are not without an object, nor are your privileges for yourselves alone. If human heads are drooping, you must raise them; if hearts are earthly, you must ennoble them; if hands are weak, you must strengthen them. Every good work may be divine: make it clear that yours is on God's commission, and that you push it purely. Then, even here, there will be some reason to say of you, as of your model and protector, that among less-favored members of the race you were like the Angels of God.

Catholic Higher Education; a Retrospect and Forecast.

(Dr. Robert J. Lawlor, '91.)

When we look back on the history of Catholic higher education in Pittsburg, we look back upon the history of Pittsburg Catholic College. We do not lose sight, however, of the grand work that has been done for young ladies in our institutions of women, nor do we forget the great influence of the clergy in general, who are at once the creation and the great patrons of Catholic higher education. But what other institutions have done, both here and throughout the United States, that work Pittsburg Catholic College has done in a pre-eminent degree for a quarter of a century in this community.

Looking back through the distance that time lends to the vision, we are at once compelled to say that Pittsburg College is a great and glorious institution. Nor do I say this in that spirit of enthusiasm which an occasion of this kind is wont to inspire in the heart of an alumnus, but I say that it is a great, that it is a glorious, institution, weighing its worth and measuring its power.

An institution derives its value from the measure in which it is capable of influencing the lives of those with whom it comes in contact. It derives its value from the measure in which it is able to develop the bodies, the minds and the hearts, the faith, the hope and the love, of those to whom its influence extends—in other words, from the measure in which it is able to educate.

To realize just what has been done by Catholic higher education, let us look back some twenty-five or fifty years ago to the condition of Catholics at that time n this country. As a class, the Catholics were among the lowest in the social, business, and political world. They were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, the diggers in the ditch, the teamsters and section hands and laborers. They were despised and disregarded, and this,

without a doubt, because of the lack of higher education. Yet the Germans and Irish, who formed the great bulk of the Catholic population at that time, had good reasons to offer for such a condition. The German immigrant was not a man of fortune and education, but, on the contrary, the man who was seeking an opportunity to acquire both. He was handicapped moreover by the difficulties of a new language.

We know well why the Irishman's position was a low one—he was poor and generally uneducated. If high positions were even offered him (and indeed they were not) he was not always prepared to fill them. I am speaking now of the class, and not of the exception. The poverty and lack of education of the Irishman, however, were not conditions of his own choosing, for he showed, when the opportunity arrived, his native zest for education; they were conditions that were forced upon him. In his own country he was the victim of law; there, law created ignorance, for law made the teacher and the priest criminals because they taught; law created ignorance, because law burned libraries and destroyed schools; law created poverty, because it took away from the people homes and land, churches and schools, opportunity and liberty. This is why the Irish then held low positions, for poverty and lack of education are terrible handicaps in this world's race. If knowledge is power, ignorance is weakness; and while poverty may be made a blessed thing by a saint, money is necessary to make count in the world's progress and development.

Lack of education and lack of means to accomplish great things were the conditions of that day. To-day however, conditions are vastly different, and they are different to-day because Catholics understood the power of education. Throughout these United States higher education has been the magic influence that transformed conditions and created life anew for our people. This influence, be it marked, of Catholic higher education is not restricted to those whose names are registered in colleges.

Through the pulpit, through the professions, through journalism and literature, its influence by various channels reaches all the people.

Nor do I detract an iota from the credit that is due to the brothers and sisters who have labored so zealously and so nobly in our parochial schools. Theirs is the honor and the glory of the pioneer; they supplied the conditions without which Catholic higher education was not possible. The education, however, that is sufficient for one day is not sufficient for another, and when Pittsburg College was founded a quarter of a century ago, there was urgent need for such an institution in this community. Its origin was not the result of some rich man's philanthropy nor of rich endowments. Its beginning was quite different. A few Christian gentlemen, Fathers of the Order of the Holy Ghost, established this college. They began it without money and without property; they were poor because they had sacrificed everything for the cause of higher education. Poor in worldly goods, but rich in the Christian education they had received, and bountiful in the desire to give to others gifts without price and value without measure, a higher Catholic education—the same education that made their hearts large with the love of God, and the love of their fellowmen; the same education that filled their hearts with the blessed desire to see accomplished in others the lofty ideals that had lifted them up and carried them on the same education that helped faith to see in all knowledge, whether in literature or philosophy, whether in science or art, the wonderful meaning of God. Spalding says: "There are individuals, and they are born to teach and to rule, who, forgetting what they are and what they have been, think only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished, their development is never complete, their work is never done. From victories won they look to other battle fields. O blessed men, who teach us that we are of the race of God, who measure and weigh the Heavens, who love with boundless

love, who labor and are patient, who teach us that workers can wait." These professors are the individuals who are born to teach and to rule—to rule minds and hearts and lives, not for a day, not for a year, but so long as life shall last. From the victories of one college year, one class, one man educated, they have looked to other battle fields; and, wonderful thought, they work and are patient, they look for no immediate reward; they teach us that workers can wait. Such work can never fail to produce results, and this work has produced practical, tangible results.

The position of the Catholic to-day is different from what it was fifty years ago. We are no longer merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. In social, business, political and professional life, the Catholic stands where he should stand in positions of the foremost ranks. He is the churchman, the man of public life, the judge, the lawyer, the physician and surgeon, the business man, the financier. He is the musician, the artist, the poet; and, in whatsoever sphere he moves, he is always the religious man—the man of knowledge, still the man of faith, the man who lives life to its fullest, the while ever mindful of the meaning of life; the man who measures and weighs, yet still has hope and love; the man who has ideals because he has education.

This too is what Catholic higher education has done for our people; and more than this, it has made the world confess that this conception of education is the only possible conception of it; and from the most unexpected quarters to-day we hear words of praise in appreciation of the system.

Though the body with its beauty and grace of form, its wonderful structure of bone and muscle, its delicacy of organ, its mystery of nerve and brain, is almost infinitely beautiful, we are not only body; we are composed of body and soul, and the faculties of the soul, the will, the conscience, must keep pace in development with

the body. This is the kind of education that the world needs, and is beginning to demand.

Looking forward to the future, we find that it will be our opportunity to supply this kind of education which the world needs.

The world needs an education that shall re-create for it ideals that shall teach it that prosperity and riches are not the *summun bonum*, not the final object of men's endeavors and life. While wealth is a great power and a good to be sought, it is not the greatest good; knowledge and faith and hope and love can do more for men's real peace and genuine happiness.

Men, forgetting the real meaning of life, have gone mad in the race for riches, and this madness has infected very class of society. The rich have become oppressive, and trusts and monopolies exist and flourish. The poor have become rebellious, and everywhere socialism rears its awful head. Right education will save both classes. History will teach the rich that no system of tyranny can survive a long time. Religious education will not permit him to desire that it should prevail for a brief time. Education will save the poor man from vulgarity and brutality. If he is taught the real meaning of life, he will understand that riches are not essential to happiness, and that there is real happiness in doing well the work, whatever it be, that a kind Providence has allotted him.

For us, therefore, there is immediate work to do in the future in conjunction with the college. Ruskin has said: "Invest your money in men, and especially in young men." The Rev. Fathers of Pittsburg College have invested their money in young men. They have also invested their time, all their time, nay, their very lives, in young men. It was with a prophetic eye for present conditions that this college was founded a quarter of a century ago; and if to-day we Catholics enjoy a better place in the community, a larger measure for usefulness and an increased power to do good, we must admit our debt to them, and we must also seek an op-

portunity to repay it, both in gratitude and in loyal service. The opportunity is suggested by the words of Ruskin, "Invest your money in young men." The greatest service we can do for a young man is to give him a good education. Education is the link between the poor boy and opportunity, between the bright boy and his ambition. Give both boys a chance. Those who have enjoyed the advantages that this institution has given them, will proudly send back their sons to swell its ranks.

Those who are not blessed with sons are still blessed with a glorious opportunity to do good, and to them I repeat Ruskin's words, "Invest your money in young men." Let every Catholic with means to do it choose out a poor boy and give him an education— it is a grander work than building monuments.

Look to the immigrants who are coming to our shores to-day; the Hungarian, the Pole, the Slav, the Magyar, the Italian. In another generation their sons will be absorbed into the elements that go to make up our national character. They need, and will need still more as time goes on, educated men of their own race, as leaders and exemplars. Stretch out your hand to help them. The help you give will prove the best investment you have ever made. They are of the same creed as we are, and in the future they will prove strong friends and able co-workers in the cause of Catholic education.

For the future of our *Alma Mater*, we hope to see splendid buildings and rich endowments. These are necessary for her work, and we hope that, as they are needed, they shall not be found wanting. Yet, true greatness of a college does not consist in lofty buildings, but in noble minds. The mother is placed on a pedestal of love and honor, though the home be humble, because she has brought forth men.

Proudly the alumni return to-night, to lay at the feet of our *Alma Mater* our tribute of loyal love and ever increasing gratitude, and to give expression to the fondest hopes of our hearts that the glorious past of this institution may prove to be but a suggestion of the greatness and glory yet to come.

Interest of American Catholics In Our New Dependencies.

(Timothy F. O'Shea, '05.)

Our new dependencies are still the object of much interest. Though the excitement of the War with Spain and of the insurrection in the Philippine Islands has for some time subsided, all interest has by no means become extinct. We are still closely related with these islands, and never, perhaps, have conditions there more urgently demanded our honest attention than at the present time.

Seven years ago, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba and Porto Rico came under the influence of the United States. At that time, the conditions of the islands presented many important questions to be solved, the most important of which was the question of religion. Commissions were sent from Washington to investigate and to regulate the affairs of the islands. They found them mostly Catholic. The Catholic Church was the only agency for good. From the time the islands were discovered by Catholic explorers over three hundred years ago, Catholic missionaries, and they alone, have sowed the seeds of Christianity among the natives. They civilized, Christianized and educated them. As early as the first century of the Friars' work, colleges were founded. St. Joseph's College was established in Manila before Harvard or Yale was established, and its first class was graduated in 1601. Statistics for 1897 and 1898 reported 2,140 schools in the Philippines besides colleges, a university, asylums, orphanages, and hospitals,—all under the influence of the Catholic Church. Such was the religious standing of the islands when the commissioners arrived.

What did they do? The question of the Friars' lands was then very prominent. Our authorities studied the situation and sent reports to Washington. These were to determine the policy of our Government. Now, it

happened that in these reports they gave abundant room for any false testimony derogatory to the character of the noble Friars; while, on the other hand, the manifold evidence in favor of the Friars was, for the most part, neglected, and often referred to in a depreciating tone. This caused most of the Friars to withdraw from the islands, thus depriving the natives of the salutary influence exercised for the last three hundred years. To make matters worse, the followers of Aglipay were not then checked in their seizure of church property. That was not all. The United States' officials secularized Catholic education, and replaced the Friars with non-Catholic teachers. This was done on the plea of ruling according to American principles. True, it is an American principle, for America is a country of many creeds, but, to an entirely Catholic people, such a principle is as false as it is pernicious. These islands are Catholic, and as nothing is so dear to anyone as his religious convictions, there could be no blow more fatal to these people than such a one directed against the Catholic religion. Did our authorities not know that the Catholics of America are constantly warning the government of the evil effects of public school education, stripped, as it is, of all moral instruction and destitute of all religion? To force such a system fundamentally opposed to Catholic teaching upon a Catholic nation, thereby eliminating Catholic instruction, is an insult and a sad blow to the work of the Catholic Church. It is true that with the advent of American sovereignty Church and State were separated, but that is no reason for destroying a system of education that had flourished for hundreds of years and was the one wanted by the people. The commissioners' report was in these very words, "The Philippine people belong to the Roman Catholic Church; the Philippine people love the Catholic Church." Governor Taft himself said: "As the Catholic Church is, and ought to continue, a prominent factor in the life, peace, contentment and progress of the Philippine people, * *

* * it would seem the wisest course * * * * to frame civil laws which shall accord with views conscientiously entertained by Catholics.'' Here Governor Taft, head of the second commission, admits the right policy for our Government, but, sad to say, it was never pursued.

The commissioners knew that, previous to American rule, the Catholic was the only religion of the islands. Mohammedanism and other forms of belief were not officially recognized. Surely then it was not in accord with views conscientiously entertained by Catholics to proclaim equality of religions in these Catholic islands. That was the next step of our authorities. At once missionaries of different creeds poured into the islands and began to gather as many as possible into their respective sects. To say the presence of these was desirable or necessary is to ignore the work of the Catholic Church. So far, non-Catholic missionaries have done but little; they have merely been trying to undo the work of the Catholic Church. Many of these missionaries had heard in America the false accusations and calumnies against the Friars, and through ignorance or bigotry and without any attempt at investigation or verification, had cherished these falsehoods as absolute truths. With this feeling of antipathy against the Catholic Church, many non-Catholic missionaries began their work. They circulated these slanderous reports throughout the islands in their utmost endeavor to ruin the character of these Friars and to win followers from the Church. This is as true as it is deplorable. Indeed, it is no surprise, for even here in our own land, we have frequently heard and read these scathing denunciations.

The religious situation then is a critical one. It is one that should interest all who have the welfare of these islands at heart, and especially Catholics. Just think, in a Catholic country, Catholic property seized, Catholic education destroyed, non-Catholic missionaries trying to undo the work of the Catholic Church, and most of the Friars replaced by non-Catholic teachers! Our Govern-

ment officials, it seems, do not understand the needs of a Catholic people. Hence the necessity of a Catholic voice to advise and instruct the Government in the claims of these Catholic natives. What is of little concern to our officials may be of heartfelt interest to a Catholic. If their needs were made known to the Government, no doubt, much good would result, as in the following instance: when it was found that ninety-eight of the one hundred Filipino students educated annually by the United States were sent to Protestant institutions, although they were good Catholics, the Federation of Catholic Societies drew up a complaint. Our Honorable Secretary of War, William H. Taft, admitted the injustice done the boys, and said it was an oversight. Henceforth, they will be allowed to attend Catholic institutions. Many other such faults, of omission, perhaps, as they often are, may be adjusted by notifying the authorities. At all events, there must be a Catholic voice in the interest of these natives, and if the Catholics of America do not speak for them, who else will? As a rule, Catholics are slow to assert their rights. They often prefer to suffer rather than protest. This is wrong, a wrong to themselves and a wrong to the Church. All over the world we see Catholic nations ruled and persecuted by a handful of their enemies. Is this same sad condition to be found in our Catholic dependencies? Their future, we are told, depends, in a great measure, upon the Catholics of America. Speak, then, American Catholics, and inform the Government before it is too late. A Catholic voice of fourteen millions will have a great influence upon the Government. All we want is, to pursue the course deemed the wisest by Governor Taft; that is, "to frame civil laws which shall accord with views conscientiously entertained by Catholics." This is the only right policy. And if the commissioners said, "The Philippine people belong to the Roman Catholic Church," "The Philippine people love the Catholic Church;" if the Catholic Church has not been

found deficient; if, I say, the Catholic Church, and it alone, Christianized these islands, then in the name of civilization let our Government remove the barriers it has lately placed in the way of the work of the Catholic Church. For, in the words of Dr. Middleton: "As in the past in Malaysia and elsewhere, as attested by the history of mankind, so in the future, we heartily believe the only bulwark of law and order will be the Church of our forefathers, that ever has been the promoter of works leading to the higher life—of virtues, of heroisms, of sciences, of arts, which find their complement in the fullest and noblest degree in monuments of all-round beneficence—in Christian schools, Christian asylums, Christian homes; monuments that in their grandeur and multitude and variety can be witnessed in no other land but Christian."



The Ancient Classics in the College Course.

(Frank J. Neilan, '05.)

The classical languages have always been one of the most important elements of higher education. Yet in our age of development it seems that the study of the literature of ancient Greece and Rome has hardly kept pace with the rapid advances made in the scientific and other fields of education. It is strange how few, comparatively, possess a knowledge of these languages of the earliest civilization, which have exerted such a potent influence in forming the structure and vocabulary of our own tongue.

A half century ago, Latin was begun at a very early age, and was continued through the common schools and throughout all branches of higher education, and Greek was nearly as universally known. To-day, Latin is not thought of until the common course has been completed,

and Greek, the most perfect medium of communication which it has ever been the fortune of man to possess since the confusion of tongues at Babel is losing the high place it so well merits in the college curriculum, especially among non-Catholic institutions.

Many of the higher courses are undertaken and completed with very little knowledge of the classics. We now find scientific and professional men who scarcely know enough Latin and Greek to understand the technicalities of their own pursuits.

Many ridicule the study of the ancient classics, and strongly depreciate its pursuance. These are almost invariably persons who have not the slighest idea of its beauty and value. He is a rare exception, who, having completed a course in the ancient languages, does not maintain that he has been amply repaid for his time and trouble by the pleasure and profit he has derived from the knowledge of them.

The benefit arising from this time-honored study are far too many to be enumerated, while the objections are so superficial that they crumble away at the slightest attack. Our wisest educators uphold it as the very foundation of a complete education—an education which is beneficial not only in a mere material way, but one which affords the greatest intellectual pleasure and refinement.

The practice of study for pleasure has become almost obsolete; the only pleasure recognized is that which accompanies wealth and affluence. To this we can trace the late decadence in the classics, and it is working untold damage to our language and to our general intellectual standard.

It is a fact proven by long experience that a thorough knowledge of our own language and of the formation of its idioms is best acquired through a knowledge of that of the ancient Romans. The benefits to our English of even a rudimentary course of Latin and Greek cannot be

overestimated, and can only be appreciated by one who has experienced its wonderful influence.

The pleasure derived from the study of the classics should be in itself a sufficient inducement to take it up. It is in our power to possess the language of Homer, Demosthenes, and Thucydides; of Virgil, Cicero, and Horace: we can converse with them familiarly; study their inmost thoughts expressed in their own beautiful manner; we can bring ourselves back to the times in which they flourished and feel ourselves thrilled with their sentiments, so different yet so wondrously like those which pervade the world to-day; and we perceive through the mist of ages that men thought, wrote and felt the same thousands of years ago as they do to-day.

There is in these old works an almost inexhaustible fund of culture and history—history with which their pages are teeming, and history which relates to their preservation as books in their voyage through the long tide of time down to our own day. Within, men who have stirred the world are depicted as living and acting, and every word breathes the enthusiasm felt by the writer, which is so hopelessly lost in even the best translations.

They contain a culture, a delicacy of sentiment, which strikes a chord so perfectly in harmony with our own trend of feeling that we cease to wonder at the durability of their fame. To those who are forced to content themselves with translations, which become so tiresome after a very few pages, it seems almost incredible that they could ever command the attention of a man of literary taste.

As it is, many of the brightest lights of English literature were so delighted with the beauties of the classic authors that they filled their works with quotations and allusions drawn from them, until some knowledge of Latin and Greek is almost indispensable for the intelligent reading of our own master-pieces.

And from whom is a knowledge of the ancient

classics expected? From whom, indeed, if not from such as we who have spent so many years within walls where the very air is suffused with the classical. It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our *Alma Mater* that, having passed so long a time in study under her guidance, we may be able to show the fruits of our labor not only for the sake of the knowledge so pleasant in itself, but more especially for the wonderful mental discipline and development with which this course endows a student. Moreover, the ignorance of a college graduate, who cannot show any return for his years at school, not only reflects on himself, but also casts a shadow on the institution whose opportunities and teachings he has neglected.

More is expected from a college or university man than from one who has discontinued his studies at an early period. He is looked upon in some way, as superior, not perhaps physically as a result of various struggles on the gridiron, the cinder-path, and the diamond, but rather in intellectual strength and penetration as a result of his struggles with Latin Grammar and Greek verbs. The comparison is invariably true; training brings strength and a high degree of perfection to the mind as well as to the body.

Latin and Greek have none of the laxity and indefiniteness which characterize the modern languages, especially English; hence, on account of the order infused into our knowledge, and the exactness forced upon the careless intellect by them, they are invaluable as a training for the mind.

It is on account of this training that the pursuance of the classics in a manner elevates the whole man and endows him with an acumen superior to that of his more superficial fellows; and for this reason the classics should and will be considered as the foundation, even the bulwark, of higher education, as they have been for so many centuries.

Valedictory.

(Ralph L. Hayes, '05.)

The position of a college graduate on the night of the Commencement exercises is, indeed, a trying one; and the thoughts and sentiments that fill his mind and breast are such as only a graduate can understand or fully appreciate. We are surrounded on all sides by a gladsome gathering. Beaming faces, pleasing attire, generous applause--all these conspire to bring before our minds the joy of this occasion. Moreover, these ceremonies denote that our college course is completed—a course that was filled with much labor and toil. This, indeed, causes us a great feeling of pleasure and of pride. But still, in the midst of all this jubilation, there enters for the graduate a thought that tends to some extent to overshadow that of felicity—a thought that brings out the real significance of this occasion.

We are about to depart from one who for years has watched over us as a mother, and whom in the recurring years we have learned to respect and to love. To-night our *Alma Mater* stamps on us the seal of her approbation, and sends us forth to do our work in the world. A parting never fails to suggest a variety of thoughts, and it rests with me to give utterance to the views and sentiments of this year's graduates.

We realize that we are embarking on the sea of life. The way is fraught with many dangers, and many perils await us on the journey. How we shall fare in this great undertaking remains for the future to decide, and depends altogether on how we use the lessons that have been taught us. However, we can remain where we are for the present, and, like prudent voyagers, glance around us, and see what lies now before us, what we have passed, and what we have yet to meet.

What, then, does this occasion mean? It is, indeed, for us a Commencement, and means that we are about to

start life. Our college course has been merely a preparation to enable us to follow with success the vocation we intend to pursue in the world. At no period, perhaps, was the need of college men felt more strongly than at the present, and in no country do more advantages present themselves to a college-bred man than in our own glorious republic. America affords a vast and fertile field to willing workers in all spheres of activity, but in the midst of the bustle and the turmoil occasioned by the mad race for riches, she especially experiences the need of, and offers great opportunities, to men of education and of cool and steady intellects. These men must necessarily come from our American colleges. The Church, too, needs college men. It has a great future before it in this country, for it has found an almost ideal land for its growth and development. For these, it requires men of education, men bred and trained in colleges. New and important duties devolve upon the graduates, and this is how they view the present occasion. No vain boasting prompts us to say that we have a responsibility, and we hope that we shall be able to bear it with honor to her who has fitted us for this very purpose.

Much, however, as this occasion has of pride and joy to the graduates, they can not suppress a feeling of sorrow. We are assembled to say farewell to our *Alma Mater*. This can not be for us a mere formality, devoid of significance, but our words flow from hearts filled with gratitude for all she has done for us.

As regards the past, to-night marks the successful completion of our college course. To-night we obtain the first real laurels of life, and a long sought-for prize is won. All through our college years, the vision of to-night has been for us a guiding-star. It has spurred our efforts when we lagged; it has filled us with hope when we were despondent. In years past, our *Alma Mater* has sent forth many youths into the arena of life, equipped with the same maxims and principles that we have received at her hands, and they have gained success. It

is our sacred duty to emulate them, and to endeavor by our success to win for her new laurels that she so richly deserves. On this occasion, too, we can not help reflecting on our first college days, how we came to her as boys, and how under her tutelage our character has gradually been forming. We rebelled, perhaps, when she imposed hard tasks and harder repetitions, but now we see clearly the prudence of all her actions. We can truthfully say she has instilled the right principles: she has employed the correct method. It is armed with her principles that we hope to obtain success in the future.

Much as to-night has of significance in respect to the present and the past, it has even more as regards the future, for it is especially when we try to push aside the curtains of time and to get a glimpse of the life that awaits us, that this occasion looms up important and even solemn. So far, our voyage has been calm and our lives unruffled. But now we are about to set sail on an ocean roughened by the winds of human passion and tossed by the billows of the infidelity of the age. No longer shall we have a hand to guide us or to set us aright if we wander from the true path. All rests now with ourselves. Our bark is rigged with those principles that our *Alma Mater* has supplied—principles that have firmly withstood the test of centuries. Our success depends on the manner in which we use our schooling. If the lessons taught us have sunk deep into our hearts then we have nothing to fear. If we have used well our opportunities, then we can face life without trepidation. We have had exceptional advantages, and for us indeed there must be no such word as fail.

But now our saddest and most painful task is at hand. We must at length bid farewell to our *Alma Mater*. Words can not convey our feelings adequately: they are apt to be idle verbiage. All we can say to you, beloved professors, is that we deeply appreciate and value what you have done for us. Your perseverance, your patience and your loving care are too large a debt to be paid to-

night. The class of 1905 is resolved to pay by the after-lives of its members the debt of gratitude that it owes to you. Your principles and maxims have been to us a guiding-star. In the future, they will be our solace in adversity, our courage in despondency, and a tower of strength in temptation. To regulate our lives after their pattern will be our constant endeavor. The efficacy of your work and our fidelity to your lessons can only be shown by the uprightness of our lives in the future.

To you, fellow-students, we bid a farewell of love. We have spent years in your company—the happiest years of our lives. We have been co-partners in the same joys and sorrows; together we have struggled for supremacy in the same games. This competition has but linked more closely those bonds of friendship that our imminent separation will not be able to sever. We can only exhort you to be true to our *Alma Mater* and faithful to her precepts, and to hold as a beacon-light the discipline you are receiving at her hands.

And now, dear class-mates, we must say adieu, and be about the work that lies in store for us. Our college days will soon be a thing of the past. But oh! the remembrance of the happy days we have spent together will never grow dim. Let us be true to our *Alma Mater*, our country, and our God. We separate, perhaps some of us never to meet again. Narrower and narrower will grow the circle of our years, and soon we shall pass to reap the harvest of our lives.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Thought Poems.

Sorrow.

'Tis but in night's dark moments
that we can
Discern the brilliants of the vaulted sky:
In sorrow only is 't that
careless man
Sees full the beauties that in virtue lie.

Day.

Born of the Sun and the Night,
Sister of Light,
Creature of beauty and might,
Angel most bright,
Over all lands dost thou roam,
Till the last gloam,
Reaching from earth to its dome,
Gladd'ning each home.

HOWARD J. LAWLER, '09.

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EDITORIAL.

The Annual Retrospect.

It is evidently natural to glance back with our mind's eye over a year just closed in college life, and perhaps it may be just as reasonable to consign some of the reflections incident to such a retrospect to the pages of our last monthly BULLETIN. Last year we recorded a year of prosperity and of progress in all departments: we have no less to record now. It is certainly undeniable that this has been the most successful of the twenty-seven years since the foundation of Pittsburg Catholic College. To estimate success in collegiate affairs is not difficult. We may consider the number and efficiency of the

Faculty, the number of students, the order and conduct prevalent in the institution, zeal for study and the advancement made in general in the various branches. There will be inevitable drawbacks, dull boys, idle students here and there. A college cannot get pupils "made to order." But there is always a dominant tone of progress or retrogression. Let us judge the past year fairly, and we must loudly acclaim the good work accomplished.

We had the largest Faculty ever seen at the College—twenty-seven professors—sixteen of them clergymen—all experienced in college work. We were three hundred and thirty students, chiefly from Pittsburg, Allegheny and the suburbs. Discipline was well-nigh perfect: herein, as in studiousness, it may be honestly questioned whether any college surpasses our own. The important matter is to "set the pace" and consequently nothing better could have happened than the extension of free-scholarships to the most deserving boys of the various parishes. This generous offer has not, it appears, been very widely profited of, but it has brought in at least some of the best talent in the diocese. That is the only way to have a correct standard—get the brains.

By their standing in the divers professions and walks of life, our alumni attest the excellence of the training imparted by their *Alma Mater*. Several alumni have just lately lengthened the roster of those—now over seventy-five who entered the sacred ministry. Our annual alumni banquet this year was a magnificent success, and the bearing and accomplishments of those assembled were a very impressive surprise to the distinguished guests invited. The graduates this year were more numerous than ever and the degrees conferred well, earned. In addition to the regular college graduation in classical and scientific, commercial and literary departments, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred for the first time, the honored recipients being Dr. Robert J. Lawlor and Mr. Joseph S. Johnston. At this Commence-

ment, our Rt. Rev. Bishop, as last year but more lengthily, and again with excellent effect, delivered the principal address.

"William Tell," as rendered by our boys at the Gayety, received flattering encomiums from the Press: over two thousand of an audience sat to the last fall of the curtain and through the gymnastic exhibition which followed. To retain and entertain such an audience in a city so accustomed to culture as ours is exponent of no mean qualification. The year is exceptional when no drama is staged. Moreover, we have a splendid hall—especially since it was enlarged and beautified last vacation—in which to train ourselves to elocution, debate and culture, under capable guidance. With daily elocution exercises, weekly practice in dialectics and an annual contest for medals in oratory, much proficiency is ensured.

At this point, it may be opportune to signalize a defect. On Sunday evenings, only members of the orchestra—which, by the way, is wonderfully well directed—and those on the program put in appearance. Those resident here—over a hundred students and the Faculty—always enjoy the treat, and over two hundred and fifty others of us generally miss it and its educational power. Could we regularly hear those of our own age enter into serious debate on the burning topics of the hour, after days of ambitious and cautious preparation, without developing more ability than we would otherwise possess as speakers and public men? Yet such the Church needs in our age and land.

We strive to keep abreast of the times in athletics. Our baseball nine has always been among the best amateur or college teams. However, we think it fair to claim the college baseball championship of Western Pennsylvania this season. Our field-day was as merry as ever. The winners in the events were rewarded with many and precious prizes.

While the round of study and recreation continues, a

cloud will pass briefly over the azure sky—some student or alumnus passes from this busy, bustling, hustling world to one of eternal repose. From the alumni, one of our most promising characters, sane of health too till a week before his demise, Patrick J. Henry has gone to his reward. Nor has the shadow of our beloved Bishop Phelan yet passed from memory. He was a friend and benefactor of the College. Its Jubilee was simply dropped in his honor. The new incumbent, already experienced in episcopal labors, is our patron now, as he has shown on numerous occasions. He personally inaugurated our four sodalities, and, before departing, he established a total abstinence union among the students, in order to foster the formation of reliable men, men of integrity, leaders of men. We may trace many valuable formative influences in the course of the year: at its very opening, we hearkened to the impassioned and refined eloquence of John E. Redmond, M. P., of whom Stead has just written that the English Parliament has known no other such in statesmanship since the days of Edmund Burke.

But religion is the crowning glory of all nobility—of mind, of deed, of fame. Here is no forgetfulness of man's duty to God. How inspiring to see our comrades in devout assistance at Mass on Wednesday! How inspiring to see them approach Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month! Our chapel is a "thing of beauty" now—large, with electric furnishings of competent taste, artistic windows, new statues, and a grand organ!



Fourth Quarter Examinations.

The final examinations of the year were held early in June. A careful inspection of the results shows an improvement over former years. The high totals scored in

the various classes bear eloquent testimony to the application and scholarly attainments of the vast student body. Emulation in the school room is a stimulus to work, and proof of that emulation is found in the close competition in all the departments for first place. On Commencement Day one hundred and nineteen handsome certificates were distributed amongst the most deserving students, and twenty-nine honors awards were conferred.

First places in the finals were obtained by E. M. Morales, A. G. Johns, J. F. Carroll, S. A. Conway, F. O'Neil, M. Lally, C. A. Meyer, J. H. McGraw, S. G. McLaughlin, J. M. Lundergan, J. Martisziunas, J. Sonnefeld and G. S. Kraus.



Commencement Exercises.

The Twenty-Seventh Commencement Exercises of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost were held on the evening of June 21, in the Bijou Theatre, and 28 graduates received diplomas. The theatre was filled by relatives and friends of the graduates, and the splendid showing made by the youthful orators and musicans was a subject for congratulation among the friends of the college. The college orchestra, directed by Prof. C. B. Weis, rendered its part of the program well, and the choruses composed by the Rev. John Griffin and directed by Rev. H. J. Goebel, met with generous applause.

After the Latin salutatory by Joseph A. Pobleschek and a piano solo, *Pearly Cascade*, by Charles F. Gwyer, John C. Simon delivered the German oration, taking as his subject *Die Deutschen in Amerika.* Timothy F. O'Shea discussed *Interest of American Catholics in Our New Dependencies*, and Francis J. Neilan made a plea for the cultivation of the ancient classics in American colleges. Richard T. Ennis and Erminio Morales sang the duet, *Tell us*,

Merry Birds of Spring, and a piano solo *Madonna*, was given by Albert G. Krieger. The Master's oration, *Catholic Higher Education in Pittsburg; a Retrospect and Forecast*, was delivered by Dr. Robert J. Lawlor, of Cleveland, who graduated from the college in 1891.

Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., president of the College, made a brief address before announcing the graduates and medalists of the year 1905. He reported a steady growth in the number of students, as 365 had been registered during the year, double the number of some few years ago. He then urged parents for their own sake, for the sake of their sons, for the benefit of Church and State, to give their sons a Christian higher education. "Just give the boys a chance," he said. Parents are generally more disposed to give their daughters an academic education than to give their sons a college course. Whilst it is important to educate girls, who are to preside over Christian families, and on whom the proper training of future generations mainly depends, still, he maintained, the boys should receive a higher and Christian education. It was painful, he said, to see so many young men forced to go through life in our department stores, in offices, workshops and factories, with a mere elementary education such as is given by our parochial and public schools. The thirty graduates whom the college turned out this year, were scholars proficient in their respective departments, and they were especially young Christian gentlemen, such as are most needed in our day. Hence the advisability and obligation for parents to give their sons a college and university education when possible, to fit them for their responsible duties, both in Church and State.

The chief address of the evening was made by Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin; it gives us much pleasure to reproduce it elsewhere in this issue of the BULLETIN.

After the bishop's address, Ralph L. Hayes, the valedictorian, bade farewell to the *Alma Mater* for the graduates.

Besides Dr. R. J. Lawlor, Joseph Stephen Johnston, B. Sc., '92, also, received the degree of master of arts. Mr. Johnston is head chemist in the Pressed Steel Car Works at McKees Rocks.

The graduates and medalists of the year follow:

Graduates commercial department: Joseph John Creighton, Francis De Sales Grimes, Albert Godfrey Krieger, George Boniface Nickel, Gustave Joseph Wandrisco, John Joseph Elmore, Mathias John Friedl, Albert John Hickel, Colomb Aloysius McKenna, Henry Francis O'Conor, Andrew William Wehrheim, Edward Bowman Yellig; drawing department: Edward John Shannon; classical and scientific department: Andrew Boleslaus Bejenkowski, Ralph Leo Hayes, John Michael Kilgallen, William Francis Merz, Timothy Francis O'Shea, Francis Anthony Schwab, Charles Francis Gwyer, Charles Martin Keane, Stanislaus Joseph Kolipinski, Francis James Neilan, Joseph Aloysius Pobleschek, John Constantine Simon, Francis Stanislaus Szumierski.

Medalists: Under-graduate medalists – Silver medal for elocution, division III., Edward A. Merz; silver medal for elocution, division II., Ralph J. Drake; silver medal for elocution, division I., John D. Victory; gold medal for Christian doctrine in the academic classes, Joseph H. McGraw. Graduate medalists—Gold medal for excellence in commercial department, Albert G. Krieger; gold medal for book-keeping, Andrew W. Wehrheim; gold medal for oratory in the college department, John M. Kilgallen; gold medal for modern languages, John C. Simon; gold medal for mathematics and sciences, Francis J. Neilan; gold medal for philosophy and classics, Timothy F. O'Shea; Bishop Phelan gold medal for general excellence, Ralph L. Hayes.

ATHLETICS.

Base Ball.

'Varsity Review.

As the season of 1905 has passed into history, we can take an impartial view of the team and its work. No one who followed the varying fortunes of the wearers of the red and blue during the season just past, will accuse us of exaggerating or merely making use of a well-worn phrase, when we say that the team of 1905 was the best that ever fought for the honor of Pittsburg College on the diamond. The schedule was a long and hard one. Several times four games were played in one week, and still the season's record stands eighteen victories to six defeats. Ten games were played away from home, of which five were victories, and one a fourteen-inning defeat. To prove that their ten-inning victory over the strong Braddock team was no fluke, the boys took them into camp a second time by the decisive score of 7 to 2. West Virginia University was regarded by all as invincible on their own grounds: our boys demonstrated the contrary by batting out a glorious victory in the second game of the series at Morgantown. Not a single college team can boast that it worsted the wearers of the red and blue—the best any of them could do was to break even. Taken all in all, the team of 1905 can lay claim to the college championship of Western Pennsylvania. A glance at the following record will confirm this claim and prove it to be no idle boast.

Season's Record.

April 8—P. C., 14; Allegheny Lyceum, 7, at College.
" 15—P. C., 15; Mt. Washington, 1, at College.
" 28—P. C., 14; Pittsburg Labor Lyceum, 2, at College.
" 29—P. C., 15; E. E. Lyceum, 0, at College.
May 2—P. C., 10; Braddock, 6 (10 innings) at Braddock.
" 4—P. C., 11; W. U. P., 0, at College.

May 6—P. C., 2; Indiana Normal, 6, at Indiana, Pa.
" 8—P. C., 4; McKeesport, 11, at McKeesport, Pa.
" 10—P. C., 7; Braddock, 2, at College.
" 13—P. C., 2; California, 0, at California, Pa.
" 19—P. C., 2; Bethany College, 1, at College.
" 20—P. C., 4; Waynesburg College, 3, at College.
" 22—P. C., 1; California Normal, 5, at College.
" 23—P. C., 6; Allegheny College, 1, at College.
" 27—P. C., 2; Turtle Creek, 13, at Turtle Creek.
" 30—(1st game) P. C., 5; Rochester, 2, at Rochester.
(2d game) P. C., 3; Rochester, 4 (14 innings).
June 3—P. C., 6; Indiana Normal, 4, at College.
" 9—P. C., 3; W. Va. University, 7, at Morgantown.
" 10—P. C., 8; W. Va. University, 6, at Morgantown.
" 13—P. C., 14; West Newton, 4, at West Newton, Pa.
" 14—P. C., 19; Loughridge, 2, at College.
" 16—P. C., 22; Alumni, 2, at College.
" 17—P. C., 4; Pittsburg Lyceum, 1, at College.

Batting and Fielding Averages.

The batting and fielding of this year's team was considerably better than last year's. The boys made 226 hits and scored 193 runs. They are credited with 46 two base-hits, 13 three base-hits and 4 home runs. They stole seventy-five bases and made twenty-seven sacrifice hits. The fielding and batting averages of all who took part in more than five games follow:—

	Batting Av.	Fielding Av.
Dougherty, m.	.270	.900
Duffy, 1.	.354	.959
Engel, p.–r.	.289	.977
Harrell, s.	.272	.844
Hayes, 3.	.243	.946
Keating, l.	.342	.976
Kummer, p.	.254	.1000
Murray, c.	.376	.974
Neilan, r.	.205	.1000
Nickel, 2.	.200	.906

Pitchers' Record.

The work of the pitchers was never better than this year. Of course every pitcher will have an off-day every now and then, but the off-days of our pitchers were few and far between.

	Won	Lost	Per.
Collins	3	1	.750
Engel	7	1	.888
Kummer	6	3	.666
Madine	1	0	.1000
Welsh	1	1	.500
	18	6	

Banquet and Elections.

On Monday evening, June 19, the base-ball team was banqueted in the college dining hall. There was plenty of good cheer and the conversation was lively. Games were won and lost again, and each player came in for his share of badinage. After the supper, the members of the team retired to the parlors and speeches were made by all present. The manager then called for an election of next year's manager and captain. Mr. C. A. Duffy, '09, was chosen manager, and Mr. J. B. Keating, '07, captain. All expressed their satisfaction by loud applause. Three cheers for the team of 1905, and the old College on the Bluff, appropriately marked the passing of the season of 1905 into base-ball history.

The Juniors.

The College Juniors have rendered an excellent account of themselves during the season just ended, and have established a record of which they have reason to be proud. Of fourteen games played the Juniors have secured twelve victories, having suffered two defeats at the hands of older and more experienced opponents who won out by the narrow margin of one run only.

In McKnight and Carraher, the Juniors had two

twirlers and shortstops upon whom they could always rely for a good game, both at bat and in the field; both players enjoy the distinction of having made home runs at critical stages of games, besides being credited with several triples, doubles and singles. McNally covered the initial sack in a manner that never failed to elicit the admiration of spectators. Bishop and McGeehin, at second, always showed excellent form. Cain, at third, surpassed his brilliant playing of last year; while Zimmer, Fay and Cregan were a trio of outfielders hard to beat. At bat and in the field they could always be depended upon.

P. C. Juniors, 12; Bellevue High School, 2.
" " " 6; Castalia A. C., 3.
" " " 18; Glenwood, 6.
" " " 15; Parkview, 5.
" " " 12; Trenton, 8.
" " " 10; Hickey A. C., 7.
" " " 14; Parkview, 6.
" " " 9; Casino, 10.
" " " 12; Northside, 4.
" " " 9; Casino, 0.
" " " 6; Pittsburg Lyceum Juniors, 1.
" " " 6; Monessen, 7.
" " " 8; Curry A. C., 7.
" " " 6; North A. C., 2.

Total number of runs—P. C. Juniors, 143; opponents, 68.

The Minims.

The make-up of the Minim team was as follows:—Strake and Steffens, pitchers; Parker, catcher; Feeney, first; Dunn, second; J. Gillespie, third; T. Gillespie,

short; Drake, left; Locke, centre; Carroll, right.

The record of the season:—

April 29, Minims, 15; Verona A. C., 3.
May 3, " 11; Greenfield Cadets, 12.
" 6, " 19; St. Canice's 12.
" 8, " 14; Miltenberger A. C., 8.
" 13, " 4; Elberons, 9.
" " " 23; Fairmonts, 11.
" 20, " 15; Fairmonts, 9.
" " " 6; Miltenbergers, 5.
" 27, " 25; St. Canice's, 6.
" 30, " 28; St. Stanislas' Cadets, 0.
" " " 11; " " " 5.
June 2, " 24; Verona, A. C., 16.
" 3, " 5; Elberons, 12.
" 13, " 19; Verona A. C., 9.
" 15, " 7; Ben Avon Midgets, 5.

Total runs—Minims, 226; Opponents, 122.

The Annual Field Day.

Nothing was wanting to make this year's Field Day a grand success. Weather, attendance, track, field sports, baseball, excitement,—all was perfect. "Old Sol" was rather prodigal of his rays, but that made the cool shade so much the more welcome to the thousand visitors who had ascended the Bluff to enjoy a pleasant afternoon. The refreshment booth, in charge of the Misses Scanlon, was a place much sought after, as cooling drinks and palatable sweetmeats and other refreshments were to be had in abundance.

The athletic events began promptly at 2 o'clock, and furnished no end of amusement, and at times, of genuine excitement. The races were watched with the most interest, and some good time was made, although not one of the previous college records was broken.

We append a list of the events, the winners, the prizes and donors.

Seniors.

100 yards—(1) Neilan (President's cup, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir)
(2) McGuigan (punching bag, Kaufmann Bros.),
(3) Dougherty (military brushes, L. Emanuel).

120 yards hurdle—(1) Neilan (trip to Atlantic City, H. Schlelein)
(2) Dougherty (walrus pocket book, J. S. Johnston).

440 yards—(1) Neilan (gent's set of jewelry, Grafner Bros.),
(2) Murphy (tan shoes, Laird).

880 yards—(1) Neilan (silver fruit dish, H. C. Evert),
(2) Murphy (large pocket book, G. S. Haines Co.).
Shot put—(1) McGuigan (sweater, Eisner & Philips),
(2) Neilan (canvas shoes, Lang, Diamondstone & Co.).
Broad jump—(1) Neilan (gold-mounted umbrella, Bennett),
(2) Dougherty (box of cigars, L. M. Heyl).
High jump—(1) Murphy (star safety razor, Demmler Bros),
(2) Neilan (safety razor).
Baseball throw—(1) Keating (sweater, Mansmann Bros.),
(2) Dougherty (fancy match-case, J. C. Grogan)
Pole vault—(1) Neilan (dress suit case, P. B. Reilly),
(2) Vieslet (silver-mounted umbrella, C. Weisser).
Relay race—(1) Neilan and team (box in the Nixon, W. Totten)

Juniors.

100 yards—(1) Gwyer (trip to Niagara Falls, Rev. E. Galway),
(2) Kehoe (gold stick pin, F. X. Klein),
(3) Szabo (6 lb. box of candy, Reymer Bros).
220 yards—(1) Tucker (catcher's mitt, News Co.)
(2) Gwyer (framed picture, Mrs. Kirner).
400 yards—(1) Gwyer (dress suit case, McCreery & Co.),
(2) Ward (tan shoes, Himmelrich).
Broad jump—(1) Kehoe (history, J. Weldin),
(2) Gwyer (silk umbrella, Mrs. Joyce).
Relay race—Gwyer, Lefevre, Telerski, Kehoe (four sets of silver links).

Minims.

100 yards—(1) R. Drake (trip to Niagara Falls, D. Maginn),
(2) McLaughlin (ping pong set, W. S. Brown),
(3) Conway (handsome vase, J. Horne Co.).
120 yards—(1) R. Drake (rocking chair, Murphy & Co.),
(2) Conway (satchel, P. J. Fahey),
(3) McLaughlin (silk umbrella, Surprise Store).
220 yards—(1) R. Drake (gold links, T. C. Grealish),
(2) McLaughlin (framed picture, Wunderle Bros.),
(3) McGonigle (bronze vase, Gillespie Bros.).
Broad jump—(1) R. Drake (mandolin, Kleber Bros.),
(2) Conway (fountain pen, McCloy & Co.).
Relay race—R. Drake, Carroll, Parker, Locke (four boxes of choice candy).

Officials—Announcer, Mr. E. H. Kempf. Umpires, Messrs Quinn, Cronin and W. Dowling.

A First Rose.

The cultivation of flowers is the most beautiful and the most pleasing pastime that is common to all.

Every home has some small piece of ground made sacred by the planting of a few flowers, and guarded with a strong wire fence as if it were the entrance of a valuable gold mine. After the dreary and blighting months of winter, the amateur gardener enjoys nothing better than to spend his evenings watching the thin blades of grass that sprout up at short distances from one another. At the same time he keeps an anxious eye on the yet naked bush, which he expects soon to put forth its first bud.

Before the first bright month of Spring has numbered many days, the grass forms, as it were, a velvety carpet over the diminutive lawn. The delicate, green leaves on the rose bush delight the gardener's eye, and he waits with an impatient yearning for the first lonely bud to open to the light of day. With its appearance he has to pursue a new vocation. His work must be more persistent than that of a Sherlock Holmes. The detective's occupation is finding the criminal, whereas it is the gardner's ambition to prevent the crime. He must always be on his guard against the thoughtless child, who, neither knowing nor caring how much work and time this lonely rose has cost, would pluck, in a moment of covetousness, the flower from its branch and deprive the gardener of his treasure. His long cherished hopes would be blighted, and he would be cheated of the compensation due to all his pains. Soon, however, his vigilance is rewarded. The flower has safely bloomed, and is the delight of the family and the admiration of every passer-by. Yielding at length to many persuasive arguments, the gardener consents to pluck it, but not to part with it. He places it in a lovely vase and displays it in one of his windows, where its beauty may please and its perfume delight every member of his little household.

Once the rose is severed from its parent branch, its days are numbered. Its petals droop, and some fall off, presaging approaching decay. Death can not be far away; yet all is not over with death.

To the gardener's cares as protector now succeed his pleasing prerogatives of benefactor. He assembles the family and proceeds to distribute to them the leaves of the corolla, to be placed in their beloved volumes and preserved as mementos of the first, the most beautiful, and the most treasured, flower of the season.

M. J. Brennan, '08.

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To the Remington Typewriter Company belongs the honor of building the first Arabic machine. A new model has been fitted with characters for writing five great languages, the Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Urdu and Malayan. With slight variations of keyboard, which can be easily provided, the Arabic Remington can be adapted to any of the above languages, besides many others of minor importance.

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